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MARK TWAIN'S SCRAP BOOK.

PATENTS:

UNITED STATES.

JUNE 24TH, 1873.

GREAT BRITAIN.

MAY 16TH, 1877.

FRANCE.

MAY 18TH, 1877.

TRADE MARKS:

UNITED STATES.

REGISTERED No. 5,896.

GREAT BRITAIN.

REGISTERED No. 15,979.

DIRECTIONS.

Use but little moisture, and only on the gummed lines. Press the
scrap on without wetting it.

DANIEL SLOTE & COMPANY,
NEW YORK.



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From, Past
Pittsburg Pa.

Date, Mar. 25th 1894.

SOME UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

HOW GOV. PIERPONT ONCE PAID
PITTSBURGH A VISIT.

Arrangements for Entertaining Ex-
Governor Fleming and Party.

Captain Charles W. Batchelor made a statement to the executive committee of the chamber of commerce yesterday regarding an incident which happened during the great civil war which he claims was never made public before. The committee met at 2:30 yesterday afternoon to complete arrangements for entertaining ex-Governor Fleming and party, of West Virginia, who will arrive in this city over the Baltimore & Ohio to-morrow afternoon at 2 o'clock. Captain Batchelor's statement to the committee was as follows:

"West Virginians," he said, "ought to be especially interested in Pittsburgh from the fact that this city was once the seat of government of that state."

"When and under what circumstances?" asked half a dozen members of the committee in a chorus.

"Shortly after the 'Old Dominion' had been divided into two states," continued the captain, "Governor Pierpont, who had just been elected chief executive of the 'New Dominion,' got frightened at the raids the rebels under Moseby were making into the new state, and he and his staff silently folded their tents and stole over into Pennsylvania. I was in the custom house here at the time, and Governor Pierpont and his staff made their headquarters there for about 10 days. But as the rebels did not make any more raids into West Virginia the governor and his staff slipped back home as silently as they came away. This, to my knowledge, has never been made public before, but I see no harm in telling it at this late date."

The committee made final arrangements for furnishing refreshments to over 100 West Virginia guests on board the train, and the furnishing of carriages to be placed at the disposal of the guests when they arrive in the city.

The committee extends a cordial invitation to all former West Virginians who are now located in Pittsburgh to attend the meeting at the chamber of commerce rooms at 2:30 o'clock to-morrow afternoon, where an informal reception will take place. It will be a pleasant opportunity to meet merchants and other West Virginians who will be brought into closer business relations with this community by the opening of the new State Line railroad.

From, Secular
Pittsburg Pa.

Date, Mar. 25th 1894.

AN AGED LANDMARK.

THE OLD JOE DICKSON HOME-
STEAD, NEAR PITTSBURG,

Being Razed—A House That Was
Built in the Days When Comfort
and Security from Indians and
Wild Beasts Took Precedence Over
Architectural Beauty and Finish.
Said to Be 128 Years Old—Interest-
ing Ancient History.

Much interest is being manifested at present among the citizens of Emsworth and Clifton, a few miles from Pittsburg down the Fort Wayne road, over the razing of what is supposed by some to be the oldest landmark of the kind in Killbuck township, if not in the Ohio valley. The house in question was erected by Joseph Dickson shortly before or about the beginning of the present century, according to the reckoning of some of the older residents, while others maintain that it was built in the year 1766, which would make it 128 years old. Mr. Samuel Courtney, one of the oldest residents of the township and a gentleman who is well versed in the early history of the same, in speaking of the matter last evening inclined to the belief that the old William Dickson house, which stands on what is now known as the Brading property, is the oldest building of the kind in the locality. Said he: "The two houses in question were both built during the last century. They, with what is known as the old Courtney homestead and the old Duff homestead, form a quartet of very old buildings. I doubt if there are many older in the Ohio valley. My impression is," added he, "that the old William Dickson house was erected about the year 1790. William Dickson had three sons—John, Joseph and David. Owing to a misunderstanding with his father, Joe left home and was disinherited, his father leaving a vast tract of land, consisting of several hundred acres, to the other children. Joe, in the meantime, went to Missouri, where he erected a large flouring mill, which done, and having received his pay for the same, he returned home on horseback, his trip through the forest being regarded as remarkable in those days, for the country was full of Indians and all manner of wild beasts. However, after his return home, with the assistance of his two brothers and my father, who in the meantime had married a sister, he purchased 275

acres of land for \$500 and paid for it by the sale of wheat at 25 cents a bushel and corn at 10 cents a bushel, which had to be carried by canoes to Sawmill Run, a distance of about seven miles." Said Mr. Courtney: "The Dickson brothers and my father owned at that time about 1,000 acres of land on the Ohio river extending from what is now Neville station to Clifton station. William Tueteberg, a former owner of the old Joseph Dickson house, places its age at 128 years. I purchased 160 acres of the Joseph Dickson property about thirty years ago and lived most of the time since that in the old house until six years ago. The original house, which stands on the Beaver road, was built of logs and contained two rooms. Later a stone addition was built to it, the basement of which answered for a springhouse, inside of which was the finest spring in Allegheny county, the spring itself being cut out of solid rock. In this springhouse my wife made thousands of pounds of butter. As stated, the spring was a remarkably fine one and in the early days was known all over the country, it being a watering place for travelers of the Beaver road and others. Yes," said Mr. Tueteberg, "there was about 275 acres in the tract purchased by Joseph Dickson and my recollection is that he paid \$475 for it. Joe Dickson had a family of four boys and two girls, of whom William, James and Matilda are dead. Joseph and John now live at New Castle, Pa., and Sarah—now Mrs. James Wilson—resides in Virginia. The property was sold some time ago by Mr. Tueteberg to Thomas Parker. Recently it passed into the hands of another party and it is the latter who is removing the old land mark which in the early days furnished hospitality to many persons whose descendants will learn with a pang of regret of its demolition.

Commercial Gazette.

PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING

(Except Sunday).

THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1894.

A MONUMENT FOR WASHINGTON.

Elsewhere we print an interesting letter from Dr. J. M. Toner, the well-known historian of Washington, D. C., accompanied with a letter from Isaac Craig, Esq., bearing upon the important subject of the erection of a suitable monument to the memory of Washington at the Allegheny arsenal. The suggestion comes from Dr. Toner, and we are convinced it will be heartily seconded by thousands of our citizens, especially those who are most familiar with the history of Washington's visits to the "forks of the Ohio," and the magnitude and importance of the services which he rendered in the defense of this region against French aggression. Mr. Craig says: "I am sure not only Director Bigelow, but all good citizens will back the movement, and that a sufficient sum can be raised by voluntary contribution for the erection of a bronze equestrian monument similar to that which the Pennsylvania State Society of the Cincinnati have ready to erect in Philadelphia."

There are many reasons why the proposed monument should be erected, and the suggestion of Dr. Toner gains strength from the fact that the memorial could be placed near the point where the accident occurred to Washington, "which was the most perilous in his eventful life." He alludes to the fall from the raft while crossing the Allegheny river at a time when the stream was swollen and covered with floating ice. He escaped drowning by swimming, and in company with his guide took refuge on what was subsequently known as Washington's island, but familiar to our people as Herrs and Wainwrights. Dr. Toner thinks the spot where Washington landed on the bank of the Allegheny after this hazardous exploit is deserving of a nation's monument to mark it, and the people of this community will unanimously agree with him. We commend his letter to the careful consideration of our readers.

A WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

J. M. Toner Suggests a Disposition of the Arsenal Property—Isaac Craig Indorses It.

To the Editor of the Commercial Gazette: I send you herewith a letter from Dr. Toner, the eminent historian of Washington, D. C., who has done so much to preserve Washington's early journals, and enriched them with his annotations. The last one published is the "Journal of Col. George Washington, commanding a department of Virginia's troops, sent by Gov. Dinwiddle of Virginia across the Allegheny mountains in 1754, to build forts at the head of the Ohio." The journal was captured at Fort Necessity by the French. I would be greatly pleased if you will start a movement for a monument at the Allegheny arsenal as suggested by Dr. Toner. I am sure not only Director Bigelow, but all good citizens will back the move, and that a sufficient sum can be raised by voluntary contribution similar to that which the Pennsylvania State Society of the Cincinnati have ready to erect in Philadelphia. Dr. Toner would have great influence in congress to pass a bill, such as he mentions in his letter. His address is 1445 Massachusetts avenue.

ISAAC CRAIG.

Dr. Toner's letter follows:

Washington, D. C., April 2, 1894.

Isaac Craig, Esq.:

Dear Sir:—It seems a long time since I was favored with a letter from you. However, a few weeks since a fair correspondent of yours, who is studying up the history of the descendants of George Neville's family of Virginia, did me the favor to show me your recent contributions to the genealogy of Gen. John Neville, and also some other documents which this lady has collected, showing her descent from the Nevilles. I am assured from these performances that your mental powers are as astute as ever, and your strength equal to any study you may undertake and also that the sympathy and encouragement you give to earnest workers in the field of historic research are in harmony with the reputation your researches among the early records of Pittsburgh and your fidelity to the truth of history in all your labors has so justly won for you. As I have no news to communicate or historical discoveries to impart, I enclose you a copy of the amendments and amplifications I have made to my note on the Nevilles printed in Washington's journal of 1747-8.

The corrections are warranted both by reflection and the additional information which has come to me without making this a special study since the note was written. I am hopeful that Mrs. Peel in her researches will be able to trace the history of all the descendants of George Neville in substantiating from records her relationship to his family. She seems to be well qualified and deeply interested, has literary ability, and will, I trust persevere to the accomplishment of her purpose. Reminiscences as well as speculation and forecasts at times, have attractions for me, and particularly when writing to a gentleman of rare historic taste and exceptional familiarity such as you possess with the early history of Pittsburgh. I will therefore indulge myself with a few reflections and suggestions touching your city. Pittsburgh has since my childhood's acquaintance with it, become so enterprising, populous and wealthy and the administration of its municipal affairs so progressive, enlightened and humane, as to be the admiration of travelers from all parts of the world. The architecture of your public buildings, and the spaciousness of your private residences, which so conspicuously abound with you, exhibit the taste, culture and refinement of the people, not only within the city, but in the suburbs. These and the character of many of the public improvements visible to the most casual visitor, exhibit the spirit, as well as the approbation of the majority of your citizens in the endeavor to secure beauty, comfort and convenience. The development of the aesthetic with you, may to some, seem to have been slow, but it has been of steady growth, emanating from a good system of popular education and the proper inculcation of sound moral principles which always respect and support law and order, so that now this fundamental ground work to a high standard of worth rests in your community upon a firm foundation and is sure to gain for you in history a deserved distinction for what you have accomplished as well as secure to you a further and even a higher development in the future. It occurs to me that your foremost and reflecting citizens, proud of the past history of Pittsburgh, and ambitious for its farther progress, grandeur and dignity, will welcome favorable opportunities to distinguish the city by the inauguration of measures prompted by patriotism, and aided by art, leading to this end.

In this connection the desirableness and indeed the very special appropriateness of Pittsburgh, at a propitious time, to found some notable institution or monument to the memory of George Washington has occurred to me as it doubtless has to yourself and many of your liberal-minded citizens. But even if there is nothing new in the suggestion, there is no harm in repeating it. I trust this opinion will some day be unanimous. When people think alike, they think right. Washington's prophetic vision first saw and reported to the governor of Virginia and the British ministry, the strategic and commercial advantages to the government of the forks of the Ohio. This wonderful man, a statesman as he was, from his youth, saw the possibilities and national importance of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys for settlement, and as a highway to the ocean. The point is perhaps within the present corporate limits of your city where, while returning from a mission to the French commandant at Fort Le Boeuf, that the accident occurred to Major George Washington which was the most perilous in his eventful life. This occurred in mid-winter, as you know, as he was crossing the Allegheny river while the stream was swollen by floods and rendered more dangerous by floating ice, when he was violently thrown into deep water from the frail raft constructed by himself. Washington was at the time of the accident encum-

bered with his watch, (which he afterward gave to Queen Alliquippa), overcoat, and a pack strapped to his back containing his papers, provisions, ammunition and other necessities, because the horses used in the expedition were so weakened for want of forage and the fatigues of the journey as to be no longer able to carry the men and the baggage, so that Major George Washington and Mr. Christopher Gist, his guide, gave up their horses to become pack animals, while they proceeded on foot by a short route to the forks, now the great city of Pittsburgh. Being a good swimmer, supple and strong, he fortunately regained his position on the raft, though he and his companion, had soon after to abandon it, and make for a small island near the left bank, where they spent the night, which was intensely cold. This island has since been called by some writers "Washington's Island," by others "Herr's Island," and by others "Wainwright's Island." It is to be hoped that the city authorities of Pittsburgh will formally adopt the name "Washington's Island" and so have it denominated on all city maps and documents when it is referred to.

This exciting incident in the journey of George Washington has not been neglected by the painter, but is a study eminently worthy of the best talent of a great artist capable of delineating the character and the peril amid the lonely forest and the rush of waters, to the life of the man whose career was just begun and whose labors and counsel are so enduring and beneficent to his country. The spot where Washington landed on the banks of the Allegheny river after his hazardous exploit is deserving of a nation's monument to mark it. But this is not the only instance in which the patriotism of George Washington was manifested at Pittsburgh in the performance of official duty which merits the special regard not only of the citizens of Pittsburgh, but of the whole population of the forks of the Ohio (Deundaga) and Mississippi valley. He had always been an advocate of marching on, and dispossessing the French and Indians of the head of the Ohio. And in the Forbes expedition, which drove the French out, he was in command of the Virginia forces, and rendered most valuable services. Two companies of his regiment being selected to remain as a garrison to the captured fort. The government which he did so much to found, owns at this exact spot a fine plot of ground, which is known as the "United States Allegheny Arsenal." This once useful institution has served its purpose to the government, but under the changed circumstances and progress of the country, is no longer of much importance to it. Would it not be a becoming and patriotic thing for the city to petition congress for the right to occupy and embellish this ground as a monument to the memory of Washington, and pledging itself to erect on the square a grand equestrian statue to his memory. It is not doubted that the citizens and residents of Pittsburgh are great admirers of his character and achievements and will on every proper occasion manifest their patriotism and readiness to honor the name of Washington.

I am strongly inclined to believe that if a concerted movement was made by yourself and the leading men of your city, backed by the press, and supported by public sentiment, that congress might be induced to grant the perpetual use, if not an actual transfer of its title to the Allegheny arsenal grounds to the city of Pittsburgh for the patriotic purpose indicated. Did I not know that you are deeply interested, as were your ancestors, in all matters which redound to the good name and future greatness of your city, I should apologize for the length as well as the topics discussed in this letter.

With sentiments of the highest regard I remain, very truly yours,

J. M. TONER.

From,

Past
Pittsburg Pa.

Date, *April 13, 1894*

HOME OF HISTORY.

The Old Blockhouse Turned
Over to the Daughters of
the Revolution.

MUST KEEP ALIVE THE TRADITIONS.

Will Exhibit Revolutionary Relics
There Next Fall.

MUST BEAUTIFY AND ADORN IT.

The misery of the Point and the luxury of the two great cities touched yesterday, the latter with gloved finger tips and from afar. They only did it because history had cast a glamour over the place. The old blockhouse was formally transferred to the Daughters of the Revolution, but especially to the Pittsburgh chapter. It is the gift of Mrs. Mary E. Schenley, and will be made the home of western Pennsylvania history.

A little bow of red, white and blue ribbon marked the doorway of Mrs. O. D. Thompson's home, 259 Western avenue, Allegheny, where the transfer was made. The inside decorations were few. A portiere made of the American flag was draped at the parlor entrance. The mantel in that room was banked with palms. Some women wore old point lace in honor of the occasion.

Colonel William A. Herron, president of the Pennsylvania society, Sons of the American Revolution, presented the deed of the blockhouse in behalf of Mrs. Schenley. Lemonade with a strawberry in it was circulated and the ladies drank and gossiped. Meanwhile Colonel Herron started to read the deed. It set forth that for the reason that the organization is formed to keep alive the history and tradition of this locality she gives the property. To make it legal the transfer was made in consideration of \$1, and Miss Matilda Denny paid the

money down. This also includes the strip from Penn avenue.

CONDITIONS OF THE TRANSFER.

Mrs. Schenley reserves the right to make changes in the streets in that locality. Colonel Herron explained that he and Director Bigelow had agreed to change the whole complexion of the Point. The deed further says the property must be kept in good condition, and if ever used for other than the purposes set forth is to revert to Mrs. Schenley or her heirs. The papers were signed, and then the whole body arose while Colonel Herron delivered the following address:

"Madam, the President and the Ladies of the Pittsburgh Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution:

"It is a pleasant duty I am called to perform, as the business representative of Mrs. Mary E. Schenley, to present on her behalf to your association the deed to a plot of ground in the First ward, city of Pittsburgh. In size it is 90 by 100 feet, with a passageway 20 feet wide, running from Penn avenue to the property in question. This ground was once part of old Ft. Duquesne, and on it still remains a redoubt, commonly known as the old blockhouse.

"You are to preserve and keep this relic of a bygone past and to gather and preserve all obtainable history and tradition in regard to it. You are to beautify and adorn it and make it the receptacle of relics bearing on the colonial and revolutionary period of its existence.

"In presenting you with this deed I am strongly tempted to enlarge on the wealth of incident at my disposal regarding the times that gave occasion for the building of Ft. Duquesne, but I cannot do so without telling you what has already been so charmingly and fascinatingly told by a member of your society, Miss Harding, in a paper read before the national congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution. I will therefore make this presentation as brief as possible, and leave the ladies of your society, who have the history of western Pennsylvania at their finger ends, to tell the story of chivalrous Frenchmen, cruel and crafty Indians, courageous British and intrepid Colonists.

GOES TO THE PROPER PERSONS.

"It is fitting that this old landmark, rich in historical associations of more than a century ago, should fall into the hands of those who by birth, tradition and sentiment are particularly fitted to receive and preserve it, and perpetuate the memory of the days when it was occupied by the French and their Indian allies and afterward by the British and colonial troops. In making you the custodians of this valuable property and historical relic the generous donor asks no guarantee from you. She knows full well that the earnest patriotism which has al-

ways characterized the women of America, and particularly the women of Pittsburgh, can be depended on to act with the living present and cherish the memory of the dead past."

He was warmly applauded, and then Miss Matilda Denny received it, saying some might think the Daughters of the Revolution had an elephant on their lands, but they were proud of it. She was proud because theirs was the only chartered chapter owning real estate, and that a memorial of America's early history. Then speaking of the large-heartedness of the donor, she referred to her gift of a park to Pittsburgh and \$10,000 for Watson park and said:

"While her memory will be kept green by those broad acres, it will also be cherished in that beauty spot in the heart of the city."

MAY BE EXEMPTED.

The only thing Miss Denny regretted was that they would have to pay taxes. They will move to have the property exempted. Another thing Miss Denny said they should ask the city for was the return of the stone Colonel Bouquet had used to mark Ft. Duquesne and which is now at the head of the staircase in city hall.

Colonel Herron then suggested that the chapter at once raise a subscription to start the work of improving the property. He offered to give \$100 in behalf of Mrs. Schenley, but no one followed his example, most of the women being busy with their lemonade glasses.

Mrs. N. B. Hogg, who organized the chapter, said this made her more proud of the work she had accomplished, and soon after that she was presented with a silver vase in recognition of her services to the organization.

It was suggested that as the national G. A. R. encampment meets here in September the chapter should have the blockhouse fitted up so they could give a loan exhibition there. It is to include all sorts of relics of the revolution, war of 1812 and Mexican and civil wars. It was thought that by charging an admission they could raise money for beautifying the place. All agreed to this, but Miss Denny said they would have to wait a long time before the property could be fixed up. She said it took a long while to get the tenants out.

CHANGES CONTEMPLATED.

Referring to a plan of the ground, fastened on the wall, she said the larger building would be left standing for some time, but the others are to be torn down. Major William Aul is going to take charge of the work, and an architect has already been consulted about plans for preserving the old building.

"We will have trouble getting these tenants out," said Miss Denny. "They now refuse to leave until they can find a place elsewhere, and one woman

absolutely claims she owns the blockhouse. We must not offend them or they might set fire to the old relic."

The ladies, while good natured, did not get through without a little spat over who should write the official report of the transfer for the paper published by the Daughters of the Revolution. It was at last decided the historian should have the honor, but her story is to be edited by the entire board of directors. Then came the routine reports and a light collation. The organization has 196 members in Allegheny county.

From, *Leader*
Pittsburg Pa.
Date, *April 17/1894.*

A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

A Pittsburgur Tells of an Ancient Tomb on the Line Between Somerset and Bedford.

George T. Carew, of this city, tells of a wonderful cave he discovered in Scalp Level in August, 1887. While wandering along a narrow mountain gorge his dog attracted his attention to a small mountain cavity barely large enough to admit a man. Loading both barrels of his gun and burning matches to light the way he went into a room fifteen feet high and twenty feet wide. Then he went out and got wood to build a fire, by the light of which he made an exploration.

He says: "I noticed at one side and near the rear end was a series of rocky ledges eighteen inches high and reaching nearly to the roof. These were so regular in height that they must have been hewn out by hand. I started up the step-like formation, but not until I had reached the fifth or sixth of them did I discover anything of interest. On one of these I saw some shining substance that looked like mica, which must have been brought from a long distance, for there is no mica in this region. On the next ledge was nothing but some large pieces of flint like arrow-heads, hatchets, etc. The ledge above this contained nothing but some pieces of soft red stone for making paint, I presume, as the color came off when touched by one's wet finger. But the next ledge was a surprise.

"Lying with the lower limbs stretched horizontally and the upper part of the body half reclining against the rock at its back, was what was once the skeleton of a living man, and one of huge size. The bones in some parts of the skeleton were so badly decayed that a touch of the finger was sufficient to make them fall to pieces. Lying at regular intervals around the body were large arrow heads, and a close examination showed a line of dust leading from each one where the wooden shaft had decayed years ago. On the ledge above were a number of pipes cut out of some reddish kind of stone, with their stems rotted as those of the arrows were.

"Further examination discovered nothing more but piles of ashes where fires had been built, and half-decayed bones of animals that had either died or been

killed there, some of them looking as though they might have been there only a few years. I gathered up the pipe, bowls, arrow and hatchet heads, paint and mica and took them to the farm house and showed them to my friend. We left next day for Pittsburg. Inquiry shows that no one in the Scalp Level region knows anything of this cave, and it is little wonder. I am very sure I could not find it again, unless through the help of my dog."

From, *Leader*
Pittsburg Pa.

Date, *April 22, 1894*

PITTSBURG 100 YEARS AGO.

HOW THE PRESENT BIG CITY LOOKED IN ITS SWADDLING

Clothes—A Century Rounded Out
Since the Town of Pitt Was Incorporated as a Borough—An Interesting Sketch of a Period Prolific of Thrilling Events — The Boroughs That Surrounded the City in 1841 and Are Now Part of Us.

Apropos the one hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the borough of Pittsburg—to-day, Sunday, April 22, 1894 commemorates the event—the "Leader" has decided to reproduce a sketch of the town as it was a century ago, believing that the residents of the now busy, bustling city, famous the world over, will find much of interest in such an article. The Harris directory, published in 1841, contained the following description of Pittsburg, with a concise statement of its trade conditions, etc., at that period in our history (April 22, 1794, i. e. one hundred years ago to-day) when the title of borough seemed a step in advance of the times as much as would the consolidation of Pittsburg and Allegheny at this time. Harris' directory says:

In writing a history of the prosperous city which now stands at the head of the Ohio, we will be brief and concise.

The governor of Canada, with that enterprising ambition so characteristic of Frenchmen, had formed a vast scheme for the connection of Canada with Louisiana, by a line of well selected posts to be extended from the lakes to the Mississippi. It was hoped that this scheme, if successful, would not only contribute to the mutual ad-

vantage of those distant provinces, but would also circumscribe the bounds of the English colonies, and effectually destroy their trade and influence with the Indians. A post had already been established at the mouth of French creek, where the village of Franklin now stands, and preparations were made to take possession of "the forks" at the junction of the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers. The governor of Virginia, becoming alarmed by the intelligence he had received of the progress of the French, dispatched George Washington from that state with instructions to proceed to Fort Venango (the name of the fort at French creek), to demand an explanation of their designs from the French commandant. On his way to Fort Venango on the 23d of November, 1753, he arrived at the spot which Pittsburg now covers. While there he carefully examined the ground, and thought it a very suitable position for a military post. From a careful perusal of his journal, it seems manifest that there was not at that time a single white resident within the limits of our present city.

In the ensuing spring the Virginia Ohio company made arrangements to take permanent possession of the country near the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers, and had commenced the erection of a redoubt to secure their possession. On the 17th of April, 1754, before this redoubt was completed, Monsieur Contrecoeur, a French officer, with 300 canoes containing 1,000 French and Indians and eighteen pieces of cannon, arrived here from Fort Venango and compelled Ensign Ward, who commanded the party engaged in erecting the redoubt, to surrender. The capture of this small detachment of troops was the first open act of hostility committed by the French, and may be considered as the commencement of a war which continued for nine years, and which agitated the two continents, from the banks of the Ganges to the head of the Ohio. From the 17th of April, 1754, to the 24th of November, 1758, the French retained possession of this place, and this position gave them an influence over the neighboring tribes of Indians, which was so used as to inflict upon the frontier settlers much distress and bloodshed. The importance of this position in a military point of view was duly appreciated, and early and energetic measures were adopted to expel the French. The expedition and defeat of General Braddock on the 9th of July, 1755, are notorious events, the account of which is not necessary to repeat in this sketch. In 1758 a formidable army was assembled at Carlisle under the command of General Forbes. On the 14th of September, 1758, Major Grant, who had been detached in advance from Loyalhanna with 800 men, was surrounded by the enemy on the hill which has since borne his name and lost above three hundred men, killed or taken prisoners, and himself shared the latter fate. General Forbes, however, undismayed by the disaster, pressed forward, and having on the 24th of November, 1758, arrived within one day's march of Fort du Quesne, the French having set fire to the fort, abandoned it, and descended by the Ohio to their posts on the Mississippi. On the next

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Day General Forbes took possession of the abandoned post, having hastily repaired the fortifications and garrisoned them with 450 men, principally Provincials from Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, under Colonel Mercer, the general marched the rest of the troops to Lancaster, Reading and Philadelphia.

In 1763 an arrangement was made between the Shawanese and other tribes of Indians along the lakes and on the Ohio and its tributary streams to attack, simultaneously all the English posts and frontier settlements. In the execution of this plan they captured Le Boeuf, Venango, Presquile, Michilimackinac and various other posts which were feebly garrisoned and murdered all the prisoners. As a part of this great scheme of operations Fort Pitt was completely surrounded by the Indians, who cut off all communications with the interior of the country, and greatly annoyed the garrison by an incessant discharge of musketry and arrows. The commanding officer, Captain Ewer, and the garrison, (which was increased by the Indian traders who had escaped massacre and taken refuge in the fort) made a gallant defense.

Colonel Boquet was detached from Carlisle to relieve the beleaguered posts, and after a severe conflict with the Indians at Bushy Run, he arrived at Fort Pitt on the 9th of August, 1763. In the action of the 5th of August, 1763, the Indians were severely handled, several of their principal chiefs were killed, and they were so much dispirited that they immediately abandoned their operations against Fort Pitt and retired to their towns on the Muskingum and further west.

In October, 1764, Colonel Boquet Marched on an expedition against the Indian towns of the Muskingum. He reached the Indian towns near the forks of that river without opposition, and there dictated terms of peace to them.

It was during the year 1764, probably after the treaty had removed all fear of the Indians, that the old military plan, being that portion of the city between Water street and Second avenue and between Market and Ferry streets, was laid out. During this year also was erected the brick redoubt, still standing, a little west of Stanwix street and north of Penn avenue, being the only monument of British industry within our city limits still remaining. In a stone block in the south of this redoubt is still to be seen this inscription, "Col. Boquet, A. D. 1764."

(In our early day the ditch that ran from the Allegheny river through Marbury, down Liberty and Short streets to the Monongahela, and the Mound, several old brick and log houses that composed a part of old Fort "Pitt," were standing conspicuous. Several of our first houses were built of old brick, especially the large three-story brick house at the corner of the Diamond and the market house, where the late Mr. Irwin kept a tavern and the first court of Allegheny county was held.)

From this time until the close of the revolutionary war but little improvement was made at Pittsburg. The fear of Indian hostilities or the actual existence of Indian warfare prevented emi-

gration. In 1775 the number of dwelling houses within the limits of our present city did not, according to the most authentic accounts, exceed 25 or 30.

During the revolution the Penn family were adherents of the British government, and in 1779 the legislature of this state confiscated all their property, except certain manors, etc., of which surveys had been actually made and returned into the land office prior to the 4th of July, 1776, and also except any estates which the said Penns held in their private capacities by devise, purchase or descent. Pittsburg and the country eastward of it and south of the Monongahela, containing about 5,800 acres, composed one of these manors, and of course remained as the property of the Penns.

In the spring of 1784 arrangements were made by Mr. Tench Francis, the agent of the Penns, to lay out the manor of Pittsburg in town lots and out lots, and to sell them without delay. For this purpose he engaged Mr. Geo. Woods, of Bedford, an experienced surveyor, to execute this work. In May, 1784, Mr. Woods arrived here, bringing with him as an operative surveyor Mr. Thomas Vickroy, of Bedford county, who was then a very young man, and who still survives and enjoys vigorous health at a good old age. Through their activity and industry the work was soon completed, and the lots and out lots being placed in the market, seem to have been very rapidly purchased. From this time improvement seems to have commenced here. Mechanics and traders composed the greater proportion of the population. In 1784 Arthur Lee, a conspicuous diplomatist during our revolution, was appointed to treat with the Indians, and on his way passed through Pittsburg. In his journal we find the following notice of this place: "Pittsburg is inhabited almost entirely by Scots and Irish, who live in paltry log houses, and are as dirty as in the north of Ireland, or even Scotland. There is a great deal of small trade carried on; the goods being brought at the vast expense of forty-five shillings per cwt. from Philadelphia and Baltimore. They take, in the shops, money, wheat, flour and skins. There are in the town four attorneys, two doctors and not a priest of any persuasion, nor church, nor chapel. The rivers encroach fast upon the town; and to such a degree that, as a gentleman told me, the Allegheny had within thirty years of his memory, carried away one hundred yards. The place I believe, will never be very considerable." If Mr. Lee could not visit the valley at the head of the Ohio, he would find here a free white population exceeding that of the six largest cities and towns in the Old Dominion. The appearance of Pittsburg at that time was not such as would excite extravagant expectations. A small town, composed of two or three brick redoubts, converted into dwelling houses, and some forty or fifty round or hewn log buildings, inhabited principally by poor mechanics and laborers, would have a very discouraging aspect to the eyes of the Virginian gentleman, who had visited London, Paris and Madrid. But these mechanics and laborers were free, had the directions of

their own exertions, were industrious, were striving for the advantage of themselves and their offspring and the possession and enjoyment of the produce of their own labor were secured to them by equal laws. These circumstances, aided by the natural advantages of this situation, in less than fifty years, converted a village of a few petty log houses, into a large, wealthy and rapidly increasing city.

Discouraging as were the appearance of things in 1784, yet in 1786, John Scull and Joseph Hall, two poor but enterprising young men, boldly determined to risk their little all in a printing establishment here, and on the 29th of July, of that year, issued the first number of the "Gazette." The publication of a paper, by disseminating information, and attracting attention to the place, no doubt contributed to the growth of the town; it therefore deserves to be mentioned as one of the causes of its rise from a frontier village to a great city.

About this time the tide of emigration from Pennsylvania and Virginia to Kentucky commenced, and in its progress it contributed to the advancement of the place, not only by leaving portions of the funds of the emigrants in exchange for the means of transportation and supplies, but occasionally leaving here some of the emigrants themselves.

The Indian wars, too, which raged on our northern and western frontier until Wayne's treaty, in 1795, by collecting here large bodies of troops, thus creating a demand for the produce of farms and shops, contributed greatly to the prosperity and growth of our town. On the 24th of September, 1788, an act passed creating the county of Allegheny, out of parts of Washington and Westmoreland counties. By this act the courts were appointed to be held in Pittsburg, until certain trustees named in the act, should erect suitable buildings on the reserved tract opposite Pittsburg. By the act of the 13th of April, 1791, this provision of the act of 1788 was repealed, and the trustees were authorized and required to purchase lots in Pittsburg for a court house and jail.

The creation of a separate county, and the consequent establishment of county offices, and the frequent assemblage here of jurors, suitors and witnesses, operated to the advantage and improvement of the place. The most important event, however, in the early history of our town was the western insurrection, in 1794. This disturbance compelled the government to send a large number of troops to this neighborhood. These troops were principally volunteers; active enterprising young men, many of whom were so well pleased with Pittsburg and the surrounding country, that after performing their tour of duty, they returned home merely to make the necessary arrangements for a permanent settlement here. From that time the progress of this city has been regular, and scarcely interrupted, except by the reaction that took place after the late war.

From 1790 to 1800 the business of Pittsburg and the west was small, but gradually improving. The fur trade of the west was very important, and

Messrs. Peter Maynard and William Morrison were largely engaged in it, and from 1790 to 1796 received considerable supplies of goods through Mr. Guy Bryan, a wealthy merchant in Philadelphia, and the goods were taken to Kaskaskia in a barge, which annually returned to Pittsburg laden with bear, buffalo and deer skins, and furs and peltries of all kinds, which were sent to Mr. Bryan and the barge returned laden with goods. At that period there was no regular drayman in Pittsburg and the goods were generally hauled from the boats in a three-horse wagon, until (in 1796) a Mr. James Rattle, an Englishman, settled in this city and was encouraged to take up the business, and drayed and stored goods until a box of dry goods was stolen from his yard and shed (for then we had no warehouse nor regular commission merchant in Pittsburg) and this broke the poor man up and he died broken-hearted and unhappy.

A French gentleman, Louis Anastasius Tarascon, emigrated in 1794 from France and established himself in Philadelphia as a merchant. He was a larger importer of silks and all kinds of French and German goods. Being very wealthy and enterprising, in 1799 he sent two of his clerks, Charles Brugiere and James Berthoud, to examine the course of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers from Pittsburg to New Orleans and ascertain the practicability of sending ships, and clearing them from this port, ready rigged to the West Indies and Europe. These two gentlemen returned to Philadelphia, reported favorably, and Mr. Tarascon associated them and his brother, John Anthony, with himself under the firm name of "John A. Tarascon, brothers, James Berthoud & Co.," and immediately established in Pittsburg a large wholesale and retail store and warehouse, a ship yard, a rigging and sail loft, an anchor smith shop, a block manufactory, and in short everything necessary to complete vessels for sea. The first year (1801) they built the schooner Amity, of 120 tons, and the ship Pittsburg, of 250 tons, and sent the former loaded with flour to St. Thomas, and the other, also with flour, to Philadelphia, from whence they sent them to Bordeaux, and brought back a cargo of wine, brandy and other French goods, part of which they sent here in wagons at a carriage of from 6 to 8 cents per pound. In 1802 they built the brig Nanio, of 250 tons, in 1803 the ship Louisiana, of 300 tons, and in 1804 the ship Western Trader, of 400 tons.

In or about the year 1796, three of the royal Princes of Orleans came to Pittsburg and stopped at a hotel situated on the bank of the Monongahela where John D. Davis' warehouse now stands. They were very affable and conversant and remained for some time in the city. At length they procured a large skiff, part of which was covered with tow linen, laid in a supply of provisions, and, having procured two men to row the skiff, proceeded on to New Orleans. One of these princes was Louis Philippe, the present King of France, who in his exile visited our city and spent his time very agreeably with General Neville, General James O'Hara and several other respectable families who then

lived on the bank of the Monongahela river.

In addition to the foregoing "brief sketch," a few statistical and appropriate facts relative to the progress of our town, at an early period, will here be added.

In the article written by the late Judge Breckinridge, then a young attorney, and published in the first number of the Pittsburgh "Gazette," the number of houses in the town of Pittsburg was stated to be about one hundred. Allowing to each house five inhabitants, which is probably quite enough, the population would be about 500.

In the Pittsburgh "Gazette" of the 9th of January, 1796, we find the following paragraph:

"The number of inhabitants in the borough of Pittsburg, as taken by the assessors, during the last week, amounts to 1395. This is the earliest authentic account of the population of this place."

In a description of the country at the head of the Ohio, published in the fourth and fifth numbers of the Pittsburgh "Gazette," on the 19th and 26th of August, 1798, we find some statements which may be interesting.

It appears that there were then settled in the town one clergyman of the Calvinistic church, Samuel Barr, and one of the German Calvinistic church occasionally preached here.

It is stated also that "a church of squared timber and moderate dimensions is on the way to be built." This church stood within the ground now covered by the First Presbyterian church.

There were two gentlemen of the medical family then here. One we know was Dr. Bedford.

There were also two lawyers here. These, we presume, were the late Judge Breckinridge and John Woods.

Carriages from Philadelphia were then sixpence for each pound weight. The writer makes the following prediction: "However improved the conveyance may be, and by whatever channel, the importation of heavy articles will be still expensive. The manufacturing of them, therefore, will become more an object here than elsewhere.

Pittsburg was then (1786) in Westmoreland county, and the inhabitants had to travel to Hannah's town, about thirty miles, to attend court.

In the Pittsburgh "Gazette" of September 30, 1786, there is the following extract of a letter, dated

Philadelphia, September 14, 1786.

"Mr. Brison has just returned from New York, with orders to establish a post from this place to Pittsburg, and one from Virginia to Bedford. The two to meet at Bedford."

Prior to that time there was no regular mail to this place, and the then printers of the "Gazette" and other inhabitants had to depend upon casual travelers.

In the "Gazette" of March 10, 1787, it is mentioned "that a meeting of the inhabitants of Pittsburg had been held on the 1st inst., and that Messrs. Hugh Ross, Stephen Bayard and the Rev. Samuel Barr had been appointed a committee to report a plan for building a market house and establishing market days." The citizens were also invited to meet the committee in the public square on Monday, the 12th inst. to hear the

report. Soon afterwards the first market house was erected near the corner of Second and Market streets, where Beale's tavern now stands.

During the session of the legislature of 1786-7 an act was passed "for the establishment of an academy or public school at Pittsburg, and another for the incorporation of the Church of Pittsburg," being, in fact, the First Presbyterian church.

The first act for the incorporation of the borough of Pittsburg was passed on the 22d of April, 1794. The act to incorporate the city of Pittsburg was passed on the 18th of March, 1816.

In 1841 there were numerous boroughs in the environments of Pittsburg, then wearing city airs, some of which now belong to the city. Harris' directory speaks of them as follows:

East Liberty.

This handsome town is situated five miles east of Pittsburg, on the Greensburg and Philadelphia turnpike. It is surrounded by a delightful country, over which many beautiful country seats, belonging to wealthy citizens, are scattered. It is yearly improving and promises to be one of the most delightful country residences in the vicinity of Pittsburg. There are three churches and Sabbath schools, several common schools, a postoffice, several first-rate hotels and stores, two magistrates and many sober industrious mechanics.

Wilkinsburg.

Wilkinsburg is pleasantly situated near the Pennsylvania turnpike leading to Greensburg, Chambersburg and Philadelphia. The northern turnpike, leading to Blairsville, Huntington and Harrisburg, intersects this near this place.

About two and a half miles south is the celebrated Braddock Fields on the Monongahela river, a place interesting for its historical reminiscences. For a long time the prosperity of this delightful village was paralyzed and its inhabitants disheartened by litigations attending uncertain titles to the soil, but now, since this serious difficulty has been removed, a new impetus has been given to business, good buildings are being erected, important improvements are making and Wilkinsburg is becoming one of the most beautiful and desirable locations for country seats in our neighborhood. There are many flourishing farms and gardens around it, and within a mile of the town the Hon. William Wilkins, our late ambassador, to Russia, has a most charming country seat. Mr. William Peebles, Major A. Horback and several others have pleasant country residences in this neighborhood.

There is much travel through this place, especially in winter, when other transportation being closed, the freights between Baltimore, Philadelphia and Pittsburg are carried by wagons, large numbers of which pass through this place. There are two hotels, two merchants, a postoffice, a church, a schoolhouse and several industrious mechanics in the place. A large quantity of lime is made in this vicinity, much of which is brought to Pittsburg.

Minersville.

This village is pleasantly situated

about two miles east of Pittsburg, on a new turnpike road, which passes through it from Pittsburg to East Liberty. It is the dwelling place of a number of very respectable families, whose neat houses and flourishing farms and gardens and other choice improvements, surrounded by the naturally picturesque scenery, render it a very desirable residence. There are some of the best coal pits in our vicinity here, and many coal dealers and waggoners reside in the neighborhood. There are two churches (Presbyterian and Welsh) with Sabbath schools attached, in the village, and the population is sober, intelligent and industrious. We have seen on a Sabbath evening, both these houses of worship, which are within one hundred feet of each other, crowded to overflowing with their respective congregations. As much mining is done here, a large proportion of the inhabitants are Welsh.

Sharpsburg.

Sharpsburg is pleasantly situated on the left bank of the Allegheny river, five miles above Pittsburg. The Pennsylvania canal passes through it. It has a postoffice, two churches, two Sabbath schools, two day schools, four physicians, two magistrates, three hotels, three stores, a sash manufactory and three boat yards, at which several steamboats and a number of keels are built yearly. There is a chain ferry at this place across the Allegheny. The population is sober, industrious and enterprising.

Lawrenceville.

The borough of Lawrenceville is beautifully situated on the eastern bank of the Allegheny river, at a distance of two miles and a half from Pittsburg, and near the Greensburg turnpike. It is just opposite Wainwright island, the spot where General Washington was cast away in his first effort to cross the Allegheny when on his mission to Fort Franklin. As a location for country seats, its vicinity is not surpassed in beauty of scenery or purity of atmosphere by any of our suburban villages, and many of our wealthy citizens have availed themselves of its facilities, whose elegant villas add much to the appearance of the place, particularly when viewed from the opposite side of the river. Here also is situated the Allegheny arsenal, the most important military post in this section of the country, where are manufactured and stored ordnance, small arms, and all sorts of military equipments, which are shipped from time to time to the southern and western forts of the United States, as occasion demands. It is under the command of Major H. K. Craig, who, together with the other gentlemen attached to the station, are a great addition to the society of the place. There are three churches in the borough; an Episcopal, Presbyterian and Methodist, with Sabbath schools attached to each.

Birmingham.

The borough of Birmingham is situated one mile south of Pittsburg, on the opposite side of the Monongahela river, upon the Birmingham and Elizabeth turnpike. Its location is a beautiful one, and in manufacturing interest, it partakes of the character of its

English namesakes, having within its limits four glass manufacturing establishments, two of all kinds of window and green glass, belonging to Messrs. C. Ihmsen and S. McKee & Co., and the two flint glass works, one of which belongs to Messrs. O'Leary, Mulvany & Co., and the other suspended at the present time. There are also two extensive iron establishments belonging to Messrs. Wood, Edwards & McKnight; large lock factory belonging to James Patterson, Sr., a white lead factory belonging to Mr. Isaac Gregg; several extensive coal establishments and breweries, together with artisans of various kinds, the whole constituting as useful and industrious a population as any place of the size in our country can boast of. It has a market house, two churches, a Presbyterian and Methodist, with Sabbath schools attached, and a flourishing Temperance society.

From, *Lea & Co.*
Pittsburg Pa.
 Date, *April 30* 1894,

An Old Landmark Going.

The old rickety structure on Webster avenue, above High street, known as "The Fort," is being razed. The work of demolition commenced this morning when it is said the Italian inmates fairly swarmed out onto the pavement.

It is stated that in the days of the famous "Mudlark" gang in the sixties, when race prejudice was strong, that the building was inhabited by Irish, who were in sympathy with the gang named, and they boasted that no "nigger" was allowed to go inside the building.



From, *Republican*
Moraga, Cal.
Date, *April 26 1894*



THE PETER'S CREEK STONE---From a Photograph by Aitken.

The rock is a calcareous sand stone, 11 inches thick, 5 feet 3 inches high; the cross is three feet five inches from the base of the box to the top of the cross over all; the arms of the cross $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches from tip to tip; the box is $10\frac{1}{4} \times 13\frac{1}{4}$ from edge to edge; the intaglio is one-half inch deep; the relevio is one inch up. It weighs about 2,000 pounds.

THE PETER'S CREEK STONE.

A Peculiar Stone Found--An Illustrated Description of Its Discovery--
Opinion of Two Well Informed Men. Is it Modern, Military or
Mortuary.



Location of the Find.

The little map shows up Peters Creek and the location of the find. It is 19 miles south from Pittsburg, by the Pennsylvania Railroad to Peters Creek, and the point at which the stone was found, on a hillside, some yards above Blackburn's bridge in Jefferson township, Allegheny county, as shown in the map. The railroad is constructing a branch up Peter's Creek, and while grading off the slope, above the track, this stone tumbled down, receiving some abrasion in its fall: It was loaded on the construction train by direction of Conductor H. H. BAILEY, and brought to Monongahela, and given to the keeping of Mr. Isaac Yohe, on whose lawn it now rests. The map given above was made from the Pennsylvania Company's surveys, copied for the DAILY by the kindness of Mr. MITCHELL, of the Engineer Department. The following is

ISAAC YOHE'S STORY.

EDITOR HAZZARD.—On Feb. 21st, 1894, while Conductor Harry Bailey was unloading rails on the Peter's Creek branch of the P. E. R. at a point two miles from the Monongahela river, he discovered the rock shown by the engraving. It was almost buried in the ground and covered with moss. He had it put on the gravel train and brought to Monongahela. It is at present in my possession, and rests on the

ISAAC YOHE, JR.

lawn by my house, where persons wishing can see it. Its weight is about two thousand pounds.

What Father Lambing Thinks.

The following paper by the distinguished Catholic prelate, Rev. A. A. Lambing, of Wilkesburg, Pa., President of the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania, will be read with interest.

He has visited Monongahela, and carefully inspected the stone. His opinion is fortified by the fact of his having investigated the French occupation from Lake Erie to New Orleans, and his preparing a paper on that subject which is exhaustive and scholarly. In the Historical Magazine No. 10 for 1886 it is found, published under authority of the Catholic Historical Society, of New York. Under his view,

that this stone is one of the boundary markers, Father Lambing's paper has great weight, and is almost conclusive.

WILKESBURG, PA.,

March 6, 1894.

MR. CHAS. W. HAZZARD, Editor Daily Republican,

DEAR SIR.—My theory with regard to the stone with the crosses and the cavity cut in it, which was found up Peter's Creek, about a mile from its mouth some days ago, and which I examined at Mr. Yohe's house, in your city, is, that it dates from the time of the French occupation, in the middle of the last century.

The story that it was cut by one of the workmen employed on the stone

work of the bridge that was built near there some thirty years ago, is, in my opinion, entirely untenable for the following reasons: None of the stone used in the construction of the bridge were quarried near the spot where this stone lay; we cannot imagine from the form and character of the work that any person would perform it for mere pastime, as is alleged; the origin of this story is calculated to excite suspicion; and most of all, the fact that some of the oldest citizens, who have spent their lives in the immediate vicinity, remember seeing it from their childhood, a long period before that bridge was built. Hence this theory must be summarily dismissed.

Nor can it be assigned to a time succeeding the French occupation, for we cannot give any sufficient reason why it should have been found in the place it occupied. That it was not a tombstone is clear from the place where it lay, from the fact that it contains no lettering, and from the further circumstance that this section of the country was settled by the staunch Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, who would have been the last people in the world to mark the cross on anything.

But I think that it contains both intrinsic and extrinsic evidences that it was the work of the early French. That people held possession of the country around the headwaters of the Ohio from the early summer of 1754 to the fall of 1758, and roamed at will wherever they wished, being on friendly terms with all or nearly all the Indians. They were accustomed to adopt means to show that they had taken possession of territory in the name of their sovereign, as is known from Celoron's expedition down the Allegheny and Ohio rivers in the summer of 1749; during which they buried leaden plates, with inscriptions at various points, and near them attached iron plates stamped with the arms of the king to a tree. I am convinced that this stone was one of those means of signifying that possession had been taken, and that a plate bearing an inscription was placed in the cavity cut in the stone at the foot of the crosses. Had we that plate, which is unfortunately lost, I am confident it would bear me out in the view that I maintain. The cross is a well known

religious symbol of the Catholic church, to which the French soldiers belonged; and while I do not think that it was intended to bear any religious significance here, it was still natural for them to engrave it as a means of more surely calling attention to the cavity and its contents. The location, too, of the stone is deserving of attention. I believe that an Indian trail or path extended from the Monongahela, at the mouth of Peter's Creek, across the country to the Ohio, and that it followed the creek to the point where this stone lay, where the stream turns to the left. Here the trail took up a ravine, which extends much in the direction of the creek to this point. This would for that reason be an appropriate place for setting a mark attesting the taking of possession, as it would attract the attention both of those who followed the trail and of those who ascended the stream in canoes in its higher stages. And the stone lay facing the stream and inviting attention.

The theory that it marked a shrine does not appear probable, as the spot is not suited for such a purpose, on the one hand, and, on the other, the French were not accustomed to erect chapels or shrines except in such places as were permanently occupied. This is altogether too much of an out of the way place to be anything of a religious center.

While much relating to this very interesting relic must necessarily depend upon conjecture, the above is the most plausible theory that I am able to advance for the existence, location and purpose of this remarkable "relic of by-gone days," and for myself I regard it as certain.

A. A. LAMBING,

Pres't. Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania.

Mr. Harper's Theory.

The following paper was prepared by request of the DAILY, and conveys the opinion of Mr. Samuel Harper, a well known anthropologist of Allegheny Pa., whose contributions to scientific research have made his name and fame known both in America and abroad. With Rev. Dr. Lambing he visited Monongahela, as the guest of Mr. Yohe and others, making a thorough inspection of the Peter's Creek Stone,

and submits his conclusions:

ALLEGHENY CITY, PA.

March 8, 1894.

MR. HAZZARD,—Editor Daily Republican, DEAR SIR.—Referring to the Peters Creek Stone we must of necessity be guided by the facts connected with its discovery and as much of its previous history as can be corroborated. The theory advanced that it was the pastime-work of a stone cutter, employed in the construction of a bridge located about one half mile below where the stone was found, is difficult to substantiate, and unworthy of belief, especially when advanced by a party who now desires to get possession of the stone. If his story is true why did he not remove it long ago, the fact that he did not remove it is evidence that he was ignorant of its existence or did not have the authority to remove it, notwithstanding it is thirty years since the bridge was built.

The best evidence however that the bridge workman story was concocted for the purpose stated, is the information obtained by Mr. Yohe from reliable parties residing in the immediate neighborhood, who have known and seen the stone in the position where found, during the past fifty years or more this ante-dates the building of the bridge twenty years at least. Again it is exceedingly improbable that a stone cutter possessed of the skill and intelligence manifested in the execution of the work would spend his Sundays in the woods and in a locality secluded, working laboriously yet artistically as is alleged without a purpose. From the position of the stone when discovered it had evidently fallen at some remote period, from a ledge of rocks some one hundred and fifty feet above. The work was done upon its upper surface which surface was inclined at an angle of about forty five degrees from the level.

The west bank of the creek is now not far from the foot of the hill where the stone lay; there is evidence however that in the past its channel or bed has been at a much greater distance eastward. The valley of Peters Creek as well as all large creek valleys leading to the Monongahela river were natural highwaws for the trails of the Indians, and immediately above where the stone was found on the same side of the

creek, there is a deep gorge where a tributary joins the main creek from the west, making a very convenient outlet for a trail in that direction. That the first explorers (the French) 1673 to 1683 followed these Indian trails, needs no argument to prove; and history informs us their mission was to take possession of the territory which they afterwards claimed from the Alleghenies to the Mississippi river. This was secured by burying leaden plates having inscribed thereon the dates and signatures of the claimants. Some of these plates have been found and the location of others are known. (See Father Lambing's French Possession in America). We believe therefore that all the circumstances point to the box or receptacle so artistically sunk or cut in this Peter's Creek Stone to have undoubtedly contained one of these leaden plates. It will be found upon a critical examination that the mitring or cutting under of the walls of this box at the bottom was to prevent the removal of the plate and this alone is almost conclusive evidence that it was intended for the above purpose, the shape of the receptacle will also admit of the insertion of a lid or cover to protect the inserted plate, if the bridge story claimant can produce this lid or cover I would be willing to give him a further hearing."

This box or receptacle "upon my theory," must be considered the dominant feature of the stone, the cross in my opinion served two purposes; first "we take possession of the country by the authority of his Catholic majesty, witness our hand and seal in the receptacle underneath. Second, the Indians were taught by the priests (who invariably accompanied all the French and Spanish explorers) to reverence the symbol of the cross; and marking as it invariably did the graves of the white man, its presence secured protection to the contents of the box. The figure of the Greek cross cut in the base of the Latin Cross was a common emblem among the prehistoric people of America, the Chinese cross (a Greek cross in a circle) has also been found. These however, so far as can be learned seem to have had no religious significance.

Thanking you and Mr. Yohe for your kindness while visiting your live city, I am respectfully,

THOS. HARPER.

Oh! that they were graven with an Iron pen and Lead. In the rock forever.—Job 19:24.

The DAILY presents this afternoon a correct engraving of the Peter's Creek stone. It is made from a photograph by Aiken, our local artist. The stone was found on the 21st day of February, 1894, and brought to this city. The exact spot of its discovery is shown by a good map copied from P. R. R. maps.

As it lies, on the lawn at Mr. Yohe's the peculiar stone provokes many enquiries. Who made it and what for; is it the work of a stone cutter in idle days; was it carved to mark a grave, or by its angle from the perpendicular did it point out a survey or trail of some sort?

There are two crosses upon it, one a Latin cross, in relief, each extremity of which is finished with a trefoil. The base is enlarged to contain intaglio, a heraldic cross. Below is a box or framed receptacle, with carefully chiseled ribbon border, snugly mitered moulding and a bottom box or plate holder, the edges of which are cut so as to bevel inward at an oblique angle. The stone is about eleven inches thick, five feet three inches high, measuring three feet four inches across.

SOME CONJECTURES.

1. Was it the work of a stone cutter for pastime? People do not make things elaborate as this is, for fun; the work of an idle moment is rarely finished, yet nothing is left undone in this design; there is no purpose in an idler's efforts, and this has an evident purpose; it is too complete to be without interest. Its known history runs back to the time when men were too busy to spend days for nothing and to no purpose. It is not the plaything of an unemployed stone cutter.

2. Is it a tomb stone? Hardly that, for it is ill shapen for such purpose. Far less work would have given a much more satisfactory mortuary stone, and it lacks an inscription. The oldest tomb stones known, the stones of Egypt, all have chiseled characters of some sort. This has nothing in the shape of inscription.

3. Is it a Catholic Shrine, or praying cross, such as are found in all parts of Europe? That may be, albeit. Rev. Father Lambing, a Catholic prelate, puts the weight of his opinion against that idea. However it is well known that with the French forces Catholic priests were sent, mostly of the Recollects, who were appointed chaplains of the French forces, as a rule, for the purposes of ministration, and the setting up of a temporary shrine, easily made by any one of the French soldiers, who were adepts with mallet and chisel is not improbable. Some have thought it may have been a baptismal font.

4. Was it a boundary stone? This seems most likely. The Century Dictionary, gives among the definitions of crosses. "A Boundary Cross," as if there were a regularly recognized cross for boundary marking. There is good historic backing, also, for this belief. In the transactions of the French, in the summer of 1749, Celoron made an expedition looking after the formation of the Ohio Land Company, which had obtained from the King of England a grant of 500,000 acres about Pittsburg. Marquis de la Galissoniere, then Governor General of Canada, felt it his duty to explore the country and take formal possession of it in the name of the French King.

He appointed to its command, Pierre Joseph Celoron, Sieur de Blainville, Knight of the Royal Military Order of St. Louis, captain in the French army. Rev. Lambing sent to France and had made a copy of the Captain's "journal of the expedition," from which we are permitted to quote:—"I set out from La Chine on the 15th of June, with a detachment, composed of one captain, eight subalterns, six cadets, one chaplain, twenty soldiers, one hundred and eight Canadians and thirty Indians." Rev. Louis Ignatius Bonnequant, a Jesuit professor of mathematics and hydrography in the College of Quebec, who also had the reputation of being a distinguished astronomer, was selected as chaplain on this occasion. From the French manuscripts it is learned that a novel feature of this expedition was the burying of leaden plates, at various points, bearing, with the date, an inscription to the effect that the expedition had taken possession of the territory in the name of the King of France. This manner of taking possession seems to have been peculiar to the French. (Historical Magazine No. 10, page 7.) Several of such plates have been found.

The DAILY concludes, with the two gentlemen who have investigated the matter, that such a boundary cross was set up when this Peter's Creek stone was placed, and that the square receptacle was cut to receive the leaden plate which no doubt contained a date and inscription, which may have been something like this. "We have this day—1749, taken possession of this territory in the name of His Catholic Majesty, the King of France."

The Republican now leaves this matter for the study of antiquarians, and directs attention to the Peter's Creek Stone as one of the things which will at least turn the minds of its readers into a channel full of interest and rich with local history.

From, *Conn. Gazette*
Pittsburg Pa.
 Date, *May 5" 1894,*

HONOR TO HEROES.

Movement to Erect a Monument
 on Braddock's Field.

LOCATION FINALLY FIXED.

Scene of One of the Bloodiest
 of Battles.

WHAT IT COST THE COUNTRY.

The Ill-Starred Expedition Ambush-
 ed By Indians Concealed in Ra-
 vines—Plan of the Battlefield—Grim
 Relics Found After Many Years.
 English and Scotch Residents
 Greatly Interested in the Project
 to Properly Mark the Spot.

The precise location of the field on which Braddock's bloody and important battle was fought has been definitely fixed. Men are living now who had an intimate acquaintance with the topography of the region a half century ago before any considerable change had taken place, and who held traditions which have been corroborated by history. Among these witnesses are the Coopers, the McKinneys, the Millers, J. B. Corey, W. H. Morrow and others. Mr. Corey was a contractor in the construction of the plank road that passes through the town of Braddock and in cutting through the rising ground in the vicinity of the old Robinson house, which stands near Thirteenth and Main streets, Braddock, he found unmistakable evidences of the battle. Similar evidences were found by the workmen engaged in the construction of the Pennsylvania railroad, back of where the Robinson house now is. The fact that these relics, such as bullets, cannon balls, arrowheads, a sword elegantly mounted in gold, etc., were found within certain limits, is good evidence that here was where the battle was fought. It seems certain that a point near the corner of Thirteenth and Main streets, Braddock, is about the center of the battlefield. Its western boundary is a line parallel to Thirteenth

street passing near St. Thomas' paro-
 chial school and the eastern boundary
 about the same distance from the cen-
 ter. The field extended from the river
 near the mouth of Turtle creek to a
 point on the second bottom above the
 line of the Pennsylvania railroad.
 W. H. Morrow, editor of the Irwin
 Standard incloses this sketch of the field
 which other old residents of Braddock
 agree with.

Supposed spot where Braddock was
 wounded.

Ravine | * | Ravine

Battle ground.

P. R. R.

Battle ground.

Robinson House.

Main street.

River.

Near the upper part of the battlefield, probably just above the railroad back of the Robinson house, tradition says Brad-
 dock received his death wound. Halket,
 whose remains were identified by his son,
 who accompanied Gen. Forbes on the oc-
 casion of his visit to the battlefield, fell
 near a large oak tree which stood near
 St. Thomas' school house. He, with many
 of the soldiers who fell, was buried in
 what became the old Braddock burying
 ground and later was known as the
 Robinson graveyard. This the friends of
 the movement believe would be an ap-
 propriate site for a handsome monument.
 Some of the owners of lots in the little
 cemetery now unused have expressed
 their willingness to give them for a
 monument site and the other owners no
 doubt would give theirs. The site is on
 the second bottom and in full view of
 passengers on the Pennsylvania railroad.
 It is nearly in the center of the town of
 Braddock and easy of access from any
 point. It embraces between two and
 three acres of land.

A short story of Braddock's expedition
 and of how the battle was fought may be
 interesting in this connection, as show-
 ing the claims of the brave soldiers who
 fought and died there to have a monu-
 ment to mark their last resting place.
 That they were brave their terrible list
 of killed and wounded proves. Of the
 1,460 men who had marched across the
 ford and upon the field with bands play-
 ing and banners waving 456 were killed
 outright and 421 wounded, making a total
 rendered hors-de-combat of 877 men, con-
 siderably more than half. Very few other
 forces in any war of ancient or modern
 times suffered in proportion to Brad-
 dock's. True, they did eventually fly
 from the enemy, but it was not until more
 than half their strength had been taken
 by the bullets of the enemy, and that
 enemy concealed so that they could not
 see it to defend themselves. There are
 hundreds of monuments in marble and
 brass scattered all over this globe that
 mark the resting places of soldiers no
 braver than these English, Scotch and
 colonial troops of Gen. Braddock.

Americans of this region who take an
 interest in its early history, as well as the
 English and Scotch people of this vicini-
 ty and elsewhere, are beginning to think
 of Braddock's men, and a fine monument
 will no doubt soon mark the spot where
 the battle took place.

Mr. James Dell, president of the Sons
 of St. George, a benevolent society with
 a national character, as it is composed en-
 tirely of Englishmen, said: "Personally

I heartily approve of the movement. Braddock's field should not be allowed to be lost in the general change which is taking place in that vicinity, and this will be the case unless something is done soon. History has recorded the deeds of those brave men, it is true, but there should be some local recognition of the valor displayed on that occasion by the troops under command of Braddock. Every nation honors its heroes, and shutting out the question of nationality, the world admires bravery wherever it finds it. The society of which I am president numbers about 1,000 members in Pittsburgh and vicinity, and while I am not authorized to speak officially, I think I can safely say that every member of the society will indorse the movement for the erection of a memorial and will contribute to a fund for that purpose if it is necessary to do so."

Col. James Andrews of Nunnery Hill said: "I am in favor of the project. As a Scotchman, I have favored a Burns monument in the Allegheny parks as a tribute to the great poet, and I favor a Braddock memorial as a tribute to the bravery of the Scotchmen who perished there. The one is a tribute to genius and the other to military valor. Unless something is done soon in the way of marking the Braddock battle field it will become an impossibility to do so."

Peter Johnson, the well-known contractor, favors the project. He said: "Such deeds of valor should be commemorated, no matter where they are performed. The record of these men at Braddock's field entitles them to honor, not only by their own countrymen, but by the world. However, I do not know whether the bones of a Scotchman would lie still with a monument over them. The Scotch, you know, are proverbially modest. But the movement should not be allowed to fail."

Mr. J. W. Drape said yesterday: "It is proper to honor the memory of such brave men as fought with Braddock. The world has never seen greater bravery than was displayed by these men on July 9, 1755. That they should hold out against such odds for hours and stand firm in the face of that murderous fire until ordered to retreat shows a spirit of bravery which any nation should delight to honor. No better memorial of their deeds can be established than an official preservation of the spot on which the battle took place and the erection of a monument to mark the locality. If this is not soon done it will become impossible to determine the locality of the battle, as the ground will soon be covered with dwelling houses and manufacturing establishments. The monument should have been inaugurated long ago but it is not too late. However, it should not be delayed longer and the project should be prosecuted to a speedy completion."

Rev. W. J. Reid, D. D., said: "The erection of such a memorial as is contemplated would be a most desirable thing. The traditions in regard to the precise location of the battle field are growing dim and with the passing away of a few men who at present live in the vicinity of Braddock information from this source will be almost valueless. The geography of the country is constantly changing. Some years ago I went over the ground and located the battle ground to my own satisfaction but the improvements around Braddock have been going on with such rapidity and have so changed the face of the country that I presume I would have difficulty now in finding it. At the present rate of improvement the location of the battle field will certainly be lost very soon. The bravery of the men who fought there is deserving of commemoration for never was a battle more bravely fought. Laying all sentiment aside the memorial

should be erected in the interest of history. Many facts of local history depend for their proof upon a correct designation of the battle field of Braddock. There are a hundred reasons why the movement should succeed and none that I can conceive of why it should not be pushed to completion. It is a matter in which every Englishman and Scotchman in Pittsburgh and indeed in Western Pennsylvania should feel interested."

The purpose of Braddock's expedition was the complete restoration of English power upon the American continent. The original plan of the English government was that two regiments, each 500 strong, should be sent to America, and that these should be recruited in the colonies to a complement of 700 men. Two other regiments, each 1,000 strong, were to be raised in America at the expense of the home government. The king's independent companies in America were also to be subject to the command of the leaders of this expedition. Instructions were sent to the governors directing them to place the colonial troops at the service of the English commandant and to enlist as many Indians as could be had. It was expected the force in the field, all told, would number from 12,000 to 15,000 men. With these a simultaneous movement was to be made against Forts Duquesne, Niagara, Crown Point and other places, which, it was claimed, were unlawfully occupied by the French. While these operations were in progress an English fleet was to blockade the coast and intercept all military supplies from France. The officer to whom was intrusted the execution of these plans was Gen. Edward Braddock, who had served with distinction in Spain, Portugal and Germany.

The expedition was determined upon in September, 1754, and the arrangement of the details was vigorously prosecuted. Many difficulties were encountered and at times it seemed that the expedition would be abandoned. However, the men and the money were at last provided by the English government and arrangements made for the transportation of the troops to America. But delay followed delay until Gen. Braddock resolved to precede the transports, and on the 21st of December sailed with his staff and a few troops for Virginia. The main body of the fleet was ordered to follow as soon as possible.

Arriving in America complications arose between the general and the governors. There was some conflict of authority and some disposition manifested to pay undue regard to military etiquette. Even Col. George Washington must be conciliated before he could be induced to accept a position on the staff of the general. The Indians who were promised as an addition to his forces by the governors of Virginia and Pennsylvania were not furnished. After repeated efforts Gen. Braddock himself secured the services of forty or fifty Indians all told, of whom only eight remained with him to the close. It was not his fault that he did not have a large force of Indians for scout duty.

The army of Gen. Braddock on the 8th and 9th of April left Alexandria for Ft. Cumberland. It marched in two detachments, one under command of Sir Peter Halket and the other under Col. Dunbar. After various experiences the main bodies of troops reached Ft. Cumberland May 10, but on account of unexpected delays the artillery did not arrive until May 20. Here at last Gen. Braddock consolidated his forces, consisting of 1,400 men, including the 400 Maryland and Virginia levies, a troop of provincial light horse, a pioneer corp, and several wagoners and artisans. The entire force which subsequently marched from Ft. Cumberland is given as 2,037 men. This number was considerably reduced during the march on Ft. Duquesne, from various causes.

arch was beset with hardship and On June 30 the expedition, made of picked men, reached Stewarts Crossing on the Youghiogheny, about thirty-five miles from Ft. Duquesne, while the rear guard under Dunbar had fallen behind, and on the evening of July 3, when Gen. Braddock camped at Jacobs creek, Col. Dunbar's command was at Great Crossings, which was eleven days' march distant. A council was held to determine whether the main command should wait for his arrival, and it was decided that the force under command of Braddock would be sufficient for the capture of the fort if it could be reached. It was resolved not to wait for Dunbar's command and the army pushed on.

On the 8th of July Braddock marched eight miles toward the Monongahela river, following the valley of Long run, and camped about two miles from the river. On this day he was joined by Washington, who had arrived from the rear on the 6th and was debilitated by sickness. It was resolved to cross the river next morning, and having marched down the east side to a point opposite the mouth of Turtle creek, to recross to the west side. This course had been rendered necessary from the difficulties which presented themselves when the army attempted to follow the route originally laid out across Turtle creek several miles above its mouth in order to avoid the impassable narrows at the mouth of Turtle creek. At 6 o'clock in the morning the first crossing was made. Marching down the shore in battle array Braddock reached the second ford about 11 a. m., and shortly after 1 o'clock the passage of the army was completed. Believing that his movements were observed by the scouts of the enemy he ordered his troops to appear as for dress parade, and in dress uniform, with flying colors and amid the strains of martial music, the passage of the river was effected.

About 1,460 privates and officers all told composed the force which Braddock landed on the west side of the river.

In the meantime the forces in possession of Ft. Duquesne were advised by scouts of the progress of the expedition. It is believed that the commandant, M. de Contrecoeur, had prepared to surrender the fort without resistance. On the 7th it was known that Braddock's army was at the head waters of Turtle creek. When it was learned on the 8th that his route had been changed, M. de Beaujeu, a captain of the regulars at the fort asked permission to lead out such a force as he might be able to secure for the purpose of preventing, if possible, the passage of the army at the second ford. The commandant reluctantly granted the permission asked.

To Beaujeu's call for volunteers the whole garrison responded, but the commandant decided to assign him a reasonable number of men, on condition that the Indian warriors who were gathered at the fort could be induced to join the party. These at first refused to do so, but on the morning of the 9th, in response to the pleading of Beaujeu, they consented to march. As soon as hasty preparations could be made the party moved out of the fort and hurried away to meet the enemy. It was composed of about 900 persons, of whom about 700 were Indians, 146 Canadians and 72 regular French troops. On the previous evening scouts from the fort had reconnoitered and obtained a thorough knowledge of the ground. The position from which the passage of the ford would be disputed had been selected and the little army was hastening to this point when the sound of martial music and the sound of falling trees on the west bank of the river told them they were too late, as the army had already crossed

over. Nothing was left for Beaujeu but to meet and engage the advancing army.

Braddock in the meantime was advancing, unconscious of the force in his front. When his army reached the west bank of the river just below the mouth of Turtle creek, it marched down the bottom land close to the river about 300 yards, and then turning toward the hills crossed the first bottom at a point near where the house of Gilbert Frazier stood. Here it was necessary to construct a corduroy road for the passage of the artillery over the lower part of the swamp, which the settlers remember to have seen in their youth. Continuing, the army began the ascent of the gentle slope which led to the base of the second bottom, unknown to it. Two ravines traversed this second bottom, one located near what is now Thirteenth street, Braddock, and the other a short distance to the south, probably about between Eleventh and Twelfth streets. Both are now filled up. These ravines were almost completely concealed by the timber and shrubbery which grew on their banks, and in them the French and Indians were concealed. Braddock's intention was to reach the top of the second bottom near the hills, where he would have better ground to march over. While proceeding between these ravines the army was met by the fire of the concealed enemy. Its position was such that the enemy from the ravines could sweep with its fire both flank and front.

Contrary to general belief, Gen. Braddock did not advance without some military precautions. While he had no body of Indian scouts to keep ahead and on the flanks of his army, he did have English and American troops as scouts on his flank and an advance guard under Gage. None of these, however, knew of the concealed ravines.

The advanced detachment under Gage, while well along the second bottom, received the first shock of attack but rallied at once and returned the fire of the enemy. Beaujeu and several of his men fell dead and the Indians became in a measure panic stricken and began to fly. However, seeing that the British troops maintained their line and failed to adopt the usual tactics of Indian fighters, they were encouraged and returned to the battle. But the contest was an unequal one for the English fired with military precision at a foe unseen for the most part, while the Indians and French concealed in the ravines and by the great trees and bushes which abounded in the locality maintained a deadly fire upon the exposed army.

Braddock, whose rear guard had not yet left the river bank, ordered Burton with 800 men to the support of Gage, while Halket with 400 men remained to protect the baggage. Burton had scarcely reached the battle ground when Gage's men gave way before he could take position and in their anxiety to get behind the support rushed into it and both bodies of English were thrown together in confusion and could not be rallied in order. In a road twelve feet wide, surrounded by dense forest and exposed to the fire of the enemy from every direction, the men were incapable of making a proper defense. Washington and Halket asked that the men might be permitted to break ranks and seek cover from which they might fight on equal terms, but Braddock refused to permit this deviation from military order, his idea being to carry the second bottom by a charge, and the slaughter went on. Later he ordered his men to scatter through the woods in small bodies and fight the enemy somewhat in Indian fashion, but the order had been too long delayed. Scarcely a third of his army remained for service and when there was no apparent prospect of success Braddock permitted the drums to sound a retreat. The retreat became a mad flight. This occurred about 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

The English troops were pursued to the very water's edge. Some were overtaken and killed by the Indians but those who succeeded in crossing the river were not followed. The savages turned their attention to scalping and plundering the dead and wounded. The retreating army bore with them their wounded commander, Gen. Braddock, who while giving orders as he stood beneath a tree near the head of the ravines about 100 yards back of where the Robinson house now stands, had been struck by a ball which passed through his right arm and entered his lung. He died on the night of Sabbath, July 13 at Great Meadows, which point the army had reached on its retreat to Wills creek or Fort Cumberland.

The expedition had been a disastrous failure. Of the 1,400 officers and privates who went into the battle, 456 were killed outright, and 421 wounded, making a total loss of 877 men. Of the 89 commissioned officers engaged 63 were killed or wounded. The loss of the enemy was comparatively insignificant. Three officers were killed and two wounded; twenty-five soldiers and Indians were killed and about an equal number wounded. The unburied bones of Braddock's army lay upon the battlefield until 1753 when Lieut. Gen. John Forbes having captured Fort Ququesne visited the field with a detachment of men and buried such remains as could be found. Himself a Scotchman, this last tribute was paid not only to his military comrades but to his countrymen as well as many of the soldiers who fought under Braddock were natives of Scotland.

The effect of Braddock's defeat upon the colonies was appalling as it exposed the whole western frontiers of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia to forages by scalping parties of Indians and French and pushed back English speaking settlers from the region of the Allegheny, Monongahela and Ohio rivers 200 miles to the vicinity of Harrisburg and Carlisle.

The British government and colonies had to suffer the loss of many lives and millions of money to regain what had been their possessions previous to the battle.

From, *News*

Slatington Pa.

Date, *May 12" 1894.*

BUILT THE FIRST ROLLING MILL.

Thomas C. Lewis Who Introduced the Rolling of Bar Iron.

The honor of building the first rolling mill and the first railway track in this country belongs to Thomas C. Lewis, a native of Wales. Mr. Lewis was a skillful machinist, draughtsman and millwright and an expert geologist and surveyor. In 1815 he came to this country to introduce the rolling of bar iron. He was looked upon as a fanatic in New York and Philadelphia, but in western Pennsylvania his schemes met with favor and he erected the first rolling mill in Fayette county.

He shortly disposed of this and in 1819 went to Pittsburg where he erected another mill. He made frequent tours of the neighboring hills and became convinced that the place would one day be a great iron center. His associates scoffed at his prophesy and laughed at the idea of coal lying beneath the Monongahela. In 1821 he put up a blast furnace in Butler county and built the first tram-way or rail-way in the United States. It was nearly two miles long, made with 4x4 scantlings laid on sleepers, ballasted with dirt and broken stone, and was used for carrying coal, iron, limestone and lumber to the furnace.

After following his professional pursuits for some time Mr. Lewis gave up his business and retired. He died in 1855 in the 78th year of his age, having lived to see his prophesy of the now flourishing city of Pittsburg fulfilled. His sons and nephews are well-known iron men to-day, and one of them has served as United States senator.

From,

Dispatch
Pittsburg Pa.

Date, *May 28" 1894.*

HUNTING INDIAN RELICS.

Redskin Trophies Washed Out Along the Rivers by the Flood.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC COLLECTOR

Who Makes Very Interesting Finds After a Period of High Water.

STONE TOMAHAWKS AND BATTLE AXES

A few days ago, when the water in the Allegheny river was slowly subsiding, a man was noticed walking along the shore intently scanning the banks. Every once in a while he would stop and industriously push a stick that he carried into the ground. Occasionally he would stoop and pick up some object which he generally threw away after an examination with a shake of the head, as much as to say that it was not satisfactory.

His conduct excited the curiosity of THE DISPATCH reporter who watched him for some time, and wondered what he was doing.

"What are you trying to catch?" was asked.

"Nothing," was the reply. "I am hunting Indian relics. You see in the early days this was a great redskin country. Thousands of Indians followed the rivers in their canoes and lived along the banks. Everytime the water is high I am sure to find some trophy that a savage, no doubt, once prized highly. The flood either carries them down and deposits them along the shore, or they are washed out of the banks.

"Many a time after a rise I have discovered a stone tomahawk, or a battle ax, sticking out of the mud that had been lost or buried years ago, and the water had revealed it. So far to-day I have not succeeded in finding anything, but am sure to make a rich haul of relics before the river gets back to its normal depth."

A Typical Curio Collector.

The relic hunter was quite communicative about his hobby, but he declined to give his name. He is a telegraph operator, and has a collection of articles formerly used by the reds that he says he would not sell at any price, though various museums throughout the country have offered him large sums of money for his curios. The operator studies the Indian character in his spare moments, and he is an enthusiast in the work.

He has enough redskin lore in his possession to fill several volumes. It doesn't dawn on him that he could write a most interesting book. He believes that every man, no matter what is his station or education, should take up some subject not in the line of his daily toil and investigate and think about it for himself. He believes that if this were done more generally and the facts thus accumulated recorded the world's knowledge would be greatly enriched each year.

"I have at my home," continued the curio hunter, "a lot of Indian relics, including arrow heads, tomahawks, battle axes, pieces of baked pottery and other interesting articles. Most of them I have found along the rivers immediately after high water. I remember during the flood of 1889, I unearthed a double-bitted battle ax. It was the first of the kind I had ever seen. Before the advent of the white man, the Indians knew nothing of metals. Their weapons were made chiefly of stone.

"As a rule the tomahawks are not works of art. A thin stone was chipped off to make it as sharp as possible, and sometimes the Indians serrated the edges to make them more effective in dealing an enemy a blow. The jagged appearance of many of the tomahawks I have collected shows that the savages knew how to inflict pain on an adversary.

How They Were Handled.

"The tomahawks either had no handles, or very short ones. They were tied to clubs by thongs, which the Indians wielded with unerring aim. The boys were taught to throw them, and every brave was an expert at it.

"The double-bitted battle ax in my possession has a short handle. There is evidence to show that it had been tied to a club like the others. Occasionally a tomahawk is unearthed that some redskin had taken the trouble to polish, or at least make it smooth. This was done by rubbing stone against stone. The chances are these hatchets were

carried by the chiefs. With these stone implements the Indians cut down great trees and young saplings. As a rule, however, when they wanted timber they burnt the trees at the base, then hacked at them until they fell.

"Some years ago I found an curious article along the Allegheny that has puzzled me to figure out what it was used for. It is wedge-shaped, not very large, and has a hole worn through it at the very end. It is large enough to admit the hand, and places were made on the side for the fingers and thumb. I find that my hand will fit the position exactly, which leads me to think that it was used by the women. I reason that the hand of the average Indian was larger than the white man's.

"Outside of history there are evidences to show that from the earliest days large bands of roving Indians lived along the Allegheny river. It was the great highway between the six nations in New York and the Indians living in this State and further south. I find that Indians liked to locate where streams united. They realized the importance of such points.

The Site of a Great Village.

"At Sunbury, for example, where the East and West branches of the Susquehanna join their waters, was one of the largest Indian villages ever established in the State. They were of the Susquehanna tribe, after which the river was named. There are points on the Allegheny river above Pittsburg where old campfires, pieces of earthenware, etc., are unearthed by digging a few feet into the ground. These signs indicate the location of a village at some period in the past. The same is true of a number of spots on the Susquehanna.

"While the Indian knew nothing of the metals until the advent of the white man, he was expert in making crude pottery, or baked ware. It is composed of several earthy ingredients. They mixed a kind of soft soapstone with other material, and molded it into odd and uncouth dishes, which they baked hard. All of this ware that I have ever seen has a bluish appearance. Everybody knows, of course, how the Indian women ground corn with stones. They scooped out a rock, and with another reduced the grain to a coarse meal.

"The Indian undoubtedly belongs to the Stone period. He was quite ingenious, considering his intelligence and experience. I think the reds have inhabited this country for ages. Every time there is a flood I am sure to find something that indicates the great antiquity of the savage."

From,

Dress
Pittsburg Pa.

Date, *June 10* 1894,

THE OLD BLOCK HOUSE.

Work of Preparing for the Restoration is Rapidly Progressing.

When the old soldiers arrive in Pittsburg to attend the twenty-eighth annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic there will be another point of interest to them. The Daughters of the American Revolution are putting the old block house

Fort Pitt in shape and will invite the encampment visitors to view the historic building.

Some time ago Mrs. Schenley gave the old fort, surrounded by a plot of ground extending 100 feet each way, and an opening 50 feet wide on Penn avenue. The organization was desirous of repairing the fort, beautifying the grounds and making a general park place, but owing to lack of funds were unable to do so. A half dozen or more old tumble-down buildings which would have to be moved to make place for a park and permit the little block house to see daylight. Various schemes for raising the needed money were discussed among the ladies, both in and out of meetings, but the money failed to come. Finally a scheme was hit upon. It was decided to begin the work with the money on hand and trust to making the remainder by charging a nominal admission fee to the building. This was considered a good plan, and it was thought best to have the fort and park in good shape before the grand army encampment so that visitors could enjoy it.

Several weeks ago the work of tearing down the old building surrounding the fort was commenced. There were five of these which stood in the way of improvement. These were inhabited by some fourteen families. The society gave each family a month's rent to vacate. An old lady who occupied the block house with a small candy store reluctantly gave up her stand, but was finally persuaded to move and then the work began in earnest.

Yesterday the foundation of the last house of the five was cleared away. The grounds are now vacant except the opening leading to Penn avenue. The houses standing upon the proposed thoroughfare will not be disturbed, as the society is not able to improve it at this time. It is expected, however, that the opening will be made in the near future. For the present the grounds will be reached from Fort street.

It is expected that by the time the encampment opens the house will be repaired and the park around it put in an inviting condition. The ground is being leveled, and after soil is put upon it, will be sodded and arranged for flowers. The block house, which is in a horribly dilapidated condition, will be repaired.

At present Capt. W. F. Aul, agent for the Denny estate, is assisting the society in the search for any historic information that will enable it to form an idea of the structure when first built. It is the intention to make it look as near like it originally did as possible under existing circumstances. It is believed that by so doing, large crowds will be attracted, and thus a handsome sum of money be realized, which will help to defray the expense of improvement. After the encampment is over the society will continue to improve the surroundings as it is able, until the fort and grounds will make one of the most inviting historic spots about Pittsburg. No estimate of the cost of improvement has been given, but it is safe to say that it will be a heavy drain on the society's treasury.

It is the intention of the society to place all the curios of the French and Indian and revolutionary wars in its possession in the block house. Immediate steps will be taken to recover all curios found upon the premises. The most important find was a sundial. This is in the possession of Miss Martin, one of the residents of the Point, and she has refused to return it. The workmanship of the dial shows that it is a relic of the colonial times, and is much desired by the members. As yet the Daughters of the Revolution have taken no action in regard to recovering the lost relics, but it is expected that unless they are returned suits will be instituted. Mr. Golden, who has charge of the work of improvement, thinks there are several tunnels under the old fort. He says when the river is high water can be heard rumbling seemingly right beneath the building. An excavation will be made in a few days to find the tunnels, and in this way it is expected more relics will be found.

An amusing incident occurred yesterday while the workmen were tearing out an old chimney. Two small mice ran out and

sought shelter. One of the men began to throw half-bricks at the mice. His companion chided him, but the son of Erin, in characteristic manner, said: "Faith, an' if George Washington was here he would kill the animals as quick as he would a rebel." This is only an example of the numerous jokes indulged by the workmen, and curiously enough, they all have a bearing on history, and the grounds on which the men are at work.

From, *Dispatch*
Pittsburg, Pa.

Date, *June 18th 1894.*

HE IS THE LOST REMNANT.

History of the *✓* Only Pennsylvania
Slave Who Is Yet Alive.

OVER FOUR SCORE YEARS AND TEN.

He Was Brought Here From Maryland by the
Old Beltzhoover Family.

WAS THE FAVORITE OF 'SQUIRE VARNER

The last remnant of Pennsylvania slavery has just passed his 90th birthday. For 84 years he has been in one of the oldest families in this part of the State, and has been the faithful attendant of one generation after another. He is the only one left of the 64 negroes which the records show were living as slaves in Pennsylvania in 1840.

The family of Melchor Varner, the old and well-known Southside resident, would as soon think of giving up one of its own members as to part with "Old Tom." Tom is a vigorous old darkey of 90 years, and, save for a slight stoop, his appearance would indicate that he was nearer the half-century mark than the century. His hair is only slightly changed, his step is quick, his faculties are keen and he does not seem to have grown a day older in the last 30 years. Altogether Old Tom is as bright as a brand new dollar.

Tom's last name is Herron, although he often takes up the name of the substantial old Varner family with a considerable show of pride. Tom has never associated with any of his race outside of the servants of the family. He holds himself aloof from them and considers that he is far their superior.

One of the Old School.

His old colonial courtesy, which has never left him with advancing years, marks him at once a darkey of the old school.

Tom was brought to this State from Maryland by the Beltzhoover family, about whose name will always be associated thoughts of the pioneer days of Western Pennsylvania.

as then but a child and was owned together with his parents and his brothers and sisters by Harry Beltzhoover. Harry Beltzhoover settled on Sawmill Run, where he had bought up a very extensive tract of land. A large mill was erected by the Beltzhoovers on Sawmill Run. The slaves were employed on these lands and in the mill.

Tom remembers many of the experiences of his boyhood days. He said he very distinctly recalled being beaten with a cane by his master, Mr. Beltzhoover, when he was "a bad boy."

When Mary Beltzhoover married 'Squire Varner, Tom was a part of the dower. 'Squire Varner was born in and spent all his days in Baldwin township. His parents had been strict Quakers and he followed in that faith. 'Squire Varner took a great liking to Tom and in time he became the favorite with the family of all the slaves on the Varner domains. When children came into 'Squire Varner's family, Tom at once became their attendant. A remarkable attachment sprang up between the faithful slave and the youngsters.

Some Interesting History Here.

Tom was always their play-fellow. 'Squire Varner, who was known to every old resident of Western Pennsylvania, used to take great pleasure in telling of Tom's pranks.

'Squire Varner was the oldest Justice of the Peace in the United States. He received his commission from Governor Schenck. It will be remembered, too, that 'Squire Varner was the founder of the infirmaries of Pennsylvania. In the early days of the State poor people were sold as slaves when they could not pay their debts. 'Squire Varner saw to what abuses the poor were subjected, and so started about establishing homes for them.

"And he is still with us," said Mrs. Melchor Varner last night, in speaking of Tom's faithfulness. "Squire Varner died August 22, 1884, at the ripe old age of almost four-score years and ten. Tom was with him from his boyhood and it now looks as though he was going to remain with us through the life of this last generation."

The law passed in 1780, which provided for the gradual emancipation of the slaves of the State, almost entirely freed Pennsylvania from slaves. In 1840, as has already been stated, only 64 negroes remained in a state of slavery in Pennsylvania. These were the relics of the 2,737, of which record had been made in 1790. But Tom clung to the family. He would not leave, although he had been declared free by 'Squire Varner many times.

From, *Leader*
Pittsburg Pa.
 Date, *June 15th 1894,*

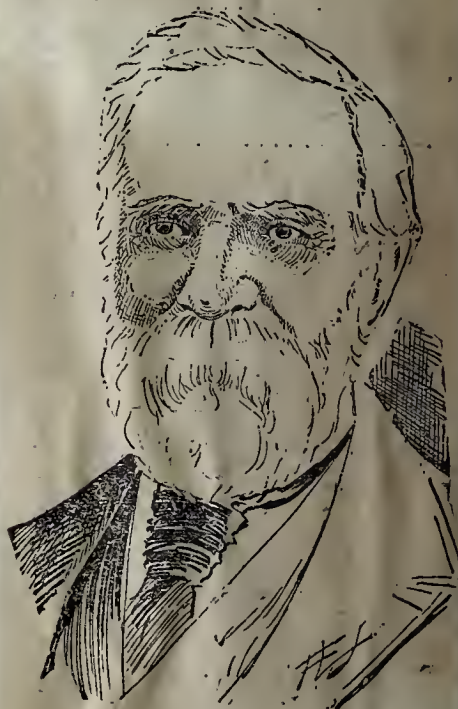
A REMARKABLE RECORD.

CLOSE OF A QUARTER CENTURY OF
 ACTIVE SERVICE.

Prof. Paul F. Rohrbacher, of the Western University of Pennsylvania for Twenty-Five Years Taught the Young How to Go at That Institution—A Brief History of an Interesting Life — The Event to Be Especially Marked During the Coming Week.

With the close of to-day's session at the Western University of Pennsylvania Prof. Paul Rohrbacher, the venerable teacher of that institution, will have completed his twenty-fifth year of active service with the university. Withal this burden of years and responsibilities of the past, the professor has been but lightly touched by the great duties imposed upon him and is to-day a genial, jovial man of learning, loved and respected by all the young men, who owe to him much of their training.

A representative of the "Leader" visited the university yesterday and found the professor, as usual, at his desk. The freshman class in the German language had just completed its examination, evidently, too, to the immense satisfaction and pride of the hoary-headed instructor, for he was in an excellent frame of mind. He was asked to tell something concerning himself and his quarter century of toil in the educational world, but was reluctant to comply. The only thing he would say that was succinct and explicit was: "Well, I always try to get those youngsters to learn and am pleased if they do."



Prof. Paul F. Rohrbacher.

"Rohey," as he is familiarly termed by the students, has always been a favorite with the boys of the university, for his earnest and patient efforts in their behalf. The young men are al-

is eager to speak in appreciation. For his kindly manner, jovial companionship and always evident regard for their welfare they love and respect him. As a teacher he is considered without a peer in the specialties he has charge of the German language and ancient, mediaeval and modern history of the world. Professor Rohrbacher is a favorite with his fellow-faculty members and is frequently consulted by them by reason of his immense experience. To the outside world he is known as a man of exceptional education and a voracious reader, especially on historical subjects, his private library being one of the most complete and exhaustive in this end of the state, on historical literature.

The history of the life of Professor Rohrbacher is an interesting one. The account below was obtained from him only after overcoming numerous modest objections on his own part. He was born in the Kingdom of Baden, now a part of the German empire, in 1827, being now 67 years of age. In his boyhood days he attended the schools of that country, continuing his education until twenty years of age, when, by the laws of the country, he was forced to do military service. He served his time in the artillery branch. Shortly after being discharged he enlisted under the flag of the rebellious people of Baden, who marched and fought for a republic. This was the rebellion of 1849, in which Carl Scurtz was a leader. When that uprising was successfully quelled by the government, he was forced to leave his native land as an outlaw. Switzerland was his home for a short year, but in 1850 he emigrated, settling in Pittsburg. Then he took up his chosen avocation of a teacher first accepting a professorship at a female college in Memphis, Tenn. Later he moved to Marshal county, Mississippi, where he taught until the outbreak of the rebellion. He was married while in Mississippi to Julia M. Cook, of Ashland, O., a fellow teacher. As he favored the cause of freedom, Professor Rohrbacher came to Ashland, O., and enlisted under the Stars and Stripes in Battery D of the Ohio artillery. He was mustered out after some service, but re-enlisted later, serving under General Fremont until 1866, when that officer's command was disbanded. In 1869 he came to Pittsburg and accepted the professorship of German and history at the Western university, the duties of which he has faithfully performed since that day, with the exception of a short time during the year 1880.

Personally, Professor Rohrbacher is a man of wonderful qualities. Gifted with a constitution remarkable for its vigor and hardiness, he is a constant and tireless worker. Punctuality is his one great hobby. For years he has never failed, except through ill health, to be ready and present for his daily work at 8 o'clock each morning. He is an earnest student and a painstaking master in his work. Not the least of his gifts is the art of music, in which is he considered an adept. During his later life, the professor has earned laurels on many occasions as a lecturer and public speaker. He has an inimitable style of speech, and coupled as it is with his peculiar German accent and always

read flow of witty speech, his thought, he is a great favorite at all times with an audience.

The students at the university yesterday and to-day made considerable notice of the professor's quarto-centennial. Especially from his many German friends, he is receiving congratulations and felicitations. It is likely that the event will receive marked notice during next week. Commencement week at the university as the alumni as well as the students of the university are prone to mark the event by some special attentions.

From,

Leader
Pittsburg Pa.

Date, June 24, 1894.

OLD LANDMARK GONE.

STALEY'S HOTEL, FORMERLY TRIMBLE'S VARIETIES, ON PENN AVE.

The Building Now Razed to the Ground—Harry Williams, of the Academy of Music, and Formerly Manager of the Old House, Talks Interestingly About It — Some Old Programs.

The Hotel Staley is no more. It stood on Penn avenue, between Sixth and Seventh streets. All that remains of it now is dust and some old timber.

The building was neither a big one nor a handsome one, but it had a history, and that counts for a good deal. The hotel was formerly a place of amusement—the famous Trimble's Varieties—well remembered by many Pittsburgers not yet too old to enjoy a good show of that kind.

Harry Williams, the popular manager of the Academy of Music, was at one time manager of Trimble's Varieties. To a "Leader" reporter yesterday afternoon he talked interestingly about the old building.

"I don't know just how old the building is," said he, "but I believe it was opened as a theater in 1858. It was always run as a variety theater, although now and again a play would be performed. I became manager of the place in 1866. Previous to that time the late Billy Smythe and Fred Aims were lessees and managers. I was manager a year, and then left to take charge of the 'Old Drury,' on Fifth avenue, Smythe taking my place as manager of Trimble's. During the next few years there were frequent changes in the management of the place, and in 1877 I again became stage manager and the manager, which last position I held until a



The Building as It Last Looked.

fire knocked us out. Then it was I came to the Academy.

"After the fire the heirs of old Ben Trimble, the original owner of the building, took charge of the place themselves. In the latter end of 1878 the theater became a hotel.

"There were not many theaters in Pittsburg in those days. The 'Old Drury' stood where James W. Grove's store now stands on Fifth avenue, above Wood street. Harris' theater was then the Opera house. Yes, there have been many changes in the profession since those days, but I guess there are changes everywhere."

In Mr. Williams' office, in the Academy of Music, there are on the walls one or two old programs from the old theater, "Trimble's Varieties, Penn street, near St. Clair." The program is in no respect different from those now in use in variety theaters. One sets forth the fact that Miss Clara Burton will execute a "Grand Pas Seul," whatever that may mean. It must mean something good, for Harry Williams says that Miss Burton was the greatest jig dancer of her day. Johnny Wild is on the same program, billed as a gay old fellow. Since that time (about 1867) he has spent a good deal of his time with Harrigan and Hart. There are dances billed for Jennie Eagan, Ben Wheeler and M'lle. Bertha. Wheeler is now in South Africa. Where the women are deponent knoweth not.

On rare occasions a drama was performed at the house. It was none of those dry Shakspearian productions, as is abundantly testified by the program of the same year as the last alluded to. "The Mountain Devil, or the Dog of the Inn," was the name of this great play. That dog has evidently already had his day.

From, *Oress*
Pittsburg Pa.
Date, *July 22nd 1894.*

RITTER FAMILY REUNION.

IT WILL BE HELD THIS YEAR IN
THE HULTON GROVE.

The Family Among the Oldest Settlers in Pittsburg—Some Interesting Historical Facts Concerning the Early Times.

The members of the family of the late Joe Ritter will hold their thirty-ninth annual family reunion at Hulton grove on Tuesday next. There are at present nearly 200 members of the family residing in Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia. It is expected by those who have the reunion in charge that about 150 of these will be present.

The Ritter family is perhaps one of the largest and oldest family in western Pennsylvania. The ancestors of present generations were among the early residents of Pittsburg, and one of the first families on the south side of the Monongahela river.

Many of the relatives have not seen each other for years, but through the efforts of Dan E. Ritter, of Carson street, they have been notified, and have signified their intention to attend the reunion. For the past week he has been the recipient of over 20 letters each day from the different relatives, each containing an acceptance of the invitation to the reunion.

The American branch of the Ritter family are the descendants of the Carl Von Ritter family, a former landed and titled family of the province of Alsace-Lorraine. The first American representative of the family was Joseph Ritter. He came to America with his family in 1814. After residing in New York a few months the father decided to emigrate to what was then known as the great Western Reserve. He went by boat from New York to Philadelphia. From the latter point he made preparations for a journey over the mountains. What is now but a journey of a little more than 10 hours by rail was in the days of the pioneers a trip of three weeks, and one full of hardship and danger. The trip across the mountains was made in safety, and Pittsburg was reached 28 days after leaving New York.

When Pittsburg was reached it was found that the Indians in the Western Reserve were at war with the whites. The elder Ritter decided to remain in this city until peace was restored.

He finally settled on the south side of the Monongahela river, about two miles from Fort Pitt, which then stood at the Point, and was the stronghold of this section of the country. As his farm was such a great distance from the fort, he built a stone house as a protection from any raiding redskins. He then started to clear a tract of woodland, and with his six sons soon had what was then the

largest clearing in the Monongahela valley.

The next year his youngest son, Joseph, started in the dairy business, and to the Ritters belongs the credit of having established the first milk depot and route in Pittsburg. The milk was brought to town each day on horseback.

Several years after the business had so increased that young Joe had a cart built after the pattern of those used in Europe. It was a wonder, and the lad, with his red trousers and blue smock frock, together with his cart, were one of the wonders of the town.

The elder Ritter with his family moved from what is now Beltzhoover to Penn township, leaving young Joe to operate his dairy.

Soon after the entire family became separated, and moved to different parts of the state. The brothers all married and reared large families. Those of the family that are now living are of the third generation, and as stated are nearly 200 in number.

The first family reunion was held in August, 1855, at the old homestead in Penn township, near what is now Verona. This year, owing to the great number that will be present, it was decided to hold the reunion at Hulton.

A program has been arranged by several of the brothers residing in Pittsburg. One of the special features of the day will be a game of ball played between a nine composed of the married and a nine picked from the single men. Races of every description will be participated in, and a souvenir of the reunion will be presented to each one present. Dancing music will be furnished by an orchestra of 10 persons, all members of the family.

The old Ritter homestead, in Beltzhoover, is still standing, and is one of the landmarks of the South Side. It is a stone building, one and a half stories in height, and has walls about 18 inches in thickness. The doors are of oak plank, and were placed there by the builders when the house was erected.

From, *Chron. Telegraph*
Pittsburg Pa.
Date, *July 28* 1894.

OVER TWO HUNDRED YEARS.

That is the Combined Age of Two
Colored People Now Visiting
Relatives in This City.

"Yes, sah; dat's so! I seen Ginral Washington when I's 12 years old, sah! I was born Fourth of July, 1777, sah!" and the old colored man, who fairly took the listener's breath away by the above astonishing assertion, chuckled inwardly at the thought of having enjoyed a privilege allotted to but few living mortals.

There arrived in this city Thursday from Bridgewater, Pa., Richard Reddick and his wife, whose combined ages are 206 years. The hoary couple came to Pittsburgh to make their home with a daughter, Mrs. Thomas Bumford, in the rear of 67 Pride street. A call was made at the house for a verification of the remarkable age of the couple and enough

was gleaned from a talk with the old negro to pronounce the story truthful.

Richard Reddick has papers in his possession of absolute authenticity to the effect that he was born on July Fourth, 1777, one year following the birth of the nation. Naturally an individual of such an advanced age must have a store of reminiscences to tell, and in spite of his 117 years the white-haired negro speaks intelligently. He was born in Richmond, Va. His father was, of course, a slave, but his mother a free woman, and when 21 years of age Richard got his freedom, but had to leave the South, as the law at that time decreed. He was taken in charge by the Quakers and his freedom papers were recorded in Ravena, O. For many years following he followed the fortunes of a sailor, and in that capacity was at the coast of Africa on several occasions. When the civil war broke out Reddick wanted to enlist, but met with the discouraging reply that he was altogether too old for such hardships. The centenarian has been married twice. The children by his first wife are all dead, but two daughters and two sons by the second marriage are living. Twenty-two grand children, many great grand children are in different parts of the country. The old man gives a wierd description of slave life in the South, but he is quite a philosopher in his way and says there are more slaves in the North at the present day than ever was contained in the whole South.

For the past 35 years Reddick has been a class leader in the A. M. E. church at Bridgewater, and up to his coming here the old man had been able to do gardening and other manual labor about the house. His better half, who is close to 90 years of age, is also well preserved, but for the loss of her eyesight. There is no doubt but what, by the advent here of this old Virginia couple, Pittsburgh possesses the oldest married couple in the State.

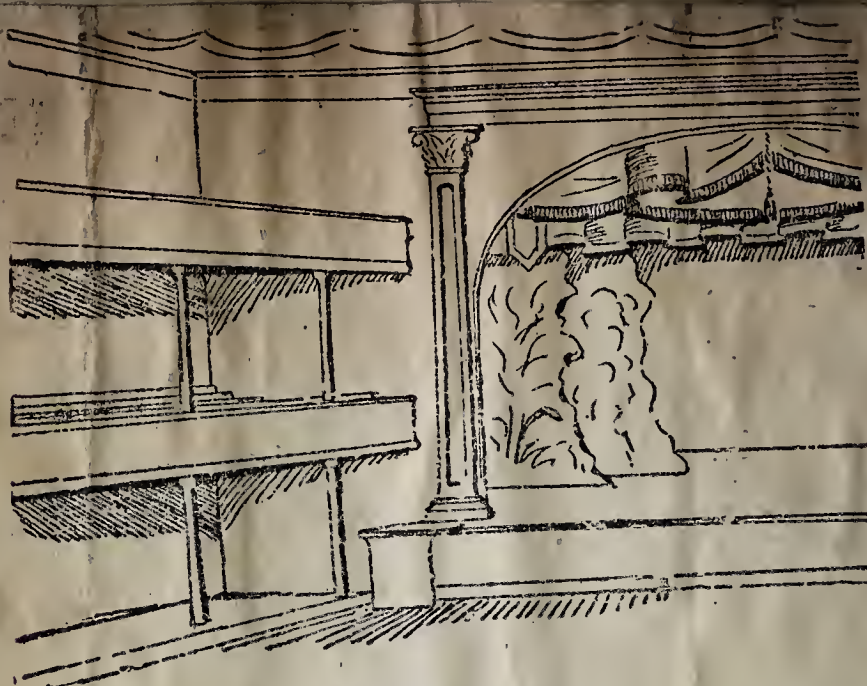
From, *Chron. Telegraph*
Pittsburg Pa.
Date, *Aug. 10* 1894.

OLD LAFAYETTE HALL.

THE HISTORIC BUILDING TO BE
TORN DOWN.

Within Its Walls the Republican
Party Was Organized — Some of
the Men Who Were Prominent in
the First Convention — Incidents
Connected With the Early His-
tory of the Structure.

The most famous building in Pittsburgh, and one that is known all over the country, Lafayette Hall, is to be razed to the ground early next year. In this



An Interior View.

building the Republican party was born February 22, 1856. Delegates that were then elected went to the convention in Philadelphia on June 17, 1856, where John C. Fremont was chosen as the Republican candidate for president of the United States.

This celebrated building fronts on Wood street, but there is also an entrance on Fourth avenue. The corner at Fourth and Wood is occupied, and has been since 1874, by the Tradesmens National Bank. This corner is noted for the fact that the earliest Pittsburgh banking institution occupied the ground. The Tradesmens bank will erect on the site a 12-story building, which will cover the ground now occupied by the bank and Lafayette Hall. The work of tearing down the building will be commenced on April 1, and soon thereafter all that remains of this historic place will be removed.

There are many interesting incidents connected with Lafayette hall, and nearly all the men who were young when the building was first erected, and are still alive, can relate reminiscences of the pleasant evenings passed at "Kneass's concert hall," as it was known in the '40s. The building was erected by Alexander McClurg, and was destroyed in the big fire of 1845 which swept the lower section of Pittsburgh. It was rebuilt the following year, a bank building being erected on the corner, which had been occupied by Sibbett & Jones, who did a banking business on the same corner in 1839. James T. Brady put the building up after the big fire. It was destroyed some years later, and the present Lafayette hall narrowly escaped being burned at the same time. S. Jones & Co., Semple & Jones and other banking firms occupied the building until 1874, when the Tradesmens National Bank took possession.

Thomas Brown, the veteran Allegheny plumber, while talking of the hall rather regretted that it was to be torn down. "I remember," said he, "in 1846, when the

Cotillion Club, one of the swell organizations of the two cities, gave a ball there. I was present and had a most enjoyable evening. I was also present when the Republican party was formed. It is so long ago, however, that I do not care to give any definite information about the meeting."

A partial list of Pittsburghers who were present at this meeting, which organized the Republican party, was obtained. Among them were: David Robinson, Gen. William Robinson, Andrew McCartney, James L. Graham, Samuel McKelvey, Gen. J. K. Moorhead, Aaron Floyd, John Nusser, C. F. Bauer, J. J. Sieben-eck, J. G. Backofen and Sig. Loew.

"Talking about Lafayette Hall," said J. W. Ellis, the well-known patent attorney, "I spent many a pleasant evening there. Just after the big fire, when the hall was rebuilt, old Kneass gave concerts there. He played an accordion and sang the popular airs of the day. A levy—12 1-2 cents—was charged as an admittance fee, but this also entitled a person to a plate of ice cream. I also remember when Gen. Andrew Jackson, who was Col. Sam Black's servant during the Mexican war, made a speech there. He was taken care of in his old age by the Duquesne Grays, and died here about 15 years ago. It was a sort of a benefit for the old colored man, and many tickets were sold. The speech did not amount to much, but it was very entertaining. I did not attend the meeting at which the Republican party was formed."

George H. Thurston, who formerly published the city directory, also remembers the historic hall. "There was a printing office in the building some time in the 40's," he said, "and in this office was the manuscript of the Mormon Bible. It was written by a minister who lived somewhere up the Monongahela river. He called it a religious novel. For some reason it was not printed at this establishment, but was taken away, and now it is in print and is the Mormon



Lafayette Hall.

Bible. When Kneass gave his concert there he offered a prize of a gold locket for an original song. I was one of the contestants, and won the prize. It was afterwards sung at the concert."

The Lafayette Hall convention referred to above was the result of a conference, at the Monongahela house between Hon. Salmon P. Chase and David N. White, then editor of the Pittsburgh "Gazette," and they determined upon calling a national convention to resist the further extension of slavery. Mr. White opened a correspondence with the active "anti-Nebraska" men of the country and the result was the issuance of a call for a national convention to be held in Pittsburgh, February 22, 1856, to form a basis of union for all the various fragments of political organizations opposed to slavery extension.

The call was signed by representative men from eight States and the convention met here at the time appointed. It was not a delegate convention, but was a national mass-meeting, free to all who chose to come. Representatives were present from all the northern States and from several in the south. John A. King, of New York, was chosen temporary chairman, and Francis P. Blair, of Maryland, was the permanent president. The convention passed resolutions against the further extension of slavery, and called a national nominating convention, to meet in June, at Philadelphia, to nominate candidates for president and vice president. This nominating convention selected John C. Fremont as its candidate for president, and William L. Dayton for vice president, and they would have been elected had Pennsylvania voted with the other northern States, but Pennsylvania voted for Buchanan, and secured

his election. In 1860, however, this party elected Lincoln to the presidency, and all who followed down to 1880.

From, *Leader*
Pittsburg Pa.

Date, *Aug. 19th 1894.*

GALLANT CAVALIERS.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE FOURTH PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY.

A Regiment That Was Largely Recruited From Allegheny County. Its Record of Service Second to Only One in the Entire War of the Rebellion—Many Brave Charges in Which Loss of Life Was Quite Heavy.

The Fourth Pennsylvania veteran cavalry will hold its eighth reunion in Pittsburgh during the national encampment, having arranged for headquarters at No. 6 Sixth street. The business meeting is set for September 10 at 7:30 P. M., and the campfire September 11 at 7:30 P. M. The hall will be open for the reception and entertainment of members and their families on the 10th, 11th and 12th of September, day and evening. A luncheon will be served during these days. The officers of the association are as follows:

President, Major Daniel C. Boggs, McKees Rocks, Pa.; first vice president, John Joyce, Pittsburg, Pa.; second vice president, Captain A. A. Plumer, Franklin, Pa.; third vice president, F. R. Showalter, Grafton, O.; corresponding secretary, W. H. Collingwood, Pittsburg, Pa.; recording secretary, John Huston, Franklin, Pa.; chaplain, H. Q. Graham, Homer City, Pa.; historian, Major John B. Maitland, Oil City, Pa.

The Fourth Pennsylvania cavalry (Sixty-fourth in line) was recruited under the direction of David Campbell, of this city. Company A was recruited in Northampton county, B, E and G in Allegheny county, C and D in Westmoreland and Indiana, F in Lebanon, H, I, K and L in Venango and M in Luzerne. The regiment was mustered into service in August, 1861, being commanded by the following field officers: Colonel, David Campbell, Pittsburg; lieutenant colonel, James H. Childs, Pittsburg; first major, James K. Kerr, Franklin; second major, William E. Doster, Bethlehem; third major, James H. Trimble, Westmoreland county. Colonel Campbell had commanded the Twelfth Pennsylvania in the three months' service, and before the war was captain of the Duquesne

Grays, a military company of wide repute. The thorough instruction given to officers and men during the fall and winter of 1861 was the basis of the signal success which the regiment achieved in all its service in the field. On the 12th of March, 1862, Colonel Campbell resigned to take command of the Fifth Pennsylvania cavalry and was succeeded in command of the regiment by Lieutenant Colonel James H. Childs. The regiment was assigned to McCall's division, Pennsylvania reserves, on the peninsula. On the 26th of June, 1862, a squadron under command of Captain James A. Herron, of Company E, was sent on picket in the neighborhood of Mechanicsville in advance of the Bucktail regiment. In the afternoon a party which he led, scouting beyond the line, met the advance of the rebel army and fired the first shot on the Union side in the bloody seven days' battle which ensued. At Beaver Dam creek detachments from the Fourth were employed in escorting batteries in their movement in the field. On the following day it was stationed in the rear of Gaines' house, where it was drawn out in line to stop stragglers. When at length the Union infantry, broken and overpowered, was leaving the field, the day irretrievably lost, the regular cavalry, under Philip St. George Cook, posted far up the hill, charged over the crest. The Lancers followed, but the regulars, sadly thinned by the intensity of the enemy's fire, were driven in upon the Lancers, and the whole came back in disorder. Two squadrons of the Eighth Illinois, on the right of the Fourth, leaving the field by order of General Cooke, opened a gap, and through this the vast crowd of stragglers which had accumulated in its front rushed in wild confusion and made for the crossings of the Chickahominy. The regiment was thus left upon the front line. Soon the enemy swarmed over the hill where the corps headquarters had been. Colonel Childs, in desperation, resolved to charge in line. The word of preparation was passed along the front, when the Union batteries, posted on a hill in the rear, opened with shrapnel and canister. Never was artillery more effectively served. Rapid as were the discharges, the effect of each was plainly visible. The dense masses of the enemy on the heights in front wavered, were checked, and finally turned back over the hill. At this juncture the regiment was ordered from the field by the general-in-chief. As it filed away the head of Mcagher's brigade was met, just advancing upon the field. After leaving the field Col. Childs was ordered to reorganize the stragglers. The loss to the regiment in killed and wounded was considerable. At night the regiment crossed the river and had a day of rest. On Sunday, after many delays, it marched past Savage station, across White Oak swamp, and on the following day, June 30, was posted on the extreme left of Seymour's brigade of McCall's division. The position of the former seemed admirable. There was a long delay in which perfect quiet reigned. At length was heard rapid firing on the skirmish line, and soon the rebels made their appearance and charged in columns, firing as they came. They were warmly greeted, but answered with equal violence. A battery im-

mediately in front of the Fourth, began to move hurriedly from the field, and its infantry support carried back along with it, broke the line of the cavalry, which, however, was quickly reformed. One of the guns fell into the hands of the enemy, and as it was being turned upon our men Captain Frank H. Parke, of Company B, with his platoon, charged upon and recovered it. For the rest of the day the regiment was under a hot fire, but was not otherwise engaged. Adjutant Biddle and a number of men were wounded, and fell into the hands of the enemy. Surgeon Marsh remained upon the field to care for the wounded, and was also held a prisoner. At Malvern Hill on the following day, a squadron of the regiment acted as a body guard to General Porter, and the rest of the regiment was on the field and under fire. At Harrison's Landing during a night attack on the 31st of July, from the opposite side of the James river, the Fourth lost four men and six horses. In the movement into Maryland the Fourth had the advance until it reached Frederick City, when it was assigned to General W. W. Averell's brigade. The illness of the latter preventing him from taking the field, the command of the brigade devolved upon Col. Childs. The brigade crossed the Antietam with the troops upon the left, and was posted in front of the Stone bridge, where the Fourth supported Clark's battery, and held the line upon its right. Quite a number of the regiment were killed and wounded, while assisting to place the battery in position. Colonel Childs was among the killed in this battle. A solid shot passed across him, disemboweling him and throwing him from his horse. When conscious of his certain death, he first arranged his military duties, sending Captain H. M. Hughes to report to General Pleasanton, and another of his aids to Lieutenant Colonel James K. Kerr, that he might take command of the brigade. He then dispatched an orderly to Surgeon Marsh to tell him if not attending to any one whose life could be saved, to come to him, as he was in great pain. Lastly he called Captain Henry H. King, assistant adjutant general, to whom he delivered his last messages to his family. He lived forty minutes after he was wounded. A braver or better man never drew his sword in defense of his country. Upon the fall of Colonel Childs, Lieutenant James K. Kerr was promoted to colonel. Colonel Kerr resigned May 17, 1863, and was succeeded by Lieutenant Colonel William E. Doster, who commanded the regiment with signal ability. Colonel Doster finally attained the rank of brevet brigadier general. severe wound entitled him to his discharge, but the gallant hero soon returned to his command, and was captured at Sulphur Springs, Va., October 12, 1863. Escaping from Libby prison, he again returned to his regiment, and was mortally wounded in the charge on General Lee's train at Sallors Creek April 6, 1865, and when informed of his condition he replied, "I am satisfied to die, for look what we have accomplished."

On the 16th of July the Second division was hotly engaged at Shepherdstown, Va., in which the Fourth lost heavily. Upon the resignation of Gen-

eral Foster, which occurred on the 18th of October, Major George H. Covode was promoted to colonel. After advancing to the Rapidan, General Meade found it necessary to retire toward Centerville. On the 12th of October, while the army was upon the retrograde, the Thirteenth Pennsylvania cavalry was on picket beyond Jeffersonville. Early in the morning it was attacked by a superior force and driven back. The Fourth was sent to its support. By hard fighting the ground lost was regained, and at noon there was a lull of two hours. In the meantime the horses had been sent back toward Warrenton, five miles distant, excepting those of one squadron of the Fourth. At 2 o'clock P. M. the enemy attacked in overwhelming force, and notwithstanding the most strenuous exertions of the men and heroic daring of the officers to check his advance, they succeeded in cutting off and capturing the greater part of both regiments. The Fourth, as it went into action in the morning, had 375 men, and the Thirteenth 350. On the following morning the two regiments could muster but 60 men. The actual loss in the Fourth in killed, wounded and taken prisoners was nearly 200. Lieutenant Colonel Young was severely wounded in the arm, losing the use of the elbow joint. The prisoners shared a hard fate, but few surviving to return. On the morning of the 14th the command was early saluted by the enemy's shells, and in the march to Catlettsburg the Second brigade was deployed as skirmishers. The First and part of the Second brigades, which were in advance in route column, had crossed the ford at Bristoe when the enemy dashed in, cutting off the Eighth, Sixteenth and what remained of the Fourth Pennsylvania, but the infantry was now at hand, who gave them abundant occupation, and with little hindrance they crossed the river in the neighborhood of Breutsville, leisurely rejoining the column. A skirmish near Beverly Ford, in which the Fourth participated, closed its active operations in this campaign.

At the appointed time for veteran reenlistments, more than two thirds of the men enrolled themselves for a second term, entitling the regiment to a continuance of its organization. The raid of General Sheridan upon Richmond, entered upon early in the campaign, was a continual skirmish, at times assuming the proportions of a battle, from the time he left Beaver Dam station until he reached the James river. At Yellow Tavern, the Fourth, while acting as rear guard to the column, handsomely repelled the charge of a rebel regiment and later in the day held its position against a large opposing force with skill and determination. In the battle which was fought inside the center line of intrenchments of Richmond the regiment supported King's battery, for four hours being under a heavy fire from the enemy's guns, which were served with great precision. When the command rejoined the army at the North Anna, the Fourth received considerable reinforcements, the returning veterans and new recruits swelling its ranks to proportions exceeding any regiment in the corps.

The battle at Hawe's Shop, which oc-

curred on the 28th of May, was not anticipated, the division being stretched out, covering a line of many miles in extent. The enemy attacked with cavalry and mounted infantry, but with a tenacity of purpose for which he became famous, General Gregg held his ground and successfully repelled every advance. Lieutenant F. P. Bowen, of Venango county, was mortally wounded here. In the engagement of the infantry at Cold Harbor on the 1st of June the force of the enemy's blow was greatly lightened by the nerve and steadiness of the cavalry in preventing them from turning the left flank of the army. Sheridan's second raid culminated at Trevilian station. In the early part of the engagement the Fourth and Second Pennsylvania, coming upon the rear of a body of the enemy which had cut off General Custer's command, by a vigorous charge of dismounted men, scattered the foe, stampeding their horses and giving them an easy prey to Custer. Immediately after the Fourth was separated in the thick woods, one squadron under Colonel Covode taking the right of the First division, the remainder under Major W. M. Biddle moving to the center of the brigade. Here they held the line near the railroad, successfully keeping the enemy at bay. At 4 P. M. the regiment being again united, a charge was ordered, and with a yell the regiment advanced at a run, losing forty-five men in passing a distance of one hundred yards, but bearing down all before them. Driven from the first position, the enemy took shelter behind the railroad embankment. For a few minutes the contest raged with great fury, and it seemed doubtful whether the position could be held, when Captain Martin, with the reserve squadron, arrived most opportunely upon the left rear of the enemy's line, attacking it in flank. The line wavered and the Fourth, with renewed energy, pushed forward to the railroad, driving the rebel forces in rout and confusion. The following day was given to the destruction of the railroad. The enemy appearing in too great force to warrant further advance, we retired. At White House army trains were met, and with them in charge the corps started for the James river. When near Charles City the Second division, leaving the train, took the road leading to Haxall's Landing. Near St. Mary's church the enemy appeared in force, where they had taken position, and were busily fortifying it. Supposing this to be the advance of the corps, they anticipated a heavy engagement. The Second brigade was rapidly thrown into position, but beyond slight skirmishing little was done, Gregg knowing well his inability to cope with the overwhelming force opposed to him. Message after message was sent to Sheridan for reinforcements, but these were all intercepted, the enemy being thus apprised of the weakness of the force in front. Leaving their earthworks, they immediately assumed the offensive and opened a vigorous attack.

The ground on which Gregg stood proved unfavorable, and the position was soon forced. As the enemy pushed forward in pursuit, a charge was made by a squadron of the Eighth and Captain Smith's squadron of the Fourth Pennsylvania, which checked their advance, and by drawing their attention from Randall's battle, which was in

peril, enabled the latter to withdraw his guns. Each new position taken by Gregg was quickly flanked, but the ground was contested with great gallantly, falling back sullenly and always keeping a determined front to the foe.

Nearly two miles of the retreat had been successfully made, when Colonel Covode, while issuing his orders and directing the fight, was mortally wounded. Several fruitless attempts were made to carry the body of the dying colonel from the field. One was made by Sergeant James Rankin Company B. He was severely wounded and compelled to retire. Another was made by Captain George Wilson, Company H, Lieutenant W. H. Slick, Company D, Joseph N. Tantlinger, Company D, and several other members of the regiment, who placed the body on a litter made of two rails and a blanket and had retreated but a short distance when they too were compelled to abandon the attempt and flee before the advancing enemy. Captain Wilson failed to get away and was felled by a blow from a rebel musket, which broke several of his ribs. During the same day he made his escape. The colonel expired the following day. The Fourth lost 87 in killed, wounded and missing, Adjutant Jas. E. B. Dalzell being among the wounded. He was shot through the left eye, and since died from the effect of his wound. During the night the division retired, and joined the corps the following evening near Haxall's Landing on the James river. The following day General Sheridan crossed to the north side of the river, where he remained about two weeks. About July 4, Lieut. Jno. C. Paul volunteered to enter the enemy's lines, and if possible secure the body of Covode. He was accompanied by Sergeant Henry M. Kerr, Company E, and Sergeant Samuel N. King, Company L. The party crossed the river after dark and started on their dangerous journey. The enemy's picket line was about six miles from the river, the intervening space being neutral territory. They proceeded in a very cautious manner. Finally they saw the reflection of a fire apparently about a half mile in their front. Sergeants King and Kerr dismounted and taking to the woods on either side of the road, crawled the entire distance on their hands and knees. They supposed the light to be at the rebel picket reserve, and that the picket line must necessarily be in their immediate front. With this impression in their minds they moved on slowly until they arrived near the fire. They found the fire was immediately in the rear of a temporary breastworks, made by our division in the recent fight. Near the fire lay three rebels sound asleep. This was the enemy's outpost. Sergeants Kerr and King did not disturb the watchful (?) sentinels, but hurried back and made their report to Lieut. Paul. The sergeants offered to kill or capture the three Johnnies, but Paul said, "No. We will do nothing that may cause an alarm and interfere with our object." They decided to retrace their steps about a half mile, where they took a road leading further to the left. In doing so they avoided the pickets. After proceeding about four miles, they arrived at a log cabin near which the

remains of the colonel had been left. The body was soon identified. The following night Lieut. Paul, with thirty picked men and an ambulance, returned for the colonel's body. Leaving the ambulance in the woods about two miles to the left of the road, they proceeded with a litter, secured the body and again retraced their steps, arriving safely in camp the following noon. Lieut. Paul was promoted to major for bravery on the field. He died at Plainfield, N. J., June 12, 1894, beloved by all his comrades.

In battles of Boydton plank road and Hatcher's run, the Fourth was engaged and lost heavily. Captain John Harper, Company B, who lead a charge at Hatcher's run, was instantly killed. At Stony Creek station December 1, 1864, the Fourth, led by Major Mays, had the distinction of capturing a fort with three guns and more prisoners than the regiment numbered. Captain Francis M. Ervay was severely wounded in this engagement.

On the Bellefield road the Fifth corps and Gregg's cavalry destroyed twelve miles of the Weldon railroad. The Fourth performed signal service on this road, losing heavily in killed and wounded. At Dinwiddle court house the Fourth, Lieutenant Colonel Duncan in command, performed a conspicuous part, losing heavily in officers and men. Lieutenant Charles E. Nugent being among the killed and Adjutant C. Engelman mortally wounded. From this time forward until the surrender at Appomattox the Fourth marched and fought almost constantly. In a charge on Lee's train at Farmville, Major Wm. B. Myers was killed and Lieutenant John A. Welton mortally wounded. The former lost two brothers among the killed in the battle of Stony Creek station. On the first of July the regiment was mustered out of the service at Lynchburg, and returning to Pittsburg whence it had started four years before, it was finally disbanded.

The Fourth Pennsylvania cavalry was engaged in Seventy-seven battles and skirmishes in which a loss in killed and wounded was sustained, and ranks second in the number of engagements in the cavalry arm of the service during the war. Five commanding officers were either killed or wounded, and the commissioned and non-commissioned staff sustained a loss of 12 killed or wounded and six captured. The total loss in killed, wounded, died of other causes, captured or missing was nine hundred and fifty one, out of a total enlistment of nineteen hundred and thirty.

W. H. Collingwood.

August 15, 1894.

From, *Dispatch*
Pittsburg Pa.

Date, *Sept. 2^d 1894*

OUR SHIP CANAL IN THE YEAR 1925.

What It Did to Build Up a
 Community of Five
 Million People.

AN ANCIENT PITTSBURGER

After 31 Years Views the Wonders
 of the Greater City.

Electricity the Power That Moves the
 World—A Glance at the Great Harbor
 and the Greater White City—Why
 Gunboats Are a Feature—The Custom
 House Made Necessary by Imports
 and Exports—Result of a War With
 Allied Russia-Chinese—The Victory
 Won Without One Blow—Immense
 Shipyards and Factories Lining the
 Route of the Canal—Enterprise and
 the Younger Generations—But They
 Depended on Money Earned by
 Their Fathers—What Fathers' Mil-
 lions and Sons' Genius Can Do.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

"Is this Pittsburg?" queried the old gen-
 tleman, as he began to cautiously descend
 the steps of the flyer at the Grand Central
 Depot.

"Yes, sir," said the blue coated guard re-
 spectfully; "you are at the corner of Sixth
 avenue and Smithfield street, Pitts."

"How's that?" asked the passenger, nerv-
 ously dodging a truck piled with baggage
 that came sailing along, apparently without
 means of locomotion, until one heard the
 low musical hum of an electric motor. "I
 want to go to Pittsburg," and he began to
 hastily climb back on the train, fearful lest
 it should be whisked out of sight like every-
 thing else seemed to be that had wheels
 under it.

"Look out!" shouted the guard, warning-
 ly, dragging the shaking old fellow back to



Coming Up the Great Ship Canal.

the platform just as the train started as
 quickly as if fired from a cannon. "Just
 caught you in time. You would have been
 in New York again in 40 minutes."

"Well, well, that was a narrow escape;
 but, I say, how do we go to Pittsburg?"

"You're in Pitts now. They dropped the
 'burg' from her name years ago. It was
 hardly dignified to call a city of 5,000,000
 inhabitants a burg. You know we loved
 the old name too well to lose it all."

"Eh? Five million people, did you say?
 Dear, dear!" and the old fellow took off his
 glasses to wipe the gathering dew. "How
 can I find my son among so many people?"
 and his hand shook as he replaced them and
 looked appealingly at the guard.

"Was he expecting you?"

"Yes, he said he would meet me."

"Oh, then you'll find him with others at
 the end of the Grand Central. Just stand
 still a moment longer and we'll be there.
 Be careful, don't step on any of those
 tracks."

"My, how those trucks do fly," said the
 stranger, grasping the friendly guard's arm.

"They are not moving. It's the platform
 we are standing on that is going."

The old gentleman gasped and was silent
 for a moment, then I heard him explain that
 he hadn't been in "Pittsburg," as he insisted
 on calling this city, for over 30 years. His
 son had scopeographed him all the way to
 England that he wanted to show his father
 the wonders of the Greater Pitts that had
 grown out of the old Pittsburg, and he had
 decided to see the marvels he had heard of
 with his own eyes. He was glad, he added,
 that his son had scopeographed, as he hadn't
 seen him since 1894, and it was now 1925.
 He was still dilating on the amazement he
 felt at seeing his son's face when 3,500 miles
 away, when the movable platform dashed
 us into an immense brilliantly illuminated

room, then eased up gently to unload its passengers.

"What time is it?" queried the tourist.

The guard seemed a little surprised at the



Future Electrical Device for Loading and Unloading.

question, then smiled and answered, "Nearly mid-night, of course."

"Well, I didn't know," said the strange old traveler confusedly, "I haven't any watch."

"I have one," said the guard, "I keep it at home as a curiosity."

"Then how could you tell what time it is?"

Before the guard had time to answer a handsome young looking man stepped out of the crowd and gladly welcomed our strange old friend.

"John," I heard the travelers say querulously, "that man told me it was nearly 12 o'clock. Even my old eyes can see that it is still daylight."

Just then there was a fluttering instant of darkness, and that strange mellow twilight beamed again. The father started nervously, believing the sun had gone out for a moment.

"The lights do that every half hour," explained his son gently. He then went on to tell that there were a thousand different ways of knowing the time without consulting a watch. Useful electrical mechanism had become so general that everything was done exactly on time. One needed but to glance at a street van, a postman, the great time ball over public buildings, or in fact almost anywhere, to ascertain the hour to a dot. "But come," said he, "we sail on the Iron Prince at 8 in the morning and you need sleep."

"Wait John," said the father tremulously, "where are we! I—I don't recognize this place."

"We are at Fifth avenue and Smithfield. That great building there is City Hall. The old postoffice used to be there I think. These other buildings are hotels and stores."

"But where's the hill?"

"Oh, that was taken away years ago when they tore up all the street car tracks and stone pavements and put down asphaltum for the rubber-tired vans instead of the jingling clumsy old electric street cars. Jump in father, this is my van."

"But where's your horse?"

"Horse! Why, we have no horses in Pitts any more. I hear, though, they still use a few out in the country."

The old fellow stepped cautiously into the handsome private van, the motor was started, and they swiftly and noiselessly sped out of sight. I was greatly interested in the pair, and as business called me up the great lakes, I determined to sail with them in the morning.

At 7:30 I stood leaning over the rail of the good ship Iron Prince idly watching her load of freight and passengers arrive, when the van I had seen the night before flashed down to the wharf and drew up jauntily at the movable gang plank. The father and son alighted, and in a moment were safely drawn up over the ship's side.

"Gracious," said the old gentleman, who had evidently been receiving a succession of shocks all morning, "I see they load their freight the same way."

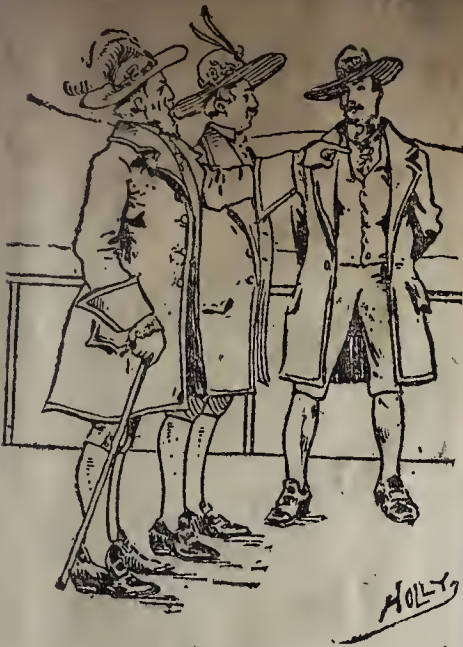
"Yes; it saves time and men."

The son, John Wharton, iron master, then introduced me to his father, Philip Wharton, who had left the city 31 years ago for his old home in less progressive England, now a Russian possession since the general European war, while to protect herself from a similar fate Canada had declared her independence of a foreign power and annexed herself to the United States. But all this, of course, is history now.

Apart from his entire ignorance of the progress made in Pittsburg since he had taken his departure from old Pittsburg, I found in Philip Wharton a very interesting character as he stood gazing in wonder at a scene that must have been a revelation to him. He was an excellent type of the old Pittsburger, kind-hearted in the abstract, but capable of driving a relentless bargain for gain. Conservative unto timidity, he was more than content to build up an ample fortune in the commercial world. "Let well enough alone" has dulled the energies of better men than he, and Philip Wharton strenuously protested against his son going into the iron business. The commercial world was far safer he said. Buy cheaply and sell high, and the steady commission of the middle man was one of the surest things on earth. Few risks and no losses, and besides the iron business was suffering, and so the old gentleman argued.

John, however, was obdurate. He had a few ideas of his own. One was a steel caisson, I believe, for harbor dredging, and another had something or other to do with aluminum.

"Bosh! patents, inventions," said Philip, "nothing my son was ever made so well that



The Old Pittsburger Questions the New Generation.

something will not come along that is better. Your inventions will be supplanted by those of others."

"But I will keep improving my own. Besides we will have a ship canal someday here."

"Someday, when you and I are gone. No, John, stick to the safe business your father laid out for you. The world can do without your inventions."

Thus the discussion ran on, and finally finding his son determined, Philip Wharton, with a sigh, withdrew from his many well-paying commercial ventures, and left for childhood's home in England. Before going, though, after a battle with himself, probably no one will ever know how bitter, the father handed over to his son a sum far more than sufficient to start his steel and aluminum works.

"John," said he in a husky voice, "remember now, if—if trouble comes I—I have more," and he hurried away. That was 31 years ago.

Somehow the trouble never came, and as years rolled on the old gentleman lost his fears and settled down to spend his days in peace.

Then vague rumors began to creep across the waters of strange doings at the old home in Pittsburg; of a wonderful canal that was built; but Philip somehow couldn't get it through his head what the canal had to do with a war that suddenly broke out and as quickly ended. Anyway it had, and John Wharton was somehow mixed up in it, and altogether the old gentleman was in such a bewildered state that he decided to visit old Pittsburg and see for himself.

On the long-delayed visit we have brought him as far as the deck of the Iron Prince, on which we stood one fair morning in September, 1925. Philip and John Wharton formed quite a contrast as they stood side by side. The slender form of the father seemed to need the support cheerfully accorded by his son, whose clean-cut face, bold, inquiring eye, abrupt manners and steady hand betrayed the successful inventor and manufacturer. Energy, enterprise and enthusiasm pervaded every act of this man, a type of those who would as

pleasantly undertake to build a ship canal across a continent as they would to dig a ditch and drain a flower bed.

The stately vessel on which we stood lay at anchor at the south piers, as we call the Monongahela river docks to distinguish them from the north piers, along the Allegheny. Although the place was a familiar one to me, it must have been almost a blow to Philip Wharton, who sank back into a steamer chair and began to understand the wondrous changes of the past 31 years.

The sun never shone on a scene more fair to the eye of a commercial man, and that was what Philip Wharton was, a trader. On both sides of the Monongahela piers abutted into one branch of a harbor that

any seaport city might well be proud of. Vessels of the oddest types and descriptions, intermingled with old-time lake craft and whalebacks, lay alongside these docks, loading and unloading their cargoes of freight and passengers. Down the center of each pier ran a line of cars constantly being filled and emptied by some mysterious agency.

"Machinery, machinery everywhere," murmured the old gentleman, shading his eyes from a scene in which everything seemed to move, silently, strangely and swiftly.

"It is all electricity," I remarked, anxious to explain something that seemed to worry him greatly. "It almost breathes and eats for us now."

"A tremendous educator. I wonder no longer at the stride you younger people are making. Man has time these days to plan, to think, to invent. That means progress. Ah! never again will I wish for the good old days."

"Electricity," I continued, "is now an exact quantity. It is produced, moderated, augmented and perfectly controlled at will. You people of the earlier days thought you were economical. We shudder now at the waste you tolerated. Nature wastes nothing. Why, then, should man?"

"What opportunity did they have then?" broke in John, eager to defend a people of whom his father was a relic. "The time had not come for them to penetrate nature's secrets so far. Besides, they were not prepared. Such power as we possess now may have been sadly abused years ago."

"Explain, my son."

"I refer to nature's secret of conserving electricity, that dawned upon man first in 1910. Though I was very young then, I believe you had some crude knowledge of the subtle fluid away back in 1894. It was wasted, though. You were extravagant with everything then. We waste a little now, but nothing in comparison to what our fathers did. Still, they did not know. By conserving electricity I mean the restoring of the power to its original state after it has once been used."

"Please be a little more explicit," said Philip, wearily, "I can't think now somehow, I feel confused."

"Let me illustrate, father. Do you see these smaller boats dashing about in the harbor, and those great vessels moving more steadily, but surely? Do you see one occasionally approach the other, then recede, as if it had received a shock? You see there is no smoke coming from the stacks. They are only there for emergencies. All of these boats are run by electricity, which is being constantly spent and constantly restored to its original storage chambers. Electricity drives the machinery and paddles. These wheels in turn generate electricity, which is returned to the storage vaults in the vessels. Why, the very washing of the waves against the boat's side is turned into electricity; the step of a seaman across the deck, the mere



VIEW OF THE HARBOR FROM SMITHFIELD STREET DRAWBRIDGE IN 1925.

motion and jar of loading and unloading, all becomes electricity, and is turned into the power batteries to be used all over again."

"Perpetual motion?" remarked the father.

"No, not quite, and never will be. There is a constant loss, and it required us some time to ascertain how it came about. Astronomers have learned, however, that the near planets are drawing from us. The more life and motion on the earth, the more electricity, and these planets act as a sort of safety valve. If it weren't for this we might store enough of the fluid in the earth's center to blow this sphere into fragments."

"Tell me," and the old gentleman passed a hand over his eyes as if to bring back a clearer memory of what once existed here, "what has become of the mills?"

"What has become of them! Why, there are a thousand more great metal mills in operation here in this city than in your days. You called them iron and steel, I believe. We call them metal because they turn out all kinds of metals."

"Are the mills idle now?"

"Oh, I know what you mean," I broke in. "Your father, John, misses the smokestacks of 31 years ago. They are all running; electricity furnishes both the heat and power. Listen and you can hear the hum of wheels, of looms and rolls and shuttles, and of every mechanical invention under the sun that furnishes work for 1,000,000 men in this proud city of Pitts."

The father bent his head a moment in awe at a sound that came drifting from the valleys and hills like a distant pean of joy, then fell into deep and melancholy meditation. Then he looked up.

"This mass of shipping, it seems to come from every country under the sun?"

"It does," I said. "The finest fabrics are woven here from material brought in. Precious woods, perfumes, rice from China, tea, leather, rubber, hemp, oh! a thousand things for men's uses come here in bulk to be turned out in any and every conceivable shape for a world's consumption."

"And what did all this?" asked Philip.

"In a nutshell: completion of the ship canal; the impetus given the iron trade, new uses for new combinations of metals and their manufacture here. In fact, the evolution of old Pittsburg, with practically one industry, to the new Pitts, with 1,000. We built the ship canal to shut out Southern competition."

"How the world has flown past me," sighed Philip. "Gracious, I can see the hills move now," and he glanced apprehensively at his son.

John Wharton smiled. "No, it is the Iron Prince that is moving. We haven't learned to move mountains just yet."

We both enjoyed the old gentleman's infant-like wonder and delight at the panorama that was thrown open to us as we moved down the south harbor to where the north branch joins on the Allegheny side.

Silent and swift, as if dragged by some unseen hand, the great ship on which we stood wound her way through craft of every description.

"What boat is that?" suddenly asked Philip.

"The Nighthawk, a revenue cutter and war vessel," I answered.

"I—I don't understand."

"We trade directly with every known port, and our customs office is a tremendous affair. That balloon is now being used for making lake observations."

"But the war vessel—"

"Oh, ever since we won our war without striking a blow, we have kept half a dozen war vessels in the harbor patrolling the canal and lakes. That was a master stroke of your son, Mr. Wharton—we are all proud of him. When Russia seized the British Isles she also occupied Canada, as a warning to us to keep hands off. Thus our trade and lake coasts were at Russia's mercy. Your son put himself in communication with the War Department, secret orders were issued at his aluminum branch of the metal mills to turn out aluminum floats to lighter deep draught ships through the canal, and in two weeks the work was done."

"One morning the Russian conquerors,

with millions of Chinese allies, awoke to find our entire Ohio and Mississippi and Southern coast fleets of war vessels had safely passed through the canal and commanded Canada's lake coasts and every city of consequence on the frontier. Each vessel threateningly floated three balloons with aluminum shells filled with ferroxite. Our Commodore sent word to the barbarian Russian and Chinese occupiers that he intended to float 300 time balloons, each carrying ferroxite enough to atomize an entire city. It was surrender or be blown into Baffin's Bay, so the war was over so far as Uncle Sam was concerned, without the loss of a Yankee life. Soon after Canada came to us for protection and we have been petting her ever since. No wonder we love our young admiral, your son John Wharton."

This tremendous honor of which Philip had known nothing, according to his son who was even now scarce 50, overcame the old gentleman. Tears came to his eyes and he could not speak for some time.

As we neared the Smithfield street bridge I noticed the nervousness of Philip Wharton increase. Our great ship was bearing directly down upon it, and he considered a wreck imminent, no doubt, but gave a great sigh of relief when the bridge parted and swung open, inviting us on.

Before rounding the old Point into the broader harbor where the north and south arms join, the old gentleman expressed his amazement at the marvelous change that had been made in buildings in 30 years, then as we swung out and dashed down the harbor an exclamation of delight broke from him.

He had risen to his feet, and was pointing back, then to either side, and murmuring to himself. All around us lay a white city, spotless, smokeless, dustless. What had once been murky dowdy Allegheny, was now of course a proud and handsome portion of Pitts. A glance down street after street filled with people and noiselessly moving vehicles of all descriptions; at the vessels on either side; at the network of splendid drawbridges, and last of all at the great white city itself, must have opened a veritable fairyland to the eyes of Philip Wharton.

At Davis Island dam the first lock of the great ship canal opened its arms in welcome to the Iron Prince, and I explained that the mere opening of the lock, with the consequent rush of waters, furnished enough electric power to light the entire city. Then we entered the ship yard districts, where hull after hull of monster vessels being built for every country lay on the stocks.

"Made of iron, steel and aluminum," I explained, "30,000 men in these yards alone."

On the hills and extending as far back as the eye reached could be seen the white cottages of the workmen, and here and there a more pretentious residence.

"What city is this?" Philip Wharton asked.

"The Greater Pitts."

On farther and the ear met the hum of a thousand looms, and we passed slip after slip where vessels were unloading great bales of raw silks, wool and cotton, while armies of men cheerfully toiled beneath the warm sun.

"What great city is this?" asked the old man.

"The Greater Pitts."

Still on down the broad canal, and glass-houses, long, low warehouses, factories for the making of cutlery, farming implements, and everything in which metal could be of

use, burst into view, with man, industry, man, everywhere and anywhere.

"And what city is this?" softly asked Philip.

"The Greater Pitts."

Then Admiral John Wharton, a retired ironmaster at the age of 48, began to explain to his father why the changes of the past few years, say after 1900, had been so marked.

With the passing of the century, he said, the tendency had been growing to place younger men in command. The practice of an old man tottering from a successful business into the grave had become a thing of the past. Each decade projected young hands, young brains, young genius into the world of commerce, art, invention and production, instead of every half century, as had been the custom. The result was progress, rapid, certain and complete. The errors of one decade are corrected by the next, instead of prevailing for a tardy 50 years.

Old Philip sighed as he surveyed the man before him, who had already won a fortune and rare honors, then thought of the youth whose ambition he had tried to curb years ago, and a tear dimmed his poor eyes behind their spectacles.

The son divined something of all this, and taking the withered cheek between two strong palms touched the silvered hair with his lips and whispered:

"It was your money, father, that did it all."

And the old man was comforted.

HARRY NULL GAITHER.

From, *Press*
Pittsburg Pa.
Date, *Sept 16 1897.*

FIRST PLAN OF MCKEESPORT.

Lots Were Sold by the Founder for
\$20 Each—Rights Reserved.

Beaver Falls, Sept. 15.—(Special)—G. W. Morrison, cashier of the Farmers' National bank, in this place, showed the "Press" correspondent a valuable relic this morning, which he found last night while searching through some old papers. It would have proven very interesting at the centennial at McKeesport.

The document is a print of the first plan of lots that was laid out in the hamlet known as McKees Ferry, and which afterward became McKeesport. It is old and yellow with age, and had evidently passed through a fire at some time, as the back of the document is scorched, although, fortunately, the writing is perfectly legible.

Attached to the bottom of the plan is the signature of the founder of the town, John McKee. He had evidently drawn up the plan himself, as the writing is the same as his signature.

Below the plot a description of the ground is given. Following it, the owner "reserves that part of the ground facing on the river for his own use." He also reserves the exclusive right to run a ferry across the river. The price of the lots was \$20 each, together with \$1 per annum, which had to be paid for ground rent. The choice of the lots was decided by a drawing, "which shall occur on Wednesday night next."

The document came into Mr. Morrison's possession through his grandfather, who was one of the pioneers of that section and an intimate friend of old John McKee.

From, *Leader*

Pittsburg Pa.

Date, *Sept 8th 1894.*

OLD BULL CHURCH.

Centennial Celebration Now Being Held Near Tarentum.

Tarentum, Sept. 8.—The centennial of the Old Bull Presbyterian church, six miles from this place, was celebrated elaborately yesterday. The church was organized in 1794, and Rev. Abram Boyd was its first pastor. The present building is 50 years old and is still very serviceable, being built of brick and stone. The Bull Creek church was the first church organized in this region west of the Allegheny river. Dr. W. G. Taylor delivered an address yesterday, containing many interesting reminiscences.

Rev. J. F. Boyd made an address of reminiscences of his distinguished relation, "Father Boyd." Other addresses were made by visiting ministers of a general character.

Rev. Dr. James D. Moffat, president of Washington and Jefferson college, preached a sermon at night. Rev. J. F. Boyd, of Ohio, will preach to-day, and to-morrow the sacrament will be administered.

From, *Gazette*

Pittsburg Pa.

Date, *Sept 8th 1894.*

BORN OF BATTLES.

Site of Pittsburgh Coveted as a
Military Stronghold.

NATIONS FOUGHT FOR IT.

Gen. Washington Early Recognized Its Value.

BLOODY FIGHT ON GRANTS HILL.

Fierce Fighting in What Is Now the
Heart of the City—France and Eng-

land Held It at Different Times.
But Both Lost It—Defeat of Gen.
Braddock—Raids By Indians—The
Famous Whisky Insurrection.
Pittsburghers Who Fought in
Mexico.

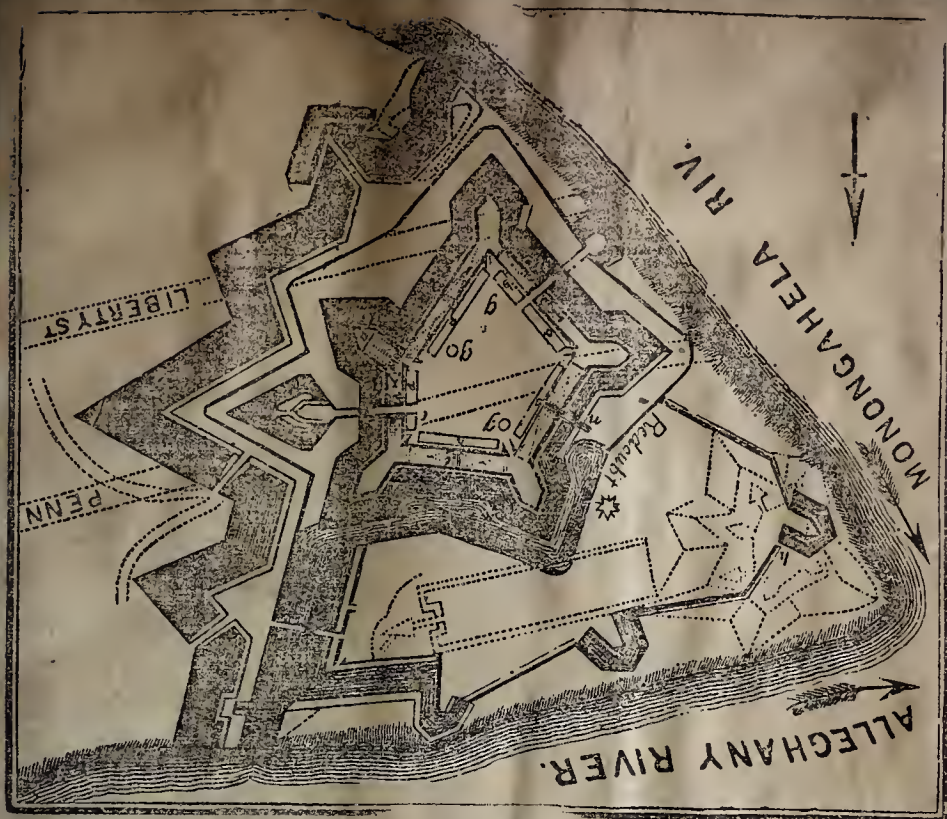
Not quite a century and a half ago, or, to be more exact, only 141 years ago this month of September, 1894, the land upon which this city of Pittsburgh now stands, and in which so many thousands of old soldiers, and visiting guests are being royally entertained, was destitute of any human habitation. Had there been a Grand Army of the Republic in those days, and had the point of land lying between the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers at this place been selected for its national encampment, the veterans would have found no such solid and substantial comforts as are now afforded them. On the contrary, they would have been compelled to cut their way through virgin forests, and instead of crossing the rivers upon massive iron bridges they would have been compelled to cross in birch canoes, or swim their horses. And then, upon arrival, instead of finding comfortable mattresses upon which to sleep, and well-paved streets in which to march, they would have been compelled to use the starry heavens for their roofs, and beds of leaves for sleeping places, while they slowly and with great difficulty sought a path through the yet untrodden hills and forests.

Had they delayed their encampment for about two months and a half, they would, however, have met with a more cordial greeting, and from an individual, who afterwards became famous as the "Father of the Country." In other words, had they not arrived until November 24, 1753, they would have been greeted by no less a person than George Washington, who, upon that day, stood upon the spot where Pittsburgh now is, and in thought, if not in plan, projected the city, for in his journal of that date he says: "I think it extremely well situated for a fort, as it has absolute command of both rivers."

From this date, it may be claimed, that the military record of Pittsburgh began, and almost continuously since it has maintained it in a manner of which any place might justly be proud. Even then the elder Pitt and Louis XIV. were scheming for the control of so valuable a location. In its wonderful facilities for commerce and transportation, the statesmen of France and England saw the basis of a remarkable empire. In 1753 the French were busy carrying out their scheme of uniting Canada and Louisiana by a line of forts, though the records do not show that they made any progress until the spring of 1754.

In October, after his visit to the junction of the Monongahela and the Allegheny rivers, Maj. George Washington, then only 21 years of age, while on his way to visit a French commander at Le Boeuf, heard unsatisfactory intelligence regarding the intentions of the French. He at once reported to Gov. Dinwiddie of Virginia and a regiment was raised under command of Col. Joshua Fry for the purpose of erecting a fort at this place, and Washington was made lieutenant-colonel. Capt. Grant of this regiment, with his company, was ordered to this place to erect a stockade.

It was at this time, or upon February 17, 1754, about three months after Washington made the record in his journal alluded to in the foregoing that Pittsburgh



FORT PITT.

a, Barracks, already built. b, Commandant's House, not built. c, Store House. d, e, Powder Magazines. f, Casemate, complete. g, Store House for Flour, etc. h, Wells, in two of which are pumps. i, j, Horn Work to cover French Barracks. k, First Fort Pitt, destroyed. n, Sally Port. Fort Pitt was finally finished on June 8th, 1760, and is stated to have cost the English Government sixty thousand pounds sterling, or about \$300,000.

was practically born. The French, a month later, erected a fort at Logstown and began their designs upon this place. Capt. Contrecoeur marched upon the unfinished stockade, which was held by Ensign Ward, with only forty men, with a force numbering 1,000 French and Indians, having also eighteen pieces of artillery, and Ensign Ward was compelled to surrender the place. Capt. Contrecoeur at once began the erection of Fort Duquesne, a plan of which is presented. They held possession of Fort Duquesne without any recorded troubles until July 5, 1755, when its occupants were thrown into a state of wild excitement by scouts reporting that Gen. Edward Braddock, with a large army was approaching.

The French force was under the command of Dumas and Beaujeu, but was small and the fort was incapable of resisting the lightest field pieces. The commandant had abandoned, therefore, all ideas of resistance, when Capt. Beaujeu proposed to take a detachment of French and Indians and intercept Braddock. The Indians, however, were frightened and declined to go, at first, but finally yielded to the urging of Capt. Beaujeu. Gen. Braddock was but eighteen miles distant upon the morning of July 7, and two days later the French and Indians marched upon what they thought was a hopeless task. They went into ambush at the point now occupied by Braddock, about ten miles distant. The ground then was covered with forest. This hid the deep ravines in which the French and their allies hid themselves. They were reported to number altogether about 850 persons.

On this morning, July 9, Gen. Braddock with 1,200 or 1,300 men, moved from the north side of the Youghiogheny. Heavy firing commenced as soon as the English

reached the fort side of the Monongahela. Col. Burd tells the story of the battle in the following language:

"The battle began at 1 o'clock of the noon, and continued three hours. The enemy kept behind trees, and logs of wood, and cut down our troops as fast as they could advance. The soldiers insisted to be allowed to take to the trees, which the general denied, and stormed much, calling them cowards, and even went so far as to strike them with his own sword, for attempting to take to the trees. Our flankers and many of our soldiers that did take to the trees were cut off from the fire of our own line, as they fired their platoons where they saw a smoke or fire. One-half of the army engaged never saw the enemy. The loss of men is 700 killed, and wounded (about one-half killed, and forty officers.

"Col. George Washington, who had been ill, attended Gen. Braddock on horseback. Nine days after the battle he wrote to his mother from Fort Cumberland as follows: "We were attacked by a party of French and Indians, whose number did not, I am fully persuaded, exceed 300 men, while ours consisted of about 1,300 well-armed troops, chiefly regular soldiers, who were seized with a panic, and behaved with more cowardice than it is possible to conceive. The soldiers behaved gallantly, there being nearly sixty killed and wounded. The Virginia troops showed a good deal of bravery, and were nearly all killed. The general was wounded, and died three days later after. I luckily escaped without a wound, though I had four bullets through my coat and two horses shot under me."

These are the main incidents of the battle of Braddock's field, as it was then called. Capt. Beaujeu of the French force fell under the first fire, and under

Capt. Dumais the victory was gained. There are no records from the date of this battle until the year 1753, that are pertinent to the history of Fort Duquesne.

The expedition of the French commander, De Villier, from Fort Duquesne against Gen. Washington at Fort Necessity, on July 3, 1754, may be given as the second actual military movement of which Pittsburgh was the pivotal point; while the defeat of Braddock on the 9th of July, 1755, stands third in the list of military events which are a part of the city's history.

Thus amid the contentions of two great European nations to secure the point of land where Pittsburgh stands, the embryo of a future city was formed, and Fort Duquesne passed into history, and became a familiar name in courts and camps, to become yet more familiar as Fort Pitt, and still more famous as Pittsburgh.

The expedition of Gen. Forbes in 1758 against Fort Duquesne comes next in the events that belong to the military history of Pittsburgh; and the attack of a portion of Gen. Forbes' forces under Maj. Grant on the 14th of September, 1758, is another battle scene in the military tableaux that illustrate the city's birth. The first actual conflict upon the area where the city now stands gave title to a locality known as Grant's hill, which, until about the year 1840, retained, to a great extent, its original configuration and elevation, and its summit was the site of the reservoir for the water supply of the

city. In after years the hill was gradually graded away, and although a rising grade of the streets that intersect the locality indicate ascending ground, nothing remains to mark the hill.

The attack of Maj. Grant is characterized by Gen. Washington in a letter to the governor of Virginia as "a very ill-conceived, or very well executed plan, perhaps both; but it seems to be generally acknowledged, that Maj. Grant exceeded his orders."

It was 11 o'clock at night when Maj. Grant appeared with his troops on the brow of the hill about a quarter of a mile from the fort. In the morning 400 men were posted along the hill, facing the fort, to cover the retreat of a company under Capt. McDonald, who marched, with drums beating, toward the enemy, Maj. Grant believing there was but a small force in the fort. The garrison, who kept an apparently sleepy watch, was aroused by the music, and sallied out in great numbers, of both French and Indians. This force, accounts say, was separated into three divisions, two of which were sent, under cover of the banks of the two rivers, to surround the force of Maj. Grant, while the third delayed awhile to give the other time, and then displayed themselves before the fort as if exhibiting their whole strength. The attack then began, and Capt. McDonald, with his one company, was immediately obliged to fall back on the main body under Maj. Grant, who at the same moment found himself suddenly flanked on all sides by the detachments of the enemy moving from the banks of the river.

The struggle became desperate. The provincial troops at once covered themselves behind trees, and made a good defense; but the Highlanders stood exposed to the fire without cover, and fell in great numbers, and at last gave way and fled. Maj. Lewis, who had been posted in the rear, with 200 men, principally American regulars and Virginia volunteers, with the baggage, hastened forward to the support of Grant, but soon found himself flanked on both sides. The work of death went on rapidly, and in a manner quite novel to the Highlanders, who in all their European wars, had

never before seen men's heads skinned; they gave way, and the rout of the troops became general. A number of the men were driven into the river and drowned, and Maj. Lewis was taken prisoner. Maj. Grant retreated to the baggage, where Capt. Bullet, with fifty Virginians, endeavored to rally the flying soldiers. As soon as the enemy came up Capt. Bullet attacked them with great fury; but being unsupported, and most of his men killed, was obliged to retreat. Maj. Grant and Capt. Bullet were the last to desert the field. They separated and Maj. Grant was taken prisoner. It is not without interest in this connection to state that the point at which Grant was captured was at what is now the corner of Wood street and Third avenue, where the St. Charles hotel now stands.

The abandonment of Fort Duquesne by the French on the 24th of November and its occupation by Gen. Forbes on the 25th are the two next scenes at this eventful spot. A plan of the fort as it then existed is not without interest in this connection; the one given is from the drawing sent to Gov. Morris of Pennsylvania by Capt. Robert Strobo, who, with Capt. Van Braam, had been sent to Fort Duquesne on the surrender of Fort Necessity as a hostage. In his letter dated July 28, 1754, which gives a full account of the forces in the fort and other valuable information of a military nature, he says: "I send this by Monccatootha's brother-in-law, a worthy fellow, who may be trusted. On the other side you have a draught of the fort, such as time and opportunity would admit of at this time;" and urging that no time be lost in capturing the fort, uses this language: "When we engaged to serve the country it was expected we would do it with our lives; let them not be disappointed; consider the good of the expedition without the least regard to us."

The disinterested bravery and self-devotion evinced in this request of Strobo, who sent the plan and instructions to his countrymen at the risk of his life, is not to be expressed in words, and adds more honor to the annals of Pittsburgh than it is possible any mention of the fact could add to the halo of pure patriotism with which this act and request surround his name.

It was in the summer of 1759 that Gen. Stanwix, who succeeded Gen. Forbes on his death, proceeded to Fort Duquesne and began building Fort Pitt. This fortification was, when finished, supposed to be strong enough to secure the British empire on the Ohio to the latest posterity. An extract from a letter dated September 24, 1759, printed in the American Magazine, published at Woodridge, N. J., says: "It is nearly a month since the army has been employed in erecting a most formidable fortification, such a one as will to latest posterity secure the British empire on the Ohio."

From the occupation of the ruins of Fort Duquesne, for some three years after, frequent Indian conferences were held at Fort Pitt, at which the various Indian tribes, headed by noted chiefs, assembled in all their savage grandeur, to meet the English commanders.

First among those conferences, and a little time before the evacuation of the fort by the French, is that of Christian Frederick Post, an unassuming German, a Moravian missionary, who was persuaded to carry a message to the western Indians, in order to prevail on them to withdraw from the French.

On July 24, 1758, he arrived in sight of Fort Duquesne and held a talk with the chiefs of the Delawares, Shawnees and Mingos. Those talks continued until September 2, and under date of 26th he records in his journal: "The Indians have agreed to draw back." In his journal the simple faith of the Moravian breaks out



THE OLD BLOCK HOUSE.

from time to time. On September 7 he writes: "It is a troublesome cross and a heavy yoke to draw this people; they can punish and squeeze a body's heart to the uttermost; the Lord knows how they have been counselling about my life; but they did not know who was my protector and deliverer. I believe the Lord has been too strong against them." And on his return he says: "The Lord has preserved me through all the dangers and difficulties that I have been under; He directed me according to His will by His holy spirit; I had no one to converse with but Him."

On December 4, 1758, the chiefs of the Delawares held a conference with Col. Boquet, and on January 4, 1759, nine chiefs of the Six Nations, Shawnees and Delawares sought and held a conference with Col. Hugh Mercer. On July 4, 1758, a conference which extended to July 11, with some adjournments, was held by George Croghan, Esq., supply agent to the then Sir William Johnson, Bart., with the chiefs and warriors of the Six Nations; Delawares, Shawnees and Wyandots, who represented eight nations; Ottawas, Chippewas, Putawatimes, Twightwees, Cuscutkees, Kickapoos, Shockeyes, and Musquakes. On October 25, 1753, Gen. Stanwix held another conference with the same tribes.

In the famous Pontiac war of 1763, although its principal seat was in the region of Detroit, yet Fort Pitt was still a point of mark and of attempted capture. The Indians surrounded the fort and cut off all communication with it. They posted themselves under the banks of both rivers and continued there from day to day with great patience, pouring in showers of fire, arrows and musketry, hoping by famine, fire or by harassing the garrison to carry the works. Fort Pitt remained in a critical situation until after August 5, 1763, when Gen. Boquet, who

had been sent to the relief of the fort, signally defeated a body of 400 Indians at Bushy run, a tributary of Bush run, a branch of Turtle creek, in Hempfield township, Westmoreland county, twenty-one miles from Pittsburgh. The Indians had sixty killed, and the English fifty, also sixty wounded.

It was about 1 o'clock in the afternoon of August 5 that the troops were suddenly attacked by the Indians. The engagement ended only with the day. At the first dawn of light the Indians showed themselves and began the attack. The English, unable to leave their convoy and wounded, could not move; many of their horses were lost, and the drivers had hid themselves through fear. The situation became critical; the English were literally besieged rather than engaged. The fate of Braddock was before their eyes. To turn the condition of the positions, Col. Boquet contrived the following stratagem. The troops were posted from the preceding night on an eminence, and formed a circle around their convoy. Directions were given to two companies, which had been posted in the more advanced position, to fall within the circle, while the troops to the right and left should open their rifles and fill up the vacant space as if covering their retreat. A company of light infantry, with one of grenadiers, were ordered to lie in ambuscade to support the first two companies of grenadiers, who moved on in feigned retreat, and were designed to begin the real attack.

The Indians fell into the snare. With the greatest bravery they advanced, pouring a heavy fire into the English, but when they were almost certain of success, the two first companies took a sudden turn, and sailing out from a point of the hill, assailed their right flank. The Indians resolutely resisted, but on a second charge fled. The two companies which had been ordered to support the first,

rising from ambuscade and giving them their full fire. All the companies then united and pursued the Indians until they were fully dispersed. Stricken with terror at this defeat, the Indians abandoned their haunts east of the Muskingum. It was only, however, to prepare themselves for a renewal of hostilities the succeeding spring, which resulted in the autumn of 1764 of the gathering again of troops at Fort Pitt for Col. Boquet's expedition against the Delawares, Shawnees, Mingos, Mohicans and other nations in Ohio between the Ohio river and the lakes. On the 3d of October, this expedition departed from Fort Pitt. Their course was along the level ground which is now the First and Sixth wards of Allegheny to the narrows, and then along the beach to Beaver Creek, thence to Tuscarawas near the forks of the Muskinum. The result was, the tribes were compelled to relinquish all their prisoners who were brought to Fort Pitt and afterwards taken to Carlisle.

In the spring of 1765 deputy agent of Indian affairs, George Croghan held another grand conference with the Indians at Fort Pitt. On the 9th of May of that year, the chiefs of the Shawnees, Delawares, Senecas, Munsies and Sandusky Indians, accompanied by 500 warriors and their women and children, assembled at the fort. Another conference between the six nations to the number of 1,103 with their women and children, was held at Fort Pitt with Col. Croghan, April 26, 1768.

Two years later in the month of October, on the 19th day, Fort Pitt was again visited by Washington on his tour down the Ohio for the purpose of viewing lands to be distributed among the officers and soldiers who served in the French war, and on the 21st of November he arrived again at Fort Pitt on his return, remaining until the 23rd.

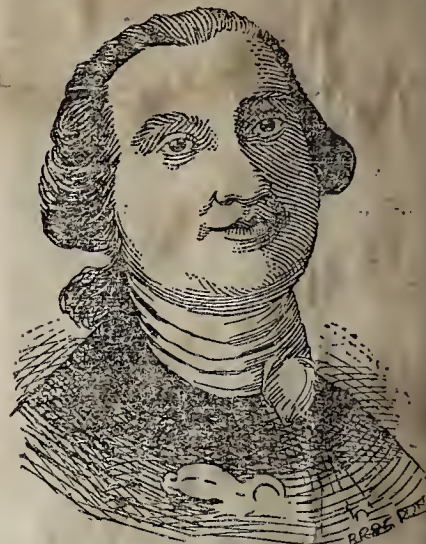
After this, for a period, there was a cessation of prominent military events in and around Ft. Pitt. Indian hostilities had almost entirely ceased, the quiet lasting for nearly four years, when Lord Dunmore's war with the Indians began. Although Ft. Pitt was at this date more or less a point of supply and rendezvous yet no marked events occurred there. It was during this war that Lord Dunmore, who was governor of Virginia, set up the claim that the western boundary of Pennsylvania did not include Pittsburgh and the Monongahela river.

In 1778 Gen. McIntosh was sent by the general government with a small force of regular troops for the defense of the western frontier and made their headquarters at Pittsburgh. At this time the general descended the Ohio river from Ft. Pitt to the mouth of Beaver creek, with a small body of men composed of regulars and militia, and on the present site of Beaver built Ft. McIntosh. All through the summer of 1791 Ft. Pitt had been used as a camp of instruction, and on the 27th of November, 1792, Gen. Wayne departed on his expedition to the northwest territory. After leaving Ft. Pitt he camped for the winter at a point seven miles above the mouth of the Beaver river, which place was strongly fortified and called Legionville. There were no further Indian conferences around Ft. Pitt after this.

Pittsburgh in the years 1791 to 1794 was the center of the celebrated Whisky insurrection. It was brought about by the excise tax which was laid on whisky by the government to sustain its credit. Many outrages were perpetrated upon the officers of the law, people were tarred and feathered and branded with hot irons, and excited throngs got together to discuss what measures should be taken to resist the government. This resulted in July, 1794, in a large assemblage of men at Braddock in organized companies, well armed and drilled, for the purpose of attacking Pittsburgh.

The insurrectionary feeling had now reached its height. Those favorable to the law were in great disrepute, while those who opposed it were the most popular and found it most profitable. While this meeting was in progress at Braddock, it was proposed by its most prominent leader, David Bradford, that the troops should go on to Pittsburgh.

Hugh M. Breckinridge, who had joined the movement to control, and if possible, quell it by diplomacy, reports the meeting in the following language: "Yes, by all means," said he, "at least give proof that the strictest order can be maintained and no damage done. We will just march



HENRY BOUQUET

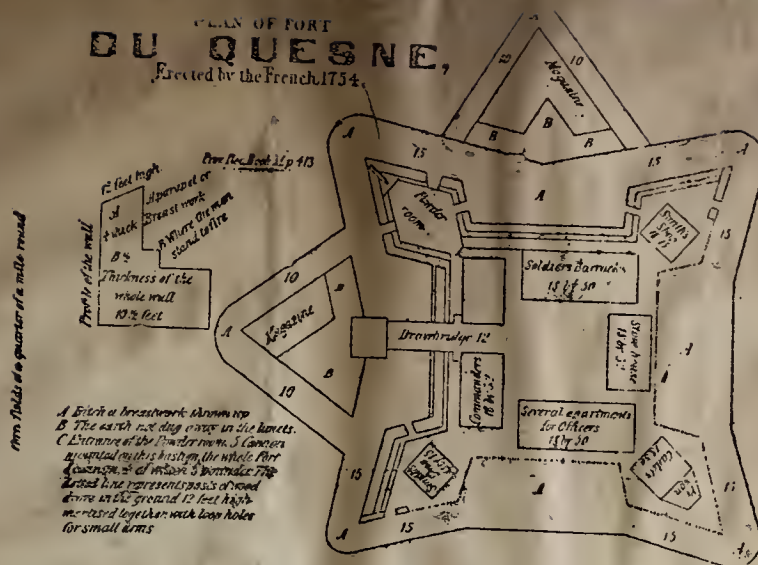
through the town and take a turn, come out on the plain on the bank of the Monongahela, and after taking a little whisky with the inhabitants, the troops will embark and cross the river." This was done, no damage but the burning of one barn occurring.

"The people," says Mr. Breckinridge, "were mad. It never came into my head to use force on the occasion. I thought it safest to give good words and good drink on the occasion, rather than powder and balls. It cost me four barrels of good whisky that day, and I would rather spare that than a quart of blood."

The 14th of the following month 260 delegates held a meeting at Parkinson Ferry, now Monongahela City. Albert Gallatin and Mr. Breckinridge were present, and the treasonable plans of Bradford were softened down. A committee of sixty was appointed, with an executive committee of twelve to confer with the United States commissioners. The latter proposed an amnesty which was accepted at a meeting held at Redstone August 28, which virtually ended the insurrection.

The president, however, thought there was still sufficient malcontents left in the city to render an armed force advisable. Accordingly he sent 15,000 men under Gen. Leg, which arrived in Pittsburgh in November, but met with no opposition. The army soon returned to their homes with the exception of Gen. Daniel Morgan with a few battalions, who was left to maintain quiet here during the winter, being withdrawn in the spring.

Pittsburgh again entered into the military services of the country with the war of 1812. The equipments of the fleet of Perry on Lake Erie was in a great measure furnished from Pittsburgh. A portion of the cannon were cast here and cordage furnished from rope works then in existence. The company of volunteers under Capt. Jas. Butler called the "Pittsburgh Blues" served in the campaign under Gen.



On the 29th of May, 1763, the first outbreak of Pontiac's war in this part of the country occurred at Sewickley, an old

town about twenty-five miles from Fort Pitt, on the Monongahela river, where Col. Chapham and one of his men were killed. After this a continuous war was kept up against the settlers and the fort until Col. Bouquet defeated the combined forces of the Delawares, Shawanese, Mingoes, Wyandets, Mohicans, Miamies and Ottawas, at Bushy run, on the 5th and 6th of August, 1763.

Fort Pitt was surrounded by a deep and wide ditch, which, being connected with the Allegheny river, was in ordinary stages of the river filled with water, but in the summer of 1763 the rivers were unusually low and the ditch was dry. The Indians took advantage of this and at night crawled up the ditch, where they could safely shoot any one who raised their heads above the ramparts. To guard against this Col. Bouquet ordered the erection of the redoubt known by his name in such a position as to command the ditch, and the singular shape of the redoubt was adopted in order to command river batteries also, of which there were three—one at the Point and two on the bank of the Allegheny river.

The ground plan for the redoubt was an irregular pentagon, two of the angles being right angles. The side facing the fort is the longest; the other sides are perhaps from twenty-two to twenty-five feet. A stone bearing the following inscription was built in the wall just below the roof:

A. * D. * 1764.

COL. BOUQUET.

This spring it was reported that Dr. William H. Denny had, with the consent of Mrs. Schenley, sent this tablet to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia; the report, however, has no foundation. When the present Municipal hall on Smithfield street was erected this stone was recut and polished and built in the wall over the first landing of the stairway. It was a great mistake to recut and polish it; it should not have had the weather-worn evidence of age removed.

In the winter of 1783-4, before the town of Pittsburgh was laid off, the agent of the Penns sold to Maj. Isaac Craig and Col. Stephen Bayard, doing business under the name of Craig & Bayard, the piece of ground extending from the ditch of Fort Pitt to the Allegheny river, supposed to be about three acres. The redoubt being on the outside of the ditch of the fort passed to Craig & Bayard, and when the subsequent firm of Turnbull, Marmie & Co. was formed it became partnership property. By this firm the addition to the old redoubt was built in 1785, thus constituting a dwelling house, which was occupied one year by Mr. Turnbull and subsequently three years by Maj. Craig, and in it on the 29th of March, 1787, his eldest son, Neville B. Craig, was born, whom you know owned and edited the Pittsburgh Gazette from 1829 to 1841, and made it the first daily paper in Pittsburgh.

ISAAC CRAIG.

From, *Press*
Pittsburg Pa.
Date, *Sept 9 1894*

FELIX R. BRUNOT.

PHILANTHROPIC WORK DONE BY
THE WELL-KNOWN CITIZEN.

LABORS ON THE BATTLE FIELD

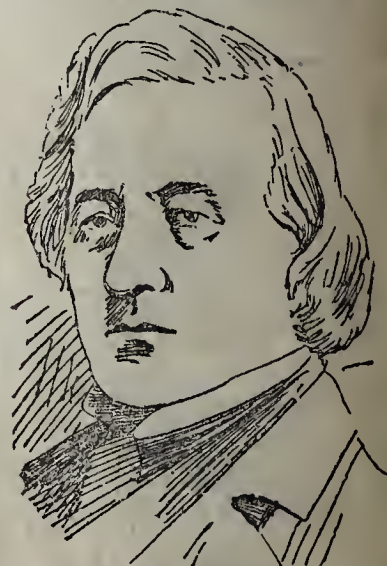
And in the Hospitals Where the
Union Soldiers Lay.

A LIFE GIVEN TO GOOD DEEDS.

Written for the Press.

One of the best known men around Pittsburg, who figured conspicuously in the work of humanity during the war, in feeding the soldiers in the field and taking care of the sick and wounded, is Felix R. Brunot, the iron manufacturer and philanthropist, who is now at his summer home at Verona, up the Allegheny valley, in a very feeble condition, from sickness and exposure brought about by active service during the war.

Mr. Brunot is but 74 years of age, having been born at the United States arsenal, in Newport, Ky., Feb. 7, 1820, but his snow-white hair and faltering steps make him appear like a man of 80 or more. He is almost helpless, and has been in that condition for over six years. Mr. Brunot was one of the first men who originated the sanitary fair held in Allegheny during the war, and who served as president after Thomas Bakewell resigned. I went to Mr. Brunot a few days ago, to obtain some of his personal recollections of the sanitary fair, but his failing mind and feeble condition made it impossible to learn anything from him. However, Mr. Brunot's wife, who is greatly devoted to her husband, was able to tell much about the fair and of his labors during the war, and she told many incidents of his life on the field, among the sick and wounded soldiers.



FELIX R. BRUNOT.

"At the breaking out of the war Mr. Brunot was offered a commission as colonel," said Mrs. Brunot, "but he refused it, as he thought he could be of more service among the sick and wounded. After the battle of Shiloh he left for Pittsburg Landing, with two steamboats laden with supplies of medicine and pro-

visions, and a band of young men who volunteered to serve as nurses and surgeons. He returned from Pittsburg Landing after doing much good, with about 400 wounded union soldiers, who were taken care of in Pittsburg. Mr. Brunot was a warm personal friend of Mr. Stanton, the secretary of war, and he was given a pass that allowed him to go back and forth through the union lines at all times, giving him as much liberty as the general in command.

"Mr. Brunot was very ill after returning from Pittsburg Landing, as there was so much typhoid fever there, and he contracted blood poisoning, which rendered him so ill that he was confined to his home for several weeks. It was some time before he could go to the seat of war again, but he gathered together a band of surgeons and medical students and went to Savage station. He was there when the battle of Gaines' mills took place. The slaughter was something terrible, and Mr. Brunot and his assistants found much more to be done than they were able to attend to. When the union forces began to retreat, he was warned by Gen. McClellan to fall back, but Mr. Brunot said that he would not retreat, as there was too much there for him to do, and he did not have the heart to leave the wounded to die upon the battle field, let the consequences be what they might. At that time there were 32 surgeons and nurses in his corps, and Mr. Brunot called them all together and begged them to stay with him, to relieve the sufferings of the wounded and take care of the dying. Out of the 32 but 11 remained with him, the rest of his corps retreating with the main body of the army.

"He was busy at work upon the field when the rebels took possession of it, and he and his men were about to be taken prisoners when the rebel general, Magruder, offered to give him and his assistants a permit to go on with their work among the sick, provided they would attend to the wounded confederates as well. Mr. Brunot readily agreed to this, as he and his assistants had been doing as much for the wounded rebels as they had for the union soldiers, and the work went on unmolested for a short time.

"But another rebel general—I forget what his name was—took Mr. Brunot and his assistants as prisoners of war, refusing to honor Gen. Magruder's permit, and they were taken to Libby prison, at Richmond. Mr. Brunot was placed on the lower floor, with the officers and surgeons, and although he was kept there for only eight days, he suffered from the many privations. He and his corps might have done much good among the sick prisoners, but everything was taken from him by the prison officials that would be of any use. Even the little vials of medicine that Mr. Brunot had in his pockets were taken, although he begged very hard to be allowed to keep them. However, he managed to secrete some gold coins and a little vial containing about a tablespoonful of port wine, in his clothing. He also had a little piece of a candle that was not taken from him when he was searched by the prison officials.

"One night, after he and his men had been in the prison for several days, a nurse came to the lower floor, where Mr. Brunot was sleeping, and told him that there was a man upstairs from Pittsburg, who wanted to see him. Mr. Brunot took his candle end and followed the nurse upstairs, picking his steps over the forms of the sleeping prisoners lying about on the floor. The guide took him to a corner in the loft, and lying there on a cot, the only one in the place, covered with some filthy rags, was a young man. As he approached the young man reached out his hand and said: 'Mr. Brunot, I know you, but you don't know me. I am Walter Beeson, of Pittsburg,'

and have often heard of you.' He said that he was dying of starvation, as he could not eat even the little bit of miserable food that was furnished to the prisoners. He said that he was ready and willing to die for his country, but to die in such a condition as he was in, and with none of his friends or relatives with him, seemed terrible.

"Mr. Brunot drew the little vial of port wine from his clothing and gave it to the poor fellow, who poured it down his throat at one gulp. He said that was the best thing he had ever tasted in all his lifetime. My husband asked him where he was wounded, and he drew back the rags that were covering him, showing that one of his legs had been cut off above the knee. He was suffering in intense agony, and said that he wanted an orange more than anything else.

"I'm afraid that it is next to impossible to try to obtain one, for there isn't one in Richmond," said Mr. Brunot, "but I have some money hidden in my clothing and will give you some, then maybe you can get the guards to get you something to eat." He thanked Mr. Brunot, but said for him to keep the money until morning, then he would try to get some of the things he craved.

"He said that he was not ready to die, but he knew that he was going, and Mr. Brunot prayed with him, and then they sang that hymn, 'Just as I am, Without One Plea.' Mr. Brunot then left him, promising to come to him the next morning. When morning came Mr. Brunot again went up to the loft where the dying man lay, and as he entered he saw the men lifting a body from the cot. The young prisoner was dead, and his body was being taken out for burial. Shortly after Mr. Brunot had left him in the night his sufferings had become so great that he tossed around on the cot, finally bursting the bandages and bleeding to death."

As Mrs. Brunot told this pathetic incident of prison life during the war, her eyes filled with tears and many times she had to stop speaking until she overcame her emotion.

"Eight days after being taken prisoner," continued Mrs. Brunot, "the rebel officials went to Mr. Brunot and told him they wanted him to go to Washington to effect an exchange of prisoners. They offered to exchange him and two of his surgeons for a confederate general and two rebel pirates who had been captured by the union forces. Mr. Brunot said he knew that Secretary Stanton would never agree to such an exchange as that, but he was anxious to breathe the free and pure air again, so he went to Washington and succeeded in bringing about an exchange.

"After getting out of prison Mr. Brunot again went to work among the sick and wounded, and he was kept going about from place to place at all times. As soon as he heard from the field that anything in particular was needed there, he hastened off at once to see what could be done. At one time he received word that onions were needed, as scurvy was very bad in the army, and he went over the country, buying up all the onions he could get.

"Much was done by the women for the soldiers in the field, and many were the boxes of groceries and articles of clothing that were sent to the soldiers. Very often letters were written and enclosed with the things, and they were almost always answered by the soldier boys, who returned their heartfelt thanks for a pair of warm socks or some other articles. Sometimes, when the young ladies sent letters or notes along with the articles which they had made, it started a correspondence with some boy in blue that ripened into friendship, and oftentimes ended in marriage.

"The sanitary fair, which was got up by Pittsburgers during the war, was held in Allegheny, in the Diamond. It lasted for several weeks, and several hundred thou-

sand dollars were cleared from the proceeds and the sales of the articles. Five per cent of the proceeds were voted to be set apart for the maintenance of a home for indigent soldiers, and 10 per cent. for the subsistence committee, which was engaged in supplying food to soldiers who were passing through the city on the railroads. The West Penn hospital got a great deal of the money, as an agreement was made with it that it was to take charge of the Soldiers' home, which was to be used as a hospital in general, but particularly for soldiers and sailors who were without money of friends to take care of them.

"At our home in Allegheny we have a great many mementoes of the sanitary fair—many articles that could not be sold, but were bought by Mr. Brunot out of his own pocket. He also wrote a great deal during the war and kept a diary then; many things that he told me at the time I have written in my journals, but they are all packed away in our city home, which is now closed for the summer."

Mrs. Brunot named over men and women who had taken part in the sanitary fair, many of whom are dead, or are now old and gray-haired, having lived their allotted three-score years and ten, and waiting for the final summons. But the most of the people connected with it she could not remember. To Mr. Brunot, who worked night and day, the success of the fair is attributed.

I asked Mr. Brunot a great many questions in regard to the fair, and his labors during the war, but to all of them he could only shake his head feebly and say, "I can't recollect." Broken in health from disease contracted in the army, brought on by going among the sick and wounded night and day, with utter disregard for himself, working as he did on the field, among the hospitals and in the prisons, he is now as helpless as a child, with but a short time longer to live. To me it was the saddest thing I had witnessed for a long time, to see a man who had done so much for his country and his fellow man as Felix R. Brunot, on the shore of that river which divides us from the unknown country. Much as he did for his fellow creatures during the civil war, there is but little more that can be done for him in this life.

H. J. Logan, Jr.

From, *Leader*
Pittsburg Pa.
Date, *Sept. 9* 1894.

SCHOOL HISTORY.

PROGRESS OF EDUCATION IN THE FOURTEENTH WARD.

George Sheppard Tells the Story of
30 Years' Experience at the Dedication of the New Oakland Building and Gives a Description of the Old Buildings.

One of the interesting features of the dedication of the new Oakland school,

on Boquet and Ward streets, Fourteenth ward, on Friday, was the speech of Mr. George Sheppard, giving a history of educational progress in the ward. Mr. Sheppard was formerly city clerk, later United States bank examiner, and is now cashier of the Pittsburg Bank for Savings. He said:

As I stand in the auditorium of this grand, noble school building, furnished with all the conveniences of modern times for the comfort of teacher and pupil, built, it is said, so as to be practically fireproof, that there may be little cause for fear of loss of life to any of the little ones who will day by day be within its walls, surrounded by ample ground for play and other purposes, my memory runs back to the school where as a boy over thirty years ago I got my initiation into the mysteries of reading, writing and arithmetic and other things that the teacher did not consider part of the school curriculum. Comparisons are said to be odious, but I only want to direct the attention of scholar and parent to the improvement and progress that have been made in educational directions as well as in the many other channels where immense strides have been made for the betterment of human condition. Situated on Fifth avenue, just below the foot of Robinson street, is a brick building now occupied by numerous of our colored brethren, which was the township school house prior to consolidation in 1868 with the old city of what is now usually referred to as the East End. This building accommodated all the territory now called the Fourteenth ward and more. For a long time two rooms were all that were needed. Just think of that. Two rooms held all the pupils that were sent to school from the territory covered by the now Fourteenth ward in 1862. Subsequently, as years rolled by, a room was fitted up in the basement and a detached dwelling house was taken and used for school purposes, and what happy days we youngsters did have there. We weren't as nice looking as the pupils of the Bellefield school; we didn't march out in the summer time. Most of the boys went to school barefooted and without coats. Many of the girls were barefooted, too. In winter sometimes the rooms were so cold that the scholars were huddled up around the great common stove to try and keep at least one side of their body warm. There was no natural gas to turn on, no furnace in the cellar to send up its genial warmth through well-arranged flues, no ventilation except the opening of a window or door. If coal was needed during school hours some one or two of the boys were sent down to the cellar to bring up a supply in the old-fashioned coal buckets, of which very few of the present generation of school children know anything about. And when any of us misbehaved, didn't we get it! Some of you boys and girls may ask what did we get? Why a thrashing, and one we did not forget either. Rattans were in those days part of the teachers' equipment and I have known the principal, when his rattan had been stolen, lost or worn out, to send one of the boys down into the woods back of the school

house to cut a suitable switch for immediate use. As the war of the rebellion progressed, some of our larger boys went off to the war. Our principal left us to go and fight his country's battles. A camp for recruits was formed upon the very ground upon which this building is erected and barracks stood for a long time for the accommodation of troops, as near as I can recollect, from this point to a point near Wilmot street, so that this is historical ground to some extent. Then came the raid of the Confederates into Pennsylvania and Ohio, when the people of Pittsburg thought this would be an objective point for Confederate attack and old, staid citizens organized themselves into companies of home guards, and so great were the terror and anxiety to defend our great city that thousands lined our hill-tops and worked and dug in making entrenchments and building forts as they never worked before. The evidences of their work are still plainly visible on many a hill-top yet, but the war ended, peaceful times came and prosperity smiled upon our country. Pittsburg began to think of greater Pittsburg as she is to-day taking up the subject again, and all the territory comprised in Lawrenceville, Oakland, East Liberty, Birmingham, Temperanceville, etc., were consolidated with and taken into the corporate limits of the city of Pittsburg, adding thereto 25 wards, one of which afterwards (Wilkinsburg) backed out. Oakland township became the Fourteenth ward, and from the sparsely settled district of the 60's it has grown to what you see it to-day, and instead of one little school building, three large, commodious buildings and one of smaller size are required to meet the growing demands of the people, and we should be proud of the Fourteenth ward. Have you stopped to think that if it were picked up and set away off to itself with its rolling mills, blast furnaces, miscellaneous industries and its population, it would form a very respectable town by itself. Now with all its advantages, don't lose sight of the fact that to keep up its reputation educationally and otherwise we must be good citizens, and the foundation of good citizenship is our public school, and I admonish the pupils of this ward to keep up the reputation of the Fourteenth ward schools by applying yourselves while in school, love, respect and obey your teachers, graduate from room to room, with honor, don't be satisfied that you barely pass your examination, and let me say here that I am not in favor of examinations as a means of progression and I am glad some prominent educators look at this matter in the light of the times. I believe that the time will soon come when pupils will be advanced on the record they make in the school room during a fixed term and that the answering of a lot of set questions will not be the torture through which a higher grade is to be reached. Remember that application and perseverance bring success in all undertakings. Remember that knowledge is power. Don't understand me as saying that education is all that is required to attain success in life. Other requisites are necessary, but it will do much to aid you.

From, *Leader*
Pittsburg Pa.
 Date, *Sept. 9th 1894.*

ESCAPED THREE TIMES.

THRILLING ADVENTURES OF ASSOCIATE JUDGE JOHN SHAEFFER.

He Breaks Away From His Jailers at Florence—His Experiences in Andersonville—How the Yankees "Turned a Trick on the Johnnies." A Plucky Crowd of Federal Prisoners Finally Reach the Union Lines.



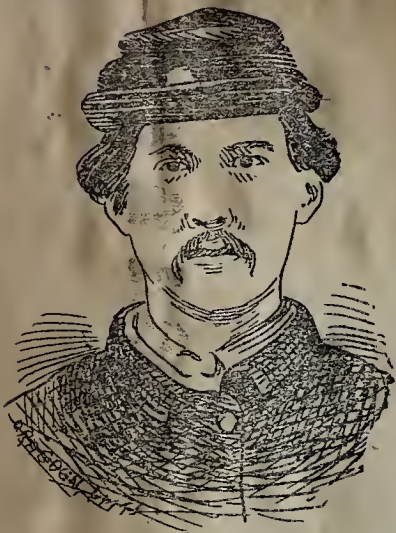
ASSOCIATE Judge John Shaeffer, of Lawrence county, has been looking forward anxiously to the National G. A. R. encampment as a time when he would meet old comrades who endured with him the miseries of Andersonville and other southern prison

pens, and who, with him, were successful in making their escape.

Judge Shaeffer is glad to meet all old comrades, but when he greets George Bombaugh, James Gilmore and Jerome Shaeffer, of the One Hundred and First regiment, James Dunlap, of the One Hundred and Third, all of Pittsburg, H. H. Benner, of Illinois, and James Brown, of Indiana, the meeting will be of more than usual interest. Comrades Brown and Benner were also members of the One Hundred and Third, and all enlisted at Pittsburg.

Judge Shaeffer was reared in the East End, Pittsburg, and was among the first to enlist in the One Hundred and First regiment. He served throughout the war and afterward removed to New Castle, where he has been a valuable citizen, and at present holds the office of associate judge of the Lawrence county courts. At the siege of Plymouth, North Carolina, Judge Shaeffer, Gilmore, Bombaugh, Dunlap, Benner, Brown and Jerome Shaeffer were captured by the rebel general, Hoke, together with over 2,000 others. This was in April 20, 1864. The prisoners were taken to Andersonville, and in that famous rebel prison they endured famine, disease and the harsh treatment of the rebel tyrant, Wiriz, from May 3 to September 16. They were then told that they were to be exchanged. This was joyful news, but the spark of hope enkindled in the breasts of the prisoners was soon deadened by the base deception of their captors. Instead of taking them to exchange, as they supposed, they found themselves after a brief journey inside the walls of Florence prison. Here they remained until the 2d day of October, when an escape was planned and successfully carried into operation.

It happened that Judge Shaeffer had been given charge of the hospital located just outside of the prison. This hospital was for the sick prisoners and was strongly guarded on the outside by rebels. Associated with Judge Shaeffer in the hospital work were the comrades mentioned. They formed the plan to leave in the night, and, if necessary, to overpower and kill the guards stationed near



John Shaeffer, the Volunteer.

one end of the building. Fortunately for themselves and the escaping prisoners also, the guards were not very attentive to duty, and were passed without difficulty. Outside the picket line the perilous part of the journey to freedom began. Their chief concern was to elude the fierce bloodhounds, which the rebels kept for tracking escaping prisoners. In order to do this they first determined to go south, then east in the direction of Wilmington. Several times during the night they imagined that they heard the deep baying of the hounds, but their fears were groundless and dawn found them on the banks of the Big Pedee, twelve miles from the rebel prison in Florence.

The country was thickly infested with rebels, and to proceed by daylight meant certain capture. They accordingly sought refuge in a swamp, and while here were befriended by a negro. He brought food and also a mixture of tar and grease, with which they smeared the soles of their shoes. This was done so that the bloodhounds might be thrown off their track. All day long they remained in the swamp lying flat on the ground much of the time and conversing in whispers. They obtained information as to the lay of the land from the friendly negro, and when night came, started with him as a guide toward the seaboard. They had proceeded but a short distance when James Gilmore fell through a culvert, spraining one leg badly. He was unable to walk for some time and suffered extremely. With the assistance of the others he finally managed to proceed. On the following Sunday night the little band had reached the banks of the Little Pedee. Here they found a bridge on which they intended to cross strongly guarded. It was in vain that they searched for a hidden boat or friendly negro. There was no way of getting across the river except by means of the bridge, and Judge Shaeffer, who had assumed the leadership, formed the bold plan of capturing the guard. Judge Shaeffer was armed with an old double-barreled pistol and a dagger. To fire the pistol meant certain capture. Other members of the party were armed with knives, and after a lengthy consultation it was decided to make the attempt to cross. Under cover of darkness they proceeded cautiously to

within one hundred feet of a trestle leading to the bridge.

Judge Shaeffer, dagger in hand, advanced about 25 feet on the trestle. He found that the guards were stationed at regular intervals across the bridge, and that they occasionally entered little booths erected as a means of shelter. After waiting nearly an hour the guard nearest them entered his booth. Judge Shaeffer hastily summoned the others, intending to take the guard prisoner and leave him bound and gagged while they proceeded to the next booth. They were within three feet of the booth when the guard stepped to the door. Shaeffer, who was in advance, dealt the fellow a stinging blow between the eyes, and he staggered back into the booth, discharging his gun at the same time. The gun gave the alarm and placed the little band in danger of immediate discovery and recapture. The other guards came running to the assistance of their comrade, but when they arrived no one but the solitary guard was to be found. The escaping prisoners had let themselves down through the trestle and reached the ground in safety. They were well on their way down the stream before the half-dazed guard could make an explanation. It was now nearly morning and the men began to look about for a hiding place. Expecting pursuit from the guards on the bridge, it was determined to take desperate chances on getting across the river. They stationed themselves near a negro cabin in the hopes that they might find a friendly negro. In this they were successful, and shortly after daylight were taken across in a boat. They were almost famished, and after being piloted to a neighboring swamp by the negro, they were supplied with an abundance of food.

The negro advised them to head for Conwayboro, S. C. By so doing he was of the opinion that they might be able to get aboard a Union gunboat. The rebels had salt works at Conwayboro, and gun boats from the blockading fleets at Wilmington, often ran down to storm the forts. Acting on the darkey's advice, they started for Conwayboro, distant 40 miles. The country was thickly infested with rebels and progress was very slow. They suffered greatly from hunger on this trip, and were one week in reaching the sand hills overlooking the rebel forts. Here they lay for two days without food watching for a friendly boat. They were considerable distance from the river, but to approach nearer by daylight meant capture. At the end of the second day a gunboat was sighted. Some of the party thought it to be a Union craft, and from

their position in the sand hills the boat was signaled. She hove to and Bombaugh and Dunlap eager to be the first aboard, ran down to the river, plunged in and swam toward the vessel. The remainder of the party were in doubt as to the craft. She floated no flag from her jack mast, but the doubt was dispelled when Bombaugh and Dunlap were taken aboard, and soon after a skiff put out from the shore. Aboard were two rebel officers, and the whole party were recaptured. The boat proved to be the rebel blockade runner Armstrong. It was decided that the prisoners must be taken back to Conwayboro. Two rebel officers and a negro were detailed as guard. The rebel officers proved friendly, and asked the prisoners if they would improve an opportunity to escape if the jail in which they were confined at Conwayboro be left unlocked. They reported that they would, and the friendly officers left the doors open. Next morning they came and, to their surprise, found the prisoners still in jail. The fact of the matter was that dissatisfaction among the prisoners had arisen. Judge Shaeffer was angry because Bombaugh and Dunlap had been so hasty in their efforts to reach the supposed Union gunboat, and the other men blamed them for their recapture.

Good feeling was restored, however, before the men left the jail, and a plot was

formed to capture any guard that might be sent with them. They remained eight days in ail and then started for Marian station with three guards. After the first day's travel, one of the guards thought his services were needed no further and went back to Conwayboro. From the point



Associate Judge John Shaeffer, of
Lawrence County.

where the guard left them to their destination was just 20 miles. The men calculated that by walking slowly they would be overtaken by darkness on their way and a better opportunity for escape would be afforded. Fortunately they were enabled to get some sweet potatoes, and when three miles from Marian, induced the guards to go to a negro cabin, cook the potatoes and put up for the night.

While the meal was being prepared one of the guards set his gun down by the door. Judge Shaeffer snatched it up and, pointing it at the other guard, ordered him to surrender. The guard threw up his hands and Gilmore secured his gun.

The negroes in the cabin were highly pleased with the turn affairs had taken and the woman said: "Dat's anoder o' dem Yankee tricks." The guards were taken out, headed toward Conwayboro and told to make tracks as fast as they knew how.

Judge Shaeffer then engaged the darkey to pilot them, and the strike for liberty was again begun. The two rebel guards aroused the whole country and soon the prisoners were being tracked by bloodhounds. More grease from a darkey was secured, and after giving their feet a thorough coat, the men hid in a deserted plantation, where they remained several days until the excitement subsided, in the meantime being fed by friendly negroes. The march was finally resumed, and after many hairbreadth escapes that party finally reached Elizabeth, on the Cape Fear river. Here they were ferried across by a negro and headed for Goldsboro, N. C. On the march to Goldsboro food was very scarce and the whole party was compelled to subsist on hard corn for eight days. At last, compelled by hunger, Brown went to a negro shanty to ask for food. The negro proved a traitor and informed his master that a band of escaping prisoners had passed his shanty. A band of rebels with bloodhounds was soon in pursuit, and the men took refuge in a woods. A small fort was hastily thrown up. This was surrounded by 60 rebels and 30 bloodhounds, and after a heroic fight the men were again captured. The rebels were in great glee, and the leader of the gang, named "Louisiana Jim," swore that no Yanks had ever escaped when he was in pursuit.

"Louisiana Jim," together with two rebel guards, started with their prisoners for Warsaw station, distant 12 miles. On the way Judge Shaeffer and Gilmore planned another escape, and while marching through a thicket in the night time they made a bold break and succeeded in getting away. "Louisiana Jim" and one of the guards pursued them and fired several shots, one of which cut a hole in Judge Shaeffer's coat, but he escaped unhurt. The two men headed toward Goldsboro, and by hiding in swamps by day and by the aid of friendly negroes they succeeded after ten days in reaching a point near Kingston. Here they found several rebel deserters, also a company of 35 negroes anxious to reach the Union lines. They joined the party, and on the 11th of November, 1864, arrived in sight of Trenton, then occupied by Union soldiers.

Here some of the party came near losing their lives owing to the rashness of a raw recruit who was on picket duty. Shaeffer and Gilmore were in the lead, when the picket sang out, "Who comes there?"

"Ex-Union prisoners of war," replied Shaeffer.

"Advance," commanded the picket. The party started to comply, when the picket again halted them and, evidently becoming frightened, fired his gun. The bullet whistled over their heads. The guard saw his mistake and in a few more minutes they were within the Union lines.

The others who had been taken to prison by "Louisiana Jim," were afterward exchanged. Judge Shaeffer has not heard from Benner and Brown for years, but hopes to meet them in Pittsburg this week.

AN EARLY REUNION RECALLED.

The Army of the Cumberland Convened Here in 1873.

Chickamauga week is the great feast of the Army of the Cumberland, and always includes the 18th, 19th and 20th of September during which the great battle which gave its name to the week was waged. In 1873 its celebration was held in Pittsburg when more distinguished generals walked the streets than can be discovered probably in the entire United States in its peaceful condition. The Army of the Cumberland included the Seventy-eighth Pennsylvanians, which contained some of Pittsburg's best fighting blood; and it was only natural that the town's best foot should be put forward for the arrival of the heroes, with the result of making Pittsburg look as if it had gone into the wholesale floral and bunting business.

"Every family was its own decorator," Colonel Blakeley, says, in recalling the occasion for the "Leader" the other day, "and while there was more love than money expended in the draperies, May day seemed to abound everywhere and every woman looked like a May queen. We had three days of meeting and speechmaking. "All the addresses were delivered in old Library hall, where General Phil Sheridan, as president of the society of the Army of the Cumberland, occupied the chair, flanked by Generals Grant, Sherman, Hooker, General Negley, of the Pittsburg brigade, Colonel Schenck, General W. D. Whipple, Governor Hartman and General Thomas J. Jordan." General Blakeley was on the program for the address of welcome, and his description of an old soldier's feelings when called upon to be a Demosthenes is ludicrous in the extreme.

"I felt comparatively comfortable as long as my horizon appeared to be bounded by nothing more dangerous than an old soldier. We had smelt powder together and I knew they would sympathize with me looking into the muzzle of the guns. But suddenly I saw a bonnet. The whole

ornance of the south was as nothing to it. I should never forget that bonnet; it made a milliner of me, and I believe I could make it to this day, so engraved on my memory is every feather and ribbon."

In spite of his discomfiture, General Blakeley delivered his speech with much unction, and was suitably rewarded by the plaudits of the wearers of the much dreaded "chapeaux." Meetings were held each afternoon and evening; and in Old City hall a festival at which there was much to eat and more to drink, terminated Chickamauga week. Compared with our modern notions of population the visitors to Pittsburg that week were not imposing in numbers. It is estimated that the society contained 2,000 members, and that with other people attracted by their presence Pittsburg's population was augmented about 5,000—not much more than a fine siecle ball of the New York season.

BOYS IN BLUE.

The First Encampment That Was Held in Pittsburg.

"This bustle of preparation for the encampment," said General Pearson the other day, "recalls to my mind the visit of the Boys in Blue to Pittsburg in 1866. It wasn't quite the elaborate affair that the coming event promises to be, as it only represented an expenditure of \$25,000, but we thought it a pretty big affair for those days. The city was in a fever of expectation for weeks before; for the soldiers meant something to us in the '60s that the people in this day and generation cannot understand. It was the first time the citizens had had an opportunity to see an aggregation of the gallant defense of the country; in fact, it was the first coming together since the close of the war in any part of the states. Patriotism was fashionable then you might say, and no one questioned the pedigree or breeding of those with whom the need of the times demanded association. It was in the late summer or the early autumn that the reunion was held, and I remember how cool Fifth avenue looked in its garb of the foliage which he had filched wholesale from the Allegheny mountains. It was quite a novel idea. A special train had been sent over the Pennsylvania railway in charge of men with orders to rob the woods not only of their branches, but to bring the pine trees and hemlocks themselves to Pittsburg. We planted them on each side of Fifth avenue from Ross street to Liberty, and then garlanded it across until there was a truly umbrageous shade for the entire six blocks.

"Yes, Old City hall was a rather respectable looking institution in these days, and it certainly looked very nice to people who knew nothing of the Carnegie music halls of the future. The ladies did just as many deeds of valor in those times as now; indeed, I have more faith in the energy of those of the '60s than in the daughters of to-day. They were like their southern sisters who tore up their wardrobes to make stars and bars for the Confederation flag. We men entrusted the hall to them, and I assure you it wore a smiling countenance of welcome on the eventful occasion. Perhaps the ladies may not care to have me betray them to the public in this way, but I remember particularly among the other belles Mrs. John Watt, Mrs. Samuel McKee, Miss Mattie Fowler, whose married name I have forgotten, and Mrs. Quincy Scott, who wasn't Mrs. Quincy Scott for some years to come. I don't remember who was the particular belle of the occasion, but I do know we thought them all beautiful then. Delegations of gentlemen visited the various railway stations, and as the soldiers arrived drove them directly to the hall, where they were turned over to their friends or specially-appointed

committees to look after their entertainment. The school houses were not needed then, but the hotels were full, and a great many private houses as well. An important feature of this reunion was the presence of Ben Butler, General Logan, Simon Cameron and others. They all made speeches, for I may as well confess that there was a germ of politics in the first meeting of the soldiers in Pittsburg. The election for governor of Pennsylvania was pending, and shortly after took place, when the soldiers' favorite Hartranft, was elected. An organization known as the Ladies' Monumental association also grew out of this reunion, which remained in existence long enough to erect a monument costing \$27,500 on Monumental Hill, and another, valued at \$25,000, in Allegheny cemetery, and then dissolved. From an important body having, as you see, a power politically, the Boys in Blue finally faded out of sight. They were heard of in 1880, but that was all, and certainly their palmy days were in the autumn of 1866, when they were in Pittsburg and held the gubernatorial elections in the palm of their hand, so to speak."

From, *Leader*
Pittsburg Pa.
Date, *Sept. 9th 1894.*

TWO WOMEN OF THE WAR.

PITTSBURG LADIES WHO WERE IN CASTLE THUNDER.

Narrative of Their Excursion Southward, Their Capture and Incarceration by the Rebels—Refused to Take the Oath of Allegiance to the Confederacy—Weeks of Weary Waiting—A Mission of Love Results in Hardship.



ONE gloomy night in March, '63, amid a driving snow storm, accompanied with wind and sleet, I left Fairmont, W. Va., for Pittsburg. I had some distance to walk to the station, there being neither cab nor carriage for hire. The road was down grade, and I stumbled and slipped, only to be caught up by the roaring wind and slapped in the face with cutting sleet. I reached the station none too soon, for the thundering B. & O. train could be heard far out in the night plowing her way through mist and storm, along the lonely road. As she rounded the curve the engineer hung almost his full length from the cab, trying to discover anything discernible. There were no passengers except myself. The conductor assisted me on board, the engine gave a shrill toot and away we went through Virginia and toward home.

Some months later I learned of the death of my husband, Lieutenant John Bengough, who was killed during the three days' fight at Winchester, Va., F. P. Pierpont, adjutant general of West Virginia, apprising me by telegram to that effect. So, accompanied by my sister-in-law, Miss Celia Bengough, a teacher in one of the public schools in Toledo, O., I left Pittsburg for Winchester, to recover his body. Lieutenant Bengough was a Pittsburger, but at the time of his death was editor and proprietor of the "Fairmont National," Fairmont, W. Va., and lieutenant of Co. E, Twelfth Virginia Volunteers, under command of General Milroy. On our way we stopped at the McLure house, Wheeling, and met Col. Pierpont, who advised us not to proceed, as all communication had been cut off, and the railway between Martinsburg and Winchester was torn up. We took no heed and next morning resumed our journey. We arrived at the headquarters of General Mulligan, New Creek, Va., that evening, where we were assigned quarters in a big frame building built of seasoned lumber, without lath or plaster. Through the interstices in the wall we subsequently discovered that the building was occupied as a barracks by the soldiers and filled with men. Celia was greatly excited. I calmed her fears, and, tucking our heads under the quilt, we lay quiet until the soldiers filed out in the morning. After breakfast the general gave us some instructions and a pass into the rebel lines, expressing the belief that we would be properly treated. After walking several miles night overtook us. We put up at a road house on the Romney pike, the proprietor of which agreed to take us to Winchester for \$20. In the morning we resumed our journey in a buggy. I drove the horse, while our host followed on horseback to bring back the rig. It was a long, hot drive. We had nothing to eat but cherries, and we were nearly strayed. Our escort would not approach Winchester within three miles, being afraid of losing his horses for cavalry purposes. So we gave up the rig and footed the remaining distance. I had been in Winchester before, where I boarded at a house opposite the government corral and thought if we could find the place we might be accommodated for the night. But alas! for human hopes and happiness! We discovered there were many roads leading into Winchester—that we had lost our bearings and were at sea. We dared not make inquiry. After many zigzag turns we entered the town and found it full of rebel soldiers.

As the pickets paid no attention to us we did not offer Mulligan's pass. Finally we met a boy and asked him the name of the street on which the corral was situated. "Where the Yanks used to keep their horses?" he interrogated. "Oh, that's away up yonder," and, pointing with his index finger out into the night, he showed us the way.

We were a long time finding the place, which presented an appearance that to me was hardly recognizable. The corral was tenanted and the house where we expected to lodge, deserted. With fear and trembling we knocked at the door and were admitted. On my previous visit the lady had professed the same political views as myself, but in the meantime had undergone a revulsion of sentiment, and now was cold and uncommunicative. She gave us lodging and we breakfasted on salt pork, taken from the Yanks, for which we paid an exorbitant price. In the

morning we pursued our mission and found our way to the headquarters of General R. E. Lee, who gave us a pass to the fortifications for the purpose of disinterring the body, and one to the hospital for a squad of our prisoners to re-bury it in the cemetery.

Having given us the passes, the general commanded us to report at headquarters after our work had been accomplished. We disobeyed orders and were punished.

LOTTIE BENGOUGH McCAFFREY.



Member Ladies' Press Committee, G. A. R. Encampment, Ex-Union Prisoner of War; Lysie Circle, Ladies of the G. A. R.

We found the grave, which had been marked by Surgeon McCandless, of Morgantown, W. Va., near a well not far from the fortifications. Kind comrades disinterred my husband's body and laid it on the grass, drawing water from the well they washed the clay from his face. Celia covered it with her handkerchief, and it was lifted into the cart. We followed, while the rebel flag flying from the fort flaunted defiance after the weird and lonely procession. We met no one on the way, but here and there a stray dog, which was attracted by the hollow rumbling of the cart, barked after us. We laid our dead in a pretty part of the cemetery, threw on the mound a wreath of larkspur, which we had gathered near the fort, and, bidding good-bye to our miserable companions, who anticipated Andersonville and its horrors, went back to our boarding house, while they with their long-handled shovels over their shoulders, wended their way slowly towards the hospital. It was a sad evening when we reached our lodgings. Our hostess had changed considerably since morning and refused to give us supper. We had money, but were afraid to go out to purchase, so we went outside and sat on the door stoop. Soon we observed a man across the street, close to the corral, dressed in surgeon's uniform. We thought he tried to arrest our attention, but were afraid to encourage him. He disappeared for a time around the corner, but when it grew darker he appeared again, and, crossing to our side of the street, passed close to us and dropped a note. We read it in our room, by the light of a rag burning in a saucer of grease. He stated in the note that he was Lieutenant McAdams, of a Pennsylvania regiment, whose number I cannot recall; that he was a prisoner, but not a surgeon, having borrowed the uniform. But the most startling information imparted was that we were prisoners and would be treated as spies. He knew we must be hungry and would bring us tea and hard tack from the hospital about 9 o'clock that night.

He kept his promise, dropping the tea and crackers close to the stoop on which we sat. We have never heard of or seen McAdams since. When we learned we were prisoners we concluded not to report to General Lee, but instead, stole out of the house about 1 o'clock in the morning, climbed the back yard fence and made for the Romney road and home. When we found ourselves out in the open country, terror seized us, and we were brought to a realization of the situation. The chill of the night caused us to shiver, for we had no wrappings, so we turned toward the fort. We could see the fort through the misty landscape. I knew the Romney road lay back of it.

We climbed the hill, which was littered with the decaying carcasses of horses and mules, cannon balls and unexploded shell, which had fallen on the soft hillside, and lay in pockets made by the feet of Early's artillery horses. The haze subsided and one constellation after another appeared; that bright luminary, the moon, wended her stately way through the starry path, now and then gliding behind a cloud, leaving the stars on duty, then appearing with new luster, her radiance covering the battlefield with a silver sheet. All nature seemed in harmony with the surroundings. The night was painfully quiet, the only audible sound being the lullaby sung by a little stream that meandered down the hill. The night birds were silent, and we fancied we could hear the dripping of the dew. A little to the left stood the guns like so many sentinels, with their grinning black mouths. We intended to pass them, but they looked so fiendish we were afraid, and took the longest route to avoid them. We passed the fort and descended the hill, glancing stealthily back to see if the guns were following. The moon neared the shore of the sky, the shadows deepened and we imagined all sorts of uncanny things and Celia, being a good elocutionist, declaimed, "Night showeth knowledge unto right. There is no speech nor language; their voice is not heard; yet their sound goeth forth to all generations."

We sat down and huddled close together. We were shivering, and our clothing soaked with dew. We fancied a mythical presence, and thought we saw forms coming out of the recesses of the mountains. The wind stirred the dying embers of distant camp fires into flame and a lurid glare lit the heavens like a flash, and then all was dark. Dawn was approaching, and the soft faint streaks of daylight glimmered through the rift. We arose and drew near the base of the hill. In the distance we could see the long narrow picturesque Romney road with its widely-scattered antiquated houses. We sat down behind

a clump of bushes to avoid being seen by a man driving a cow and almost scared the lives out of a cove of birds. They flew out in myriads, circling our heads in mingled confusion, chattering wildly, but soon flew away, and we were glad, for we feared the noise would attract the cowboy's attention. As the day advanced the sun rose, penetrated the mist, dried our dewy clothes and evoked from the flowers their morning fragrance. We strolled around gathering bunches of white and purple larkspur, nearing the road as we culled. We were on the lookout for pickets, when a rifle shot rang out clear and sharp, followed by other shots in quick succession. As the reports reverberated over the hills and through the valleys we thought a whole regiment was firing. Presently we heard the shrill and musical notes of the bugle, and knew there were both infantry and cavalry at a distance. We retraced our steps, following a sheep path that wound round the hill, thinking to gain the road indirectly, but finding ourselves mistaken, we took a more direct route, which brought us in the presence of three pickets playing cards. We were not much surprised, as they had been uppermost in our thoughts,

and we had wandered the hill all night to avoid them. With renewed courage, bonnets swinging on our arms, and trembling in every limb, carrying our posies, we passed by as unconcernedly as possible. We were not intercepted, and at last reached the Romney road.

We walked about five miles, and, being hungry, approached a white house enclosed within paling fence with a long line of cherry trees in front, burdened with blood red cherries. The occupant and owner of this house was Mrs. Betsey Jenkins, a pleasant woman of about 40. She welcomed us, and we forgot our hunger for a time, while we examined a large wheel that stood in front of the mantel, with a hank of white yarn wound around it. There was a similar one in the corner which was used for spinning. These wheels were a novelty to use, and we exhibited so much ignorance as to their use that Betty became suspicious. When we told her we were northern women she almost fainted; she was afraid to assist us. We told her we were famishing for food, when she retired us into a private room and got us a good meal, which we enjoyed, having eaten nothing for three days but the crackers we got from McAdams. The tea he gave us we left at our lodging house, having had no opportunity to use it.

We remained at Betty's house that night. With the first glimmer of dawn we were up and out. Betty prepared breakfast and we three parted, womanlike, crying. When we were a distance from the house we looked back, and there stood Betty, leaning over the gate, shading her eyes with her hand, watching us down the long dusty road, and waving farewell. Dear, friendly Betty. We never heard of her again.

The beauty of the morning raised our spirits; the fresh and invigorating air gave us strength. The scenery was surpassing in grandeur and sublimity. The trees were full of birds and their liquid notes filled the air. Spotted lizards and little squirrels ran along the fence rails; brown rabbits scurried across the meadows, the partridge called "Bob White" and the perfume of honeysuckle scented the air. The fields were covered with wild flowers, tall red pokeberry stalks ornamented the fence corners and berry bushes were white with blossoms. The ravines were covered with dark green velvet moss, and silver streams of murmuring water ran zigzag through clumps of willows and laved the roots of the picturesque fern and wild sunflower.

We had walked about twelve miles, when we met a man riding a big bay horse. He seemed friendly, and remarked: "There's a right smart chance of weather," meaning the heat. We paid no attention, and passed on. About a mile further on we came to a farm house, situated below the level of the road, with a running stream in front, whose bosom was covered with ducks and geese. We descended the stairway leading down from the road, and entered. Here we found an old man and a tall woman, the latter feigning to be deaf and dumb to strangers on account of the troublesome times. We asked for something to eat. It being soon after the battle, the old man, with a little explanation on our part, took in the situation. He got a piece of table linen in which he tied meat, bread and cheese, and, carrying the bundle to the top of the steps, we following after, told us how far and what way we should go, before we would meet Mulligan's scouts. We thanked him, but he paid no attention, and, hurrying down the steps, was soon in the house, closing the door with a bang. Turning off the road we sat on a log and ate ravenously. Resuming our journey, we found our rations a burden, and threw them away. The heat was oppressive, and the dust suffocating, so we turned off the highway and sought the cool forest, but we were afraid of snakes, and the sharp twigs cut our blistered and swollen feet. We tried to

OFFICE OF PROVOST MARSHAL, 2^d ARMY CORPS,

Winchester Va.

June 28th 1863

Guards and pickets will pass.....

Mrs. Bener Gough & sister to the participants for the purpose of disorienting her husband

By order of Lieut. Gen. T. J. Jackson.

Major and Provost Marshal 2^d Army Corps.

In availing myself of the benefits of this pass, I do solemnly pledge my honor, by my signature attached, that I am a true and loyal citizen of the Confederate States; that I will not take up arms against them, or give aid and comfort to the enemies of the same in any manner whatsoever.

Signed:

[Fac simile of pass signed by General Lee and Major Bridgford, now in Mrs. McCaffrey's possession. She used to take the pledge of allegiance, and this was the cause of her arrest. Major Bridgford filled out the first two words, to which General Lee added the last four words. Major Bridgford thought her husband's name was Bennighan, an error that often occurred.]

wear our shoes, but could not. We clambered over rocks, logs, and through low, thick brush, which made it tiresome, finally being forced to take the highway. We limped painfully, while we tramped ankle-deep in dust under a burning sun. We waded the north and south branch of the Potomac. The water was low and transparent, and the river beds stony. We amused ourselves awhile laving our blistered feet, gathering beautiful stones of many colors, which we afterward threw away. Twice we came to where roads or paths converged, and were at a loss to know which one to take, but Celia remembered the Scriptural injunction that the straight path was the right path--therefore we turned neither to the right nor the left. We saw a house in the distance and a few matronly cows and sheep in a field, whose acquaintance we tried to make, but they would have none of it, and, throwing their tales in the air, ran off bellowing. The poor frightened sheep scattered and hid in the bushes. We entered the house and found an old man plaiting a straw hat, and his wife making cherry pies. They had little to say, but gave us milk and pie. The pie had neither shortening nor sugar--the top crust was burned, while the bottom was dough. We drank the milk and went on. About 3 o'clock we encountered a heavy storm, accompanied with thunder and vivid lightning. We were drenched. Fortunately it did not last, and the sun coming out in his strength soon dried our clothes. According to our computation we were now about eighteen miles from Winchester, four miles from the Cacapon bridge, and nine miles from where we expected to meet General Mulligan's scouts. We hobbled along as best we could, being handicapped by our half-dried skirts, about two miles, until we came to a house on the road side, inclosed by a dilapidated fence. A clucking hen strutted noisily about, and a tribe of

guineas set up a cry of alarm as we approached. A man and woman were leaning over the garden gate, quietly chatting. As soon as they saw us, they seemed alarmed, particularly the woman, who eyed us carefully and impudently, and whispered to her companion. We noticed the agitation and felt uneasy, but screwing our courage up to the sticking point, we passed along as unconcernedly as possible. We anticipated trouble, and shied off into the woods, but did not make much headway on account of the dense growth of brush and pine.

At last we came to the Cacapon water. We had walked about twenty miles, but the meandering of the road added a greater distance. We reconnoitered, and found a tree fallen across the stream, which was high above the water, and Celia could not cross it. I coaxed and entreated,

but all to no purpose. The water was full of snakes, and the banks were lined with villainous looking frogs. We found fault with each other, Celia resisting my entreaties, and blaming me for the escape; she quoted Scripture to fit the crime, for she was full of texts: "He that cometh not by the door, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." I saw the point, laughed and we crossed the bridge.

We were now about twenty-two miles from Winchester, and five miles from where we expected to meet Mulligan's scouts. We had proceeded about fifty yards on the other side of the bridge, when we were halted by a handsome young cavalry officer, whom we afterwards found to be Lieutenant Bell, nephew of General Bell, C. S. A. He touched his cap and accosted us: "Good evening, ladies. Have you a pass?" Travel-stained, footsore, faces blistered, hungry and utterly wretched, we hung our heads and did not answer. We were too full of misery.

The daylight faded slowly, the night

grew chilly, and the wind stirred the bending grass. The setting sun shot slanting spikes from the golden west through the trees and across the road. The cavalry horse stood at a distance, pawing the dust and clanking his equipments, every now and then lifting his head with a majestic air, looking toward his rider, who stood with bowed head, rubbing up and down with his fingers the buttons which adorned the front of his jacket. It was early June—the sun had set, the shadows deepened, and the katy-dids had almost ceased their rasping. There we three stood in the gloom of approaching night, with no sound to break the stillness except the lonely, quavering notes of the forest birds. Bats flitted to and fro and circled our heads—the owl hooted and fire-flies lit the ravines. We buried our feet in the dust that he might not see their nakedness, and with heartrending sobs cried as we had never cried before. We were captured and knew that meant on to Richmond.

Lieutenant Bell told us we had been arrested as spies by order of General R. E. Lee. We begged we should not be made to walk back, for we thought we would have to tramp the whole road over again. He assured us that such would not be the case; that he would take us to



Castle Thunder, Where the Ladies Were Incarcerated.

a house in the woods owned by Mrs. Smith, where Miss Bell, his sister, would search us. After walking about half a mile we came to a defile in the mountains, which rose very high on either side with an opening at the top large enough to see a patch of sky studded with misty stars.

Our captor told us these mountains were covered with perpetual snow or ice. In this gap lived Mrs. Smith, with whom we were to remain for the night. The house was two-storied, painted white. The windows were wire-covered, and here and there a glimmer of light shone through, making the green look greener. Opposite the house, on the other side of the gap, close to what had once been a barn, stood a lot of unsheltered wagons, buggies and stage coaches, in a dilapidated condition. At the sound of approaching footsteps Mrs. Smith appeared in the door with a grease saucer light, and behind her an old negro auntie, with her head bound in a yellow bandana. Dinah was greatly agitated when she saw us approach in the shadows, and throwing up her hands exclaimed:

"'Fo de Lord, Missus, dey is de Yanks."

We knew by auntie's remarks that our coming had been anticipated. Mrs. Smith was a neat, dark-eyed woman, with hair and complexion to match her eyes. She wore a gray flannel dress of her own making. She was impoverished, and told us her husband had run a line of stages, but the "Yanks" had taken their horses, leaving their vehicles useless. There was not a man about the place—they were in the Confederate service; that auntie and she had rolled the snow into big balls during the winter and dumped them into the ice house; that ice water was the only

luxury she had. We drank some of it and were refreshed. After supper we were assigned to a comfortable room, with a good bed in it. But our sleep was fitful, for we were in strange quarters, and we knew not what would come next.

In the morning auntie brought us water and other necessary toilet articles to make ourselves presentable, but that was impossible, for our faces resembled boiled lobsters. The next thing in order was to get rid of a bundle of letters which we had gotten from wounded Union prisoners in the Winchester hospital. We promised to mail them when we had reached our lines. Celia suggested reducing them to pulp in the wash-basin, which we did. We mixed the pulp with wood ashes on the hearth, until all trace was obliterated. We had eighty dollars and a diamond ring which we secreted under the carpet.

When Miss Bell searched us nothing was found. After breakfast Lieutenant Bell and a lot of troopers made their appearance with a squeaky wagon drawn by two half-starved mules. He apologized for the conveyance, saying nothing better was obtainable. Bidding good-bye to Mrs. Smith and Dinah, we got into the wagon, and were soon on our way back to Winchester. We had not proceeded far when the wheel slid off, almost throwing us out. Our driver whittled a hickory lynch-pin, and, with some assistance, repaired the damage. We traveled all day, and at night put up at an inn, where the road divided. Our cavalry tethered their horses in a field near by, that they might eat grass, there being neither oats nor hay to give them.

We had supper, and were given a comfortable room, furnished with an old-fashioned bed with gorgeous spread and hangings. The bed was propped up with some sort of under planing, until it almost reached the ceiling, and we had to climb on a chair to get in and out. A portrait of Washington adorned the wall; three chairs, a rocker and a dragon-legged table completed the outfit. A purple wistaria covered the window and climbed to the roof. Our guards slept on the soft side of the porch, exacting a promise from us that we would not try to escape. We promised, and being as tired as they, slept the sleep of youth. In the morning we awoke refreshed, and made our toilet, while our gallant cavalymen made theirs at the horse trough. Our breakfast was scanty, consisting of corn bread, rye coffee and sorghum molasses, or "long sweets," as the lady of the house called it. Our hostess, observing that we did not eat with gusto, advised us to take a piece of corn bread with us, remarking that we might fare worse further on. We bade her a friendly farewell, and took the road again. As we neared Winchester, we found fence, bush and tree limbs ornamented with old clothes, which had been taken from the battlefield and dyed with butternut hulls. The scenery, otherwise beautiful, was not improved by the accession. We reached Winchester in the afternoon, and were taken to General Lee's headquarters.

The general was not in, but the room was filled with officers.

Uninvited we seated ourselves and listened to a tirade from Major Bridgford on spies in particular, and Yankee women in general. We were too miserable to reply. Celia remarked that we were in the hands of the Philistines, and might as well hang our harps on the willows, for how could we sing in that strange land. We waited an hour or more, when we heard the clatter of hoofs outside—a dismount, and General Lee entered—tall, graceful, refined and haughty, bidding us "Good morning." He reprimanded us for disobedience, for which he said we must be sent to Richmond. Major Bridgford wrote the necessary papers, General Lee signed them, and guarded by cavalry we were taken to an inn nearby, where we passed a hapless night.

In the morning we took the first stage for Staunton. As we traveled down the Shenandoah we saw Lee's army marching to Gettysburg, and taking their number into consideration, we trembled for the fate of our forces when they should meet. We were hungry, and our troopers picked cherries and begged flapjacks and bonny clabber from the surrounding farm - houses for us. Some of the cakes we exchanged with a wounded Confederate, riding on top of the coach, for maple molasses. The first stopping place after leaving Winchester was Mt. Jackson. The house was kept by Jackson, a brother of the man who shot Colonel Ellsworth. It was a beautiful spot. The inn was old but picturesque, and built on a rise. A couple of wide-spreading trees espaliered the front. At the side of the house a row of oleanders contrasted their bloom with green of the foliage, and a cypress vine, trained on strings, covered the window. A gourd vine clambered up over the woodshed, almost concealing the door, compelling Julius to double himself when he went in and out for wood. Our host was a tall man with little to say, but his wife made up for his reticence. She raged at us - called us names and likened us to a lot of thieving Yankee soldiers, who, she said, had stolen her chickens and robbed her onion bed. She refused hospitality and said we should not sleep in her house. We went into the orchard and sat on a bench, under an apple tree, where a robin, perched on the topmost limb, cheered us with his song. A genuine southern mammy, with her kinky hair plaited and tied in knots, stood over an iron kettle, stirring soap. She looked askance at us, not daring to speak, and by her actions we knew we had her sympathy. We sat there about an hour, and Mrs. Jackson having relented, asked us in to supper. At bed time we were given a large, square room, double-bedded, uncarpeted and lighted with a grease saucer. A picture of the "Sailor's Return" adorned the wall, a rocker and small stand, upon which was a copy of Baxter's "Saint's Rest," stood in the corner. We examined the title, but did not scan the pages, considering the gloom sufficient without dosing ourselves with its contents. We awoke refreshed and set out for Staunton.

The day was lovely, and the beauty of the valley with its silver pools, trickling streams, moss-covered rocks and hedges of wild roses was beyond description. The birds whistled and trilled, and the unceasing notes of the insect tribes filled the woods. We arrived at Staunton about 4 o'clock and were comfortably housed at the Staunton hotel, but had nothing to eat. We should have gone supperless to bed but for the shrewdness of the colored chambermaid, who, under pretense of making the bed, got into our room, and without a sign of recognition began to beat the pillows, spread the quilts and make a fuss generally. She gave us a significant glance and passed out. The guard who paced up and down the hallway, looked in to see if all was right, locked the door and we were alone for the night. We examined the bed and found a dozen biscuits under the quilt and a bucket of tea under the bed. We ate with gusto, and silently thanked our benefactress. We informed our general of the inhospitable treatment, and at our request he sent for the provost marshal, Mr. Alexander, who immediately ordered the hotel keeper to bring us to the table, which he did, but took revenge by putting us at a table in the center of the dining room by ourselves, the synosure of all eyes. When we had eaten, Celia wrote with a piece of crayon across the center of the table, "Yankee Table," which was considered audacious by the regular boarders.

We left Staunton for Richmond by rail. Before leaving the hotel we gave the chambermaid who had befriended us a \$1 greenback, the ribbon from our hat and

our gloves. We arrived at the station and found about two hundred of our prisoners from Winchester awaiting transportation on the same train. They had marched to Staunton ahead of us. We bid good-by to our cavalry guard, boarded the train and were soon on our way. When the train stopped at the stations, we were almost suffocated by the crowd that scrambled up the sides of the car and poked their heads through the windows to see the Yankee women. We arrived at Richmond in the afternoon, and were obliged to walk a long distance from the station to Castle Thunder followed by the curious of both sexes, our male companions marching after to Libby.

We were taken into the provost marshal's office, under Castle Thunder, where we found the prison authorities selecting nine captains to be executed, in case the federal government should hang Fitzhugh Lee. They drew lots, and when the drawing was over, they were taken back to Libby. We were escorted into a tunnel-like passage and up a rickety pair of stairs into a cell 12x15 feet, with no furnishment. There was one window of many small panes, with a large sill, which we used for a seat, and we were cautioned to keep our heads inside lest we should be shot. There were other women in the castle, who were waiting to be sent home on the next truce, there being no charges against them. Mrs. McCandless, of Morgantown, W. Va., wife of Turzeon McCandless, of the Twelfth Virginia regulars, was among the number. We were marched by an old white-headed man, whom the prisoners called "Anti-Christ." He did not take our money, some \$75 or \$80. We afterward heard that the old man was hung with the Wirtz gang. An order came from the Confederate authorities to send the other women home. Major Alexander, commandant of the prison, told them to be ready to leave early next morning. Asking for the Bengough women, we answered to our names, when he informed us we were held as spies and would be forwarded to some place in South Carolina. We cried when the women left the prison. Up to this time we had been sleeping on the bare floor, but the major bettered our condition. He sent us a mattress, pillows and covering, as well as colored women to wait upon us. We slept little that night, feeling horribly alone. Moonlight flooded the room. We got up and looked out on the James river; we wondered what our friends were doing and if we should ever see them again. We asked permission to burn the gas all night, and it was granted, then the lapse of time had its effect, and we adjusted our lives to suit the situation. The food was not nourishing; it consisted of bread and coffee, made of parched rye. We paid \$14 in greenbacks for a pound of tea; it was poor in quality, but we preferred it to rye. A chaplain visited us every day, and left Bibles. We asked for other literature, and in a few days he returned, bringing a beautifully illustrated copy of "Don Quixote." He must have given us up for lost souls as he never came again.

One day we saw a line of Confederate soldiers driving cattle along Carey street in front of the prison. Each soldier had a hoop-skirt about his neck, and everything conceivable in shoes, dry goods and notions tied to each hoop. That night we learned Gettysburg had been fought, through a prisoner confined on the floor above, who unraveled his stocking and tied the yarn to a note with a piece of a nail for weight to let it down outside. The tapping of the nail on the glass attracted our attention, and at the risk of being shot we drew it in. The paper on which the message was written was about an inch and a quarter long and a quarter of an inch wide, and read: "Gettysburg - rebels whipped." The captured cattle belonged to Pennsylvania, and our fare was varied for a time with fresh beef - once we got three tomatoes, two cucumbers and a dried apple pie without shortening, baked on a saucer, but it tasted better than

any pie we had ever eaten before or since.

Shortly after the hoop-skirt brigade passed about 1,000 Yankee prisoners marched up the same street, and were housed in an old building opposite Castle Thunder. They were given meat and bread. One of the men threw a bone out on the pavement; the guard instantly fired into the crowd, taking the arm off a fine-looking man without provocation. We saw him carried to the hospital on a stretcher, the blood streaming through the canvas onto the pavement. We received frequent visits from people of note. Our greenbacks were borrowed to show to Jeff Davis, Governor Wise, Judah P. Benjamin and Major Turner, commandant of Libby. They were promptly returned. Colonel Dunham, of a N. Y. regiment, was imprisoned opposite us, but at a distance. We could see him through the chinks in the board partition. We sent him a note written on a fly leaf torn from "Don Quixote." The colored hunch-back, "Washington," delivered it when he swept Dunham's cell. Dunham left Richmond when we did.

One evening Major Alexander told us he had been ordered to go on active duty—that there would be a clearance of prisoners and thought we had a chance of being put on the exchange list. About 1 o'clock in the morning 1,000 of our prisoners were marched from Libby, en route for City Point, and were halted in front of the Castle. One of the prisoners in line sang, "When This Cruel War is Over." We encored the minstrel, and asked what regiment. He called out "Massachusetts." We replied "Pennsylvania," and received three rousing cheers. The order to march was given and away they went, leaving us lonelier than ever. We felt miserable, and could hardly restrain ourselves from putting our heads out of the window to watch them. The sound of their retreating feet had scarcely died away when Major Alexander made his appearance (we had not retired that night) and told us to make ready as soon as possible to take the train for City Point. We made ourselves as presentable as our limited wardrobe would allow, but realized that we were laughing stocks. Celia's hat was faded and out of shape; mine had been black but now was of a dirty, brown color, and without a particle of trimming, having given the ribbon to the chambermaid at Staunton. Our shoes, bearing the name of "Schmertz, Pittsburg," were down at the heel and out at the sides; our stockings minus feet and hands bare. We had not recovered from the effects of the tramp along the Romney and the long ride down the Shenandoah. The servants brought tea and biscuit and four laundered white skirts. We each took one, giving the others to the women, and a \$2 greenback apiece. We wrote good-bye to the chaplain on the fly leaf of "Don Quixote," and thanked him for the comfort it had given us. We inscribed a farewell stanza, Celia composing one-half and I the other, in Major Alexander's log book (he being a sea captain), placing the books on the window sill—the seat we had so often sat upon and looked out on the James river in our loneliness. We bade the colored women an affectionate adieu, for they had comforted us to the best of their ability, and accompanied by Alexander, passed down the dark, gruesome, rickety prison stairs out into the culvert and freedom.

When the fresh morning air wafted over our faces, we staggered against the wall, but visions of home and friends gave us renewed strength and we soon revived. Colonel Dunham and his guard were in the culvert awaiting our arrival, for we three were the only prisoners leaving Castle Thunder that morning. It was a long distance to the station. We walked and were worn out when we got there. We bade good-bye to Alexander, and left Richmond for City Point, where an exchange of prisoners took place. We embarked, along with the 1,000 Libby prisoners, who had left the prison three hours ahead of us, on a U. S. vessel, and sailed down the Chesapeake.

We passed Fortress Monroe and Hampton Roads and saw the masts of the sunken Cumberland, that went down with all on board, above the water. We landed at Annapolis, stopping at a hotel there about one week, boarding being furnished us without price, and thence to Baltimore, where transportation was furnished us to Pittsburg. We arrived at the Union depot here the latter part of November and reached home by a round-about route. We did not care to face the public, as we were ashamed of our appearance. We sent no word that we were coming, but walked in unannounced. Father and mother were panic-stricken, and could not believe their own eyes. Friends and neighbors for miles around came to see us and asked questions. The "fatted calf" was killed and a general rejoicing took place. We were the lionesses of the day.

Lottie Bengough McCaffrey.

—March 25, 1865, less than three weeks before the surrender of Lee, the following appeared in a Petersburg, Va., paper: "General Lee has broken through Grant's lines, carrying them by assault, capturing a large number of prisoners, thus opening the campaign in a different way from that Grant was looking for. General Lee's army is the same to-day as it was in the Wilderness, at Spottsylvania and Gaines' farm. The battle to-day demonstrates this. The Yankee army is a body of new recruits, as the old veterans have become disgusted and gone home. Those who have staid in our neighborhood sleep to-night beneath a light covering of dirt, from the Rapidan to Hatcher's run. Lee's veterans still confront the enemy and when they make up their mind to do a thing they do it and do it right."

VALUED DECORATIONS.

MEDALS BESTOWED ON OUR CIVIL WAR HEROES.

Captain T. R. Kerr, of Pittsburg, Recently Received One—The Only Heraldry That Columbia Knows. The Act of Congress—The Washington Medal — Benjamin Franklin's Idea of the Institutions—Other Medals Conferred by Our Government—Description of the Medal.

Our true and tried nation, whose spirit of liberty is the most thoroughly democratic possible, knows nothing of the boast of heraldry. That our country is directly descended from a people whose rulers gave decorations of honor as "patents of nobility" cannot be denied. But these degenerating families were lost to view in the gallant struggle for liberty made by the patriots of the revolution. The decorations of effete monarchies, so highly prized by their original wearers, have been hauled down long lines of decaying nobility, until they may now be purchased anywhere in Europe for a few thousand dollars or pounds. To the

man of sterling worth and integrity they represent no value.

The only decoration that carries honor with it to the mind of a patriot of these United States is that won by gallant service in arms. European governments of to-day have slowly come to recognize meritorious service in their behalf, and nearly all give decorations of some kind for heroic conduct. Prussia has her order of knighthood known as the "Iron Cross," which was instituted in 1813 by Frederick William III. Spain has several orders, which have been so generally bestowed that they mean but little now. Italy has her "Order of the Iron Cross," carrying with it three grades of pensions. The gallant General Phil Kearney was the first American officer ever decorated with this medal, which he received at the hands of Emperor Napoleon. But in the past three decades the order and decoration have both undergone so many changes that as a reward for military merit they are not worth striving for.

The Victoria cross of England more nearly approaches the idea of our own Republican institutions than any of the others. This was established in 1856, and a year later was given to brave soldiers of the Crimea, "for valor." It can be given only to those who have performed in the presence of the enemy some signal act of courage, or devotion to their country. Tuscany has its order of "Military merit," while China confers the famous "yellow jacket," which, as all readers of the daily papers know, was but recently taken away from the great Li Hung Chang because he was charged by the emperor with being lax in making preparations for the present conflict with Japan. It will be remembered that General Grant, in his famous tour around the world a few years ago, was decorated by the rulers of nearly all the countries through which he traveled, in recognition of his bravery as a soldier and strategic sagacity as a commander.

In 1862, after lengthy discussion of the subject, congress passed the following resolution:

Resolved, By the senate and house of representatives of the United States of America, in congress assembled, that the President of the United States be, and he is hereby authorized to cause 2,000 medals of honor to be prepared with suitable emblematic devices, and to direct that the same be presented, in the name of congress, to such non-commissioned officers and privates as shall most distinguish themselves by their gallantry in action and their soldier-like qualities during the present insurrection.

The commission appointed for the purpose adopted a design as follows: "A five-pointed star, tipped with trefoil, each point containing a crown of laurel and oak. In the middle within a circle of thirty-four stars. America, personified as Minerva, stands with her left hand resting on the fasces, while with her right, in which she holds a shield emblazoned with the American arms, she repulses Discord, represented by two snakes in each hand, the whole suspended by a trophy of two crossed cannons, balls and a sword, surmounted by the American eagle,



which is united by a ribbon of thirteen stripes palewise, gules and argent and a chief azure to a clasp composed of two cornucopias and the American arms."

March 3, 1863, another act was passed to the effect that "the President cause to be struck from the dies recently prepared at the United States mint for the purpose, medals of honor additional to those authorized by the act of July 21, 1862, and present the same to such officers, non-commissioned officers and privates as have most distinguished or may hereafter most distinguish themselves in action, and the sum of \$20,000 is hereby appropriated out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated to defray the expenses of the same." Until the passage of this act, only privates who distinguished themselves in action could be awarded this medal. A strong effort was made in 1865 to get congress to award to commissioned officers medals of a more pretentious character. It was also desired that if at any time they performed other acts of valor that they be permitted to add them to the inscription on the reverse side of the medal, which reads: "Presented to — by congress for — at —," and the date of the deed and the presentation. The effort fell through however, and the medal remains as it was when first designed.

The first heroic act of the war of the rebellion which called for a medal occurred April 23, 1861. At that time the Eighth United States infantry was stationed at San Antonio, Texas. Corporal John C. Hesse, of Company A, who was clerk at regimental headquarters, is now a clerk in the war department at Washington, and he tells his own story of how that first medal was won, when a number of his comrades were taken prisoner by Colonel Van Dorn:

A few days subsequent to the capture, upon going to the former office of the regimental headquarters, the building being then in possession and under control of the rebels, I met there Lieu-

tenant Hartz and Sergeant Major Jos. K. Wilson, of the Eighth infantry. Our regimental colors being in the office, Lieutenant Hartz proposed to us to take the colors from the staffs, conceal them beneath our clothing and try to carry them off, and we did so. I took the torn colors which the regiment had carried through the Mexican war, put it around my body under my shirt and blouse, and passed out of the building, which was strongly guarded by the rebels. Fortunately the rebels did not suspect what a precious load we carried concealed with us, for if they had our lives would not have been worth much. We put the colors in one of Lieutenant Hartz's trunks, and next day left San Antonio for the north. On the route we guarded the colors with our lives, always fearing lest the rebels might find out what we had taken away and come after us; but they never came, and we arrived safe with our colors on May 20, 1861, in Washington City, and turned them over to the regiment.

For thus saving the colors of the regiment Mr. Hesse and his comrade in heroism were awarded the medal.

The second act of individual heroism was when Ellsworth was killed. The gallant colonel pulled down a rebel flag from the Marshall house, in Alexandria, Va., and was shot by the proprietor, Jackson. His comrade, Francis E. Brownell, immediately shot Jackson. The inscription on the medal reads: "For shooting the murderer of Colonel Ellsworth, of the New York Fire Zouaves, at the Marshall house, Alexandria, Va., May 24, 1861."

One of the last recipients of this medal was Captain Thomas R. Kerr, of Pittsburg.

His signal act of bravery in action at Moorfield, W. Va., in capturing and bringing from the field the colors of a Confederate regiment, after having been desperately wounded in two places, was recognized by the war department thirty years after the honor had been earned. The decoration was bestowed at the instance of General W. W. Averell, of Bath, N. Y., who was in charge of the Federal troops at the Moorfield engagement. A full account of the battle appeared in the "Leader" of Sunday, July 8, last.

The mode of conferring the decoration is simplicity itself. In foreign countries when a decoration is to be conferred it is handed its brave winner in the presence of all the high officials and he is usually attended by a troop or two. Sometimes when it is desired to especially distinguish him the decoration is pinned above his heart by his sovereign's hand. In any event the name of the fortunate recipient is published in the official gazette and by the press of the whole country.

In Captain Kerr's case he was surprised to receive the medal by registered mail one morning, accompanied by an explanatory letter from Colonel F. E. Ainsworth, chief of the record and pension office, together with a copy of the official correspondence, which included General Averell's letter. The postmaster did not know of it, neither did the local community until informed by this paper. On the reverse of the medal is inscribed:

THE CONGRESS

—TO—

CAPT. THOMAS R. KERR,

Co. C, 14th Pa. Cavalry,

—FOR—

Most Distinguished Gallantry
in Action

At Moorfield, W. Va.,

Aug. 7, 1864.

Of these medals, only about a little more than five hundred have been awarded, a fourth of the authorized number. Besides these, congress has in past years ordered between eighty and ninety special medals made since the foundation of our government. Only three of these commemorate events of the late civil war, General Grant received one for his splendid victories; Cornelius Vanderbilt was awarded one for patriotic generosity, while the third went to George Foster Robinson for so bravely defending Secretary Seward when the attempt was made to assassinate him.

George Washington was decorated with a medal for his "wise and spirited conduct in the siege and acquisition of Boston." This was done by congress March 25, 1776, some months before the declaration of independence. General Washington's medal was of gold. He himself believed in acknowledging bravery and long, faithful service, and ordered special chevrons for privates and officers who served the colonial army with signal gallantry, and extraordinary fidelity. Benjamin Franklin, then in Paris, was commissioned to secure the designs for the Washington medal. He is recorded as having objected to the congressional medal in the following language:

"The ancients, when they ordained a medal to record the memory of any laudable action and to do honor to the performer of the action, struck a vast number and used them as money. By this means the honor was extended through their own and neighboring nations; every man who received or paid a piece of money was reminded of the virtuous action, the person who performed it and the reward attending it; and the number gave such security to this kind of monument against perishing and being forgotten that some of each of them exist to this day, though more than two thousand years old, and, being now copied in books by the art of engraving and painting, are not only exceedingly multiplied, but likely to remain some thousands of years longer. The man who is honored only by a single medal is obliged to show it to enjoy the honor, which can be done only to a few and often awkwardly. I therefore wish the medals of congress were ordered to be money."

Congress in 1780 gave Gen. Fleury, a Frenchman, a silver medal for his brave conduct at the battle of Stony Point. Other wars which have called for a medal from congress for examples of conspicuous bravery were the war with France, in 1799, when Capt.

Thomas Truxton, of the frigate Constitution, was honored; the war with Tripoli, in 1804, when Commander Preble was remembered for his "gallantry and good service;" the war with England, which gave thirty-seven medals, sixteen for naval victories; the Mexican war, where Major General Zachary Taylor got three medals and Major General Winfield Scott one.

Then there is the President's medal, which was issued first in Jefferson's time, and each President since has had one, excepting President William Henry Harrison, who died so soon after inauguration. These medals bear the bust of the President by whom issued, and, where treaties are made with Indian tribes who inhabit the territory of the United States, it is usual to present to the chief men these presidential medals as a mark of distinction as well as furnish a lasting memorial of the treaty.

From, *Chron. Telegraph*
Pittsburg Pa.
Date, *Sept. 10 1894.*

A FAMOUS CANNON.

THE HISTORIC GUN WORKED UP INTO BADGES AND SOUVENIRS.

How the Citizens of Pittsburgh Turned Out to Keep It From Going South at the Outbreak of the Rebellion—A Scheme to Send Government Arms to Disunionists Thwarted.

The old gun from which the metal attachment of the encampment badges and also the souvenirs authorized by the Executive Board are made, has a history of which Pittsburgh is proud. The gun, which is of bronze, was presented to Pittsburgh by the War Department for the use of the encampment.

Back through the years the cannon carries the memory to stirring times when the citizens of Pittsburgh, in the face of gathering war and wild confusion, showed their loyalty and patriotism during a series of events in which that very gun played a silent but important part. As the story of the gun must be interesting, both on account of its past and its future, the files of the old Pittsburgh "Chronicle" have been looked over and extracts made of the more blood-stirring episodes in connection with attempted shipment South of this and other guns on the steamboat Silver Wave.

On Monday, December 4, 1860, the "Chronicle" says: Our city was thrown



The Famous Gun.

into a state of unwonted excitement to-day by a report to the effect that an order for the removal of the government arms at the United States arsenal in Lawrenceville had been received, and that they should be shipped forthwith, on the Silver Wave to their destination. The arms and material at the arsenal are all to be removed, though why, above all other places, the President should send them to New Orleans, cannot be accounted for unless he desires to strengthen the hands of the disunionists in that city. The Silver Wave, it is also reported gets \$10,000 for taking the arms down. The matter has created intense excitement here and the people are loud in their denunciation of President Buchanan and his policy. He is pronounced a traitor, and but one opinion prevails, namely, that he should at once be impeached. Had not our Republicans better telegraph to Washington and ascertain the motive of this order?"

THE CITIZENS AROUSED.

On Wednesday, December 26, the "Chronicle" published the following particulars: "For hours nothing was heard but denunciations of the traitorous policy of the President, and recommendations to resist the shipment of the guns at all hazard and at any price. The weight of the guns to be removed is 700 tons."

It is then stated that the cannon are to go to Ship Island and to Galveston, Tex. The report continues: "Yesterday afternoon a number of our most influential citizens met in the controller's office and organized by calling Gen. Robinson to the chair. Ex-Governor Johnston, Judge Shaler, C. R. Simpson and R. H. Patterson were chosen vice presidents, and Messrs. Von Bonnhorst, Foster and Leonard, secretaries. After some remarks relative to the impropriety of stripping our arsenal of its ordnance at such a crisis, resolutions were adopted."

Among the resolutions printed in full in the "Chronicle," is the following: "That said committee call on Maj. Tallafiero, of the arsenal, and the contractors for removing and transporting the cannon, and request them to suspend operations until an opportunity has been afforded us to communicate with the authorities at Washington City."

"The committee appointed under the foregoing resolution consists of the following gentlemen: Mayor Wilson, Hon. W. Wilkins, G. W. Jackson, R. H. Patterson, Dr. A. G. McCandless and W. M. Hersch." The committee waited on Maj. Simonton, in command of the arsenal, but he said that unless the order was countermanded, he must carry it into effect. On learning this the committee petitioned Mayor Wilson to call a meeting next day of citizens to protest, either by memorializing the President or otherwise.

The meeting was called for next day, Thursday, December 27, in the court house, but at 2 p. m. it was found that the building would not accommodate the crowd, and an adjournment to City Hall was proposed, but could not be made, as the hall was engaged. The meeting passed resolutions setting forth that "as loyal and Union-loving Pennsylvanians they were determined not to resist the action of the officers of the general government, however infamous it be."

On Saturday, December 29, the "Chronicle" published the fact that the first five of the guns had been removed from the arsenal to the wharf.

THE ORDER COUNTERMANDED.

On January 8, under big headlines, the countermanding of the order was announced in the "Chronicle" as follows: "We received the following special dispatch from Hon. J. K. Moorhead: 'The guns don't go. Men that are in favor of the stars and stripes must run them up now.'" Then follow several other messages, all containing the fact that Floyd's order had been countermanded.

These orders for the shipment of the arms to the South emanated from the then secretary of war, Floyd. So great was the excitement in town that the commander of the Silver Wave was told that if he left the wharf with those guns on board he would be sunk with his boat before getting out of the harbor. This boat afterward became more historic as the first steamer to run the blockade at Vicksburg under command of Capt. John S. Millan.

This action of Pittsburgh citizens in regard to these cannon was the first decided step anywhere in the country against the rebellion. It was the first popular outbreak of opinion of the Unionists.

From, *Chron. Telegraph*

Pittsburg Pa.

Date, *Sept. 11" 1894.*

OLD CITY HALL.

HOW SOLDIERS WERE ENTERTAINED DURING THE WAR.

Nearly Five Hundred Thousand Fed and Cared For—The Grand Work of the Subsistence Committee.

How It Was Planned and Carried on by the Patriotic Citizens of Pittsburgh.

Pittsburgh is no unfamiliar city to thousands of old soldiers from all over the United States who are here this week to attend the Twenty-eighth National Encampment of the G. A. R. The work of her Subsistence Committee during the years of the war has rooted a grateful memory of the Smoky City in the hearts of many veterans.

When weary, hungry and perhaps wounded, whether with their faces turned toward home, after the hard experiences of a campaign, or travel-stained with their rush to the front, Pittsburgh was an oasis of rest for a brief space where solid comfort, good cheer and a hearty welcome were always waiting for the boys in blue. Always waiting for the indefatigable work of the Subsistence Committee went on day and night, and dinner would be served as readily in the "wee sma' hours" of the morning as at midday. There in Old City Hall the cooks were working at a rush all the time, and the sharp rattle of knives and forks wielded by 1,200 men at the long tables resembled the noise of a sharp skirmish beard over the hills.

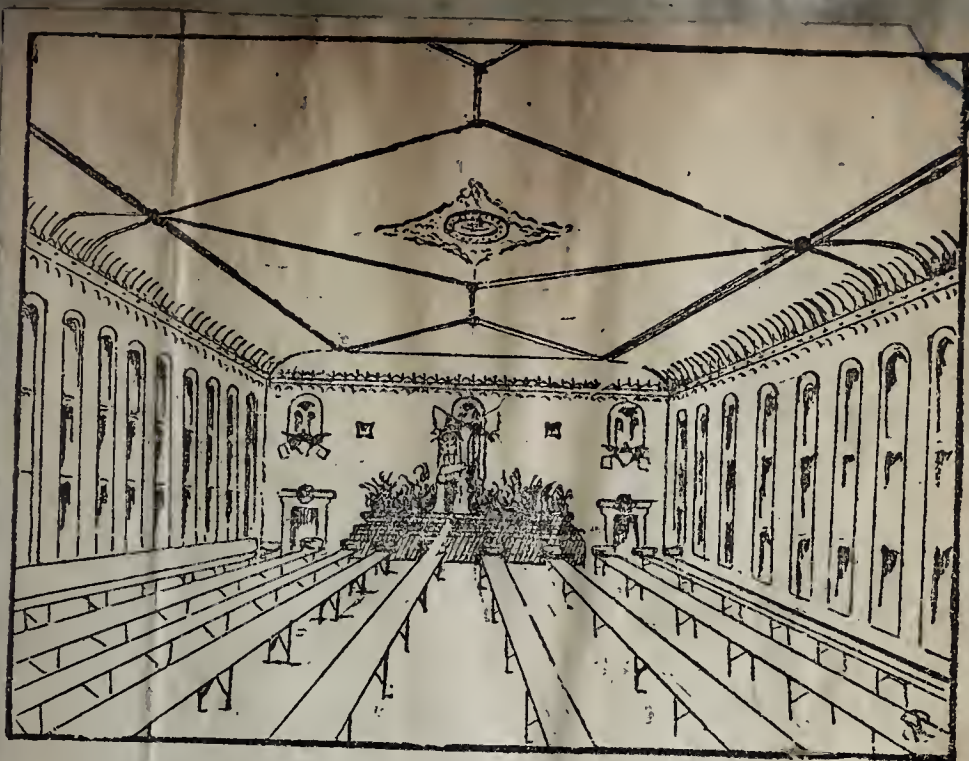
It is scarcely possible, in the limits of an article to give even an adequate idea of what the citizens of Pittsburgh did during those stirring times for their brave defenders as they passed through. Figures are bald, and do not always convey the full meaning of their startling array. For instance, when it is stated that 489,205 soldiers were fed in Old City Hall from the inception of the committee, in the fall of 1861 until the close of the war, one does not realize what that meant, day by day to those who were working so that the soldiers might have a moment's comfort.

The Subsistence Committee was appointed at a meeting of citizens held in August, 1861. Its duty was the providing of refreshments for all regiments and companies passing through, to or from the seat of war. The committee got no pay, and the money was raised by subscriptions. Very soon after its work began the committee opened depots for the reception of hospital stores for sick and wounded, and forwarded them to the front.

HOW THEY WERE ENTERTAINED.

It was in Old City Hall that the work of feeding the soldiers went on. The hall was decorated, that the boys might feel cheerful, and long tables, laden with what to the soldiers were luxuries, ran down the hall. At the head of each table was a large tub of ice water, to cool the parched tongues of the visitors. There was a hospital for sick and wounded and a free medical staff to look after them.

A correspondent, writing at the time of a visit to Old City Hall, said: "Ascending a flight of back stairs we entered the general cooking department adjoining the hall. Here, a jolly old 'contraband' was making coffee in a huge vessel which holds between one and two hundred gallons. The baker was busily engaged delivering an adequate quantity



Old City Hall, From a Sketch by a Pittsburgh Artist
During the War.

409,745
SOLDIERS
*entertained
in*
THIS HALL.

—
79,460
SICK
AND
WOUNDED
provided for at
the
Soldiers' Home.
Total, 489,205.

PITTSBURGH
SUBSISTENCE
COMMITTEE.
organized
August, 1861,
dissolved
January, 1866.
Sustained by
voluntary
contributions
of the
Citizens.

THE MEMORIAL TABLETS.

of as fine flour bread, hot from the oven, as ever-gladdened the palate of a weary and hungry soldier. These loaves were cut into liberal slices, which were buttered, and, with hot coffee, sugar, pickles, etc., placed on the long tables in the hall. Adjoining the opposite end of the hall from the cooking department is an ample room, fitted with comfortable cots, easy chairs, lounges, etc., for the accommodation of the sick, who receive

the best attention, not only from physicians, but from female nurses and attendants, all without fee or reward other than the thanks and benedictions of the grateful patients."

Think what all that meant after weary months of hard tack and "sow belly," as the boys nick-named their bacon. Think what the City Hall cot was to a wounded man after the rough kindness of a field hospital. Bills directed all wounded men to go to the "Soldiers'

Home" of the Subsistence Committee, at 347 Liberty-st, where surgeons were always in attendance. This was the second story of a store and was only one room. It was opened on January 30, 1863. By October of the same year, the "Soldiers' Rest," at Liberty and Eleventh-sts, had been opened where the office of the Adams Express Company is now.

Regiment after regiment, company after company, horse, foot and artillery, and occasionally a whole brigade, passed through. Telegraph operators east and west of the city and instructions to wire the coming of every body of soldiers to the company's offices. The railroad officials then sent word to the Subsistence Committee and everything was ready for the weary men when they got off the cars and reached Old City Hall. In the early mornings, when some unexpected draft had come in, the ladies were sent for and gentlemen detailed to escort them through the streets to City Hall.

READY FOR EMERGENCIES.

Even a brigade of men did not terrify these overworked people or get beyond the means at their command. For instance, out of many such examples, Mlroy's Brigade, the Second, Third, Fifth and Eighth Virginia Regiments, dropped unexpectedly on the city one Wednesday night. All through the darkness, next day and the next night these men were being fed, attended to and shipped on. In three days 8,011 men were fed, and in one week 11,833 meals were served. Exchanged prisoners also have cause to remember Pittsburgh, where they had a good time.

Regiments from nearly every State in which soldiers were enlisted tasted of Pittsburgh's liberality and hospitality. The crack First Connecticut Cavalry, one company of which represented a fortune of \$1,500,000 so well off were the boys, were entertained on their way South.

Of all those who were working, only two cooks and two policemen received pay. Concerts, lectures and theatricals were gotten up in aid of the Subsistence Committee, and it is pathetic to see how patriotic were the programmes rendered on these occasions. Fairs were gotten up, even by the children, that their mite should be turned over for the soldiers' use.

From time to time, monthly and semi-yearly, reports of the work done were sent out and appeals made for help. For instance, the report for the year ending January, 1863, shows that the committee received, in cash and hospital stores, \$50,000 from Allegheny, Lawrence, Mercer, Butler, Fayette, Greene, Washington and Armstrong counties. Contributions amounting to upward of \$12,000 were brought to the committee rooms in one day for an expedition from the committee which was going to Nashville to look after the wounded.

From August 3, 1861, to January, 1863, there were 89,000 soldiers fed in Old City Hall. Of these, 5,000 were wounded, and were provided with clothing and medical attendance. Fifty-five were left in charge of the committee, being unable to proceed further. Of this number, 45 returned to their regiments, 4 were discharged, 3 died and 3 were then in charge of the committee.

It is impossible to give any adequate idea of the number of contributions that

were received. The official statement published afterward is as follows: "While the cash receipts, \$158,334.37, rank Pittsburgh below Boston and New York, the value of her stores were sufficient, \$679,664.89, to make the total cash value of all her receipts \$837,999.26 in excess of the returns of any other city."

SUPPLIES SENT TO HOSPITALS.

Beside this work going on in Old City Hall as a center, but extending all over the adjacent counties, supplies were sent out by the Subsistence Committee to hospitals all along the front. In March, 1863, the report shows that 100,000 troops had been fed and 112,698 articles of clothing, bedding, etc., valued at \$61,000, had been sent to hospitals.

The list of articles forwarded to the hospitals in 1862 by the Pittsburgh Subsistence Committee was as follows: 818 comforts, 2,310 pillows, 2,382 pillow cases, 1,950 sheets, 5,434 towels; 2,543 pads and rings, 17,579 bundles of lint, 9,483 rolls of bandages, 2,240 bundles of muslin, 174 blankets, 2,536 pairs of drawers, 6,290 muslin shirts, 1,850 flannel shirts, 232 bed ticks, 442 neck bands, 279 dressing gowns, 8,001 pairs of socks, 223 mittens, 567 pairs of slippers, 6,885 handkerchiefs, 4,969 cans of fruit, 2,419 pounds of crackers, 1,345 quarts of wine, 1,148 pounds of butter, 2,118 dozen of eggs, 13,307 books, 212 pounds of soap, 6,135 barrels of dried fruit, 1,878 packages of corn starch, farina and tapioca.

Then the appeal was specially for cash, flannel shirts and drawers, muslin shirts, socks, slippers, fruits, jellie; wines and liquors. All contributions were to be left with Messrs. George Albree, Son & Co., Wood-st, or Weyman & Son, Smithfield-st.

At that time the newspapers were full of the work of our patriotic citizens, and the files of the Pittsburgh "Chronicle" teem with instances of the gratitude of sick soldiers; of a sudden rush of thousands of men by rail who must be fed; of some generous contributions; of an expedition to some hospital with the stores collected here; of the disposal of these same stores; of an appeal for aid, etc., etc.

AFTER THE WAR.

When the work of the committee closed all the goods that had rendered such yeoman service through the years of war were disposed of. Auction bills are still preserved by citizens who lived then, which run as follows: "Auction sale at Old City Hall, on account of the Subsistence Committee, Wednesday morning, December 13, 1865, at 9 o'clock: 2,000 tin plates, 2,000 tin cups, 500 white china plates, 500 do do cups and saucers, 500 white mugs, 300 vegetable dishes, white china pitchers, bowls, etc.; also 200 yds. rag carpet, 200 yds. flannel, 200 yds. muslin; also beds, bedding, tables, chairs, spoons, knives, forks, tubs, buckets, etc., etc."

Surely this list of the articles on hand, used day and night for four years, conveys as much as anything else can, the work done by Pittsburgh in Old City Hall during the war.

The following is a list of the Subsistence Committee in March, 1863: Augustus H. Lane, Ben F. Vandervort, Robert

C. Albee, Oliver Lemon, Harry Robinson, Wm. B. Edwards, John McQ. Woods, Ernest Schwartz, W. W. Young, Charles P. Caldwell, George W. McClure, Thomas Carnegie, B. F. Weymen, George Little, Edwin H. Nevin, Mrs. Joseph. Albee, Miss Anna Thaw, Miss I. B. Haines, Miss Mary Park, Miss H. K. Weyman, Miss Sabina Townsend, Miss Maria E. Lain, Miss Lizle P. Albee, Miss Kate Denniston, Miss Lidle Thaw, Miss Emma Kennedy, Miss Alice Kennedy, Miss M. Bruehlocker, Miss Lizzie Atwood, Miss Sydney Lemon, Miss Mary Bryan, Miss Rebecca Howard, Miss Sallie Breed, Miss Mary Maitland, Miss Mary Robinson, Miss Mary Moorehead, Miss Hettie Moorehead.

From, *Times*
McKeesport Pa.
 Date, *Sept 13 1894.*

A BRIEF HISTORY

Of the Bustling Hive of Industry,
 McKeesport.

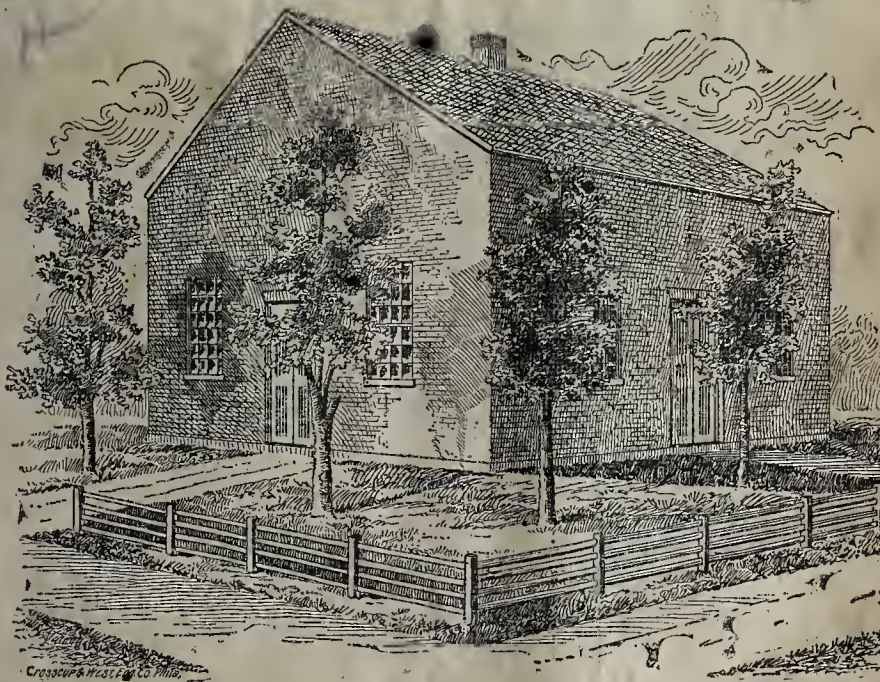
A SOLID SUBSTANTIAL COMMUNITY

A small Clearing In the Wilderness of One-Hundred Years Ago Becomes the Great City of To-day—Some of it's Noteworthy Characteristics.

The birth of McKeesport dates back to the time when this part of the country was largely a wilderness, just beginning to show in spots here and there, the small clearings made by the sturdy pioneer who had turned his face Westward, determined to develop this great country and through that deveopement to improve his own condition.

Among these sturdy pioneers was David McKee, who came here from Philadelphia in 1755, and under the protection of Queen Alliquippa, of the Delaware tribe of Indians, settled permanently at the confluence of the Monongahela and Youghiogheny rivers, the site of McKeesport. McKee built a log cabin and became the first white settler in this neighborhood.

Braddock's army passed through here to meet its defeat at Braddock's Field, in 1755, and the night before the battle it encamped near the present city line on White Oak Level, where there is a spring known as Braddock's spring. It is record-



THE FIRST CHURCH ERECTED IN McKEESPORT.

It was a union church and was built in 1819 at the corner of Sixth and Market streets. It was 40 feet square, the inside was not plastered and the ceiling was rough boards. In 1842 it was torn down and the site is now occupied by the First Presbyterian church. The above is a good picture of the old building.



CUT OF A MODERN McKEESPORT CHURCH.

ed that Queen Alliquippa viewed the army as it passed down Crooked Run Hollow to the Monongahela river where it forded the stream. The immortal George Washington was with the army and he had a confer-

ence with the Queen in order to pacify her for an alleged offense given by the Braddock host, and he succeeded well. Braddock's army is said to have given a dress parade on the ground now occupied



THE FIRST SCHOOL HOUSE IN McKEESPORT.

It was situated on Fourth avenue, west of Market street, and stood right in the middle of the street. It was built by private subscription in 1832. Its dimensions were 20x32 feet. It was moved in 1849 to the rear of the lot adjoining the parsonage of the First Presbyterian church, on Market street, where it remains to-day, forming part of a bakery.

by the town of Duquesne, which was doubtless the first event of the kind in this neighborhood, and from that scene the soldiers marched directly to defeat at the mouth of Turtle Creek.

David McKee established a skiff ferry at the confluence of the two rivers soon after his arrival here and in 1784 he obtained a charter for it. That charter holds good to-day and a ferry is still maintained under it. David McKee died on October 11, 1795, but some time prior to his death he had transferred the site of McKeesport to his son John McKee, who was a successful man of business according to the rating of those days. John was borne in Ireland in 1746 and at the death of his father he was 40 years of age. After the whiskey insurrection he became somewhat involved financially, prior to 1795. He determined to realize upon some of his land and projected a new town which afterward became McKeesport. It was formerly called McKees' Ferry. He secured a surveyor and laid out upwards of 200 lots, each fronting 60 feet front by 140 feet deep, each fronting a street and running back to an alley. The two principal streets, Market and Fourth, were made 80 feet wide, the others 60 feet wide. The lines of the town ran up the Youghiogheny river from the Point to Ninth street, thence to Walnut, thence to the Monongahela river and thence to place of beginning at the mouth of the Youghiogheny river. Relying upon the speculative qualities of the people even in those days, McKee originated a lottery to dispose of his town lots. He sold tickets for \$10 each and each ticket drew a lot, or it designated some particular lot which the holder of the ticket could secure a deed for by an additional investment of \$10, thus making the lots cost the purchaser \$20 each. Many of the lots were sold in this manner and some years afterwards about half of them were resold by the tax collectors for the unpaid taxes against them. McKee's scheme started a town however and from it grew the present prosperous city. John McKee died in 1807.

Up until 1830 the town did not amount to more than a settlement. About that time the coal deposits in the Monongahela and Youghiogheny valleys attracted attention and John Harrison opened a mine opposite McKeesport. Other similar ventures followed and it helped the town at once. With the development of the coal

trade the valleys began to build up an McKeesport felt the blood of a new life pulsating within it's veins. It's favorable location established it as the metropolis of the valleys and it to-day retains that prestige. It was incorporated as a borough in 1842. In 1855 the Pittsburg and Connellsville railway (now the Baltimore and Ohio) was built, and that added to the facilities of the town. Prior to the war, however, it continued to be a small place. It depended upon the river traffic in coal for it's maintenance and the inhabitants in 1860 did not exceed 2500 in number.

From, *Irish*
McKeesport Pa.
 Date, *Sept 13th 1894,*

OLD LANDMARKS.

Only five Buildings in the City Sixty-four Years Old.

Standing within a few hundred yards of the very heart of the city are five monuments which, if they could speak, might relate many things of interest, as they occurred during the early history of McKeesport. These monuments are in the shape of buildings, which have withstood the wear and tear of some 64 years or more and from present indications are likely to round out the century. One of these now forms a part of the W. Dewees Wood Company's offices on Walnut street, another is a frame structure on Third avenue between Walnut street and Blackberry alley, another a log cabin (now weather-boarded) at the south east corner of Market street and Third avenue, another at the north east corner of Second avenue, between Mulberry alley, and the remaining one on Second avenue between Mulberry and Blackberry alleys. The building at the corner of Second avenue and Mulberry alley was used for a long time as a tavern and was conducted by Samuel M. Rose, Matthew Slater and others.

From, *Chron. Telegraph*
Pittsburg Pa.
 Date, *Sept. 15* "1894.

THE OLD STONE TAVERN.

One of the Proposed Sites for the West End Branch Library.

The citizens committee of the West End, appointed some time ago to select a sight upon which to build the district Carnegie Library, will give the matter their earliest attention. The committee, of which Prof. Andrews is chairman, has several sites in view. One place under consideration is the Wightman glass house property, which adjoins the Thirty-sixth ward school; another is Friend's field, near the corner of Main and West Carson-sts; and another is the corner near the West End "Record" office.

Some of the citizens suggest the site where the famous old Stone Tavern stands, on the pike. This is a historical place, and before there were any railroads in this section such men as Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, James G. Blaine and numerous other noted men used to make it their stopping place on their way to Washington and Jefferson college. Those in favor of this site argue that it is one of the most convenient places to locate the library, but the citizens residing in the Thirty-fourth, Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth wards will probably oppose this location, as one is required to walk up a steep hill to get to the place.

The committee desire to have the building built as near the business center of the district as possible, as well as near the schools.

From, *Dispatch*
Pittsburg Pa.
 Date, *Sept. 23* "1894.

THE OLD BATTERY TAVERN.

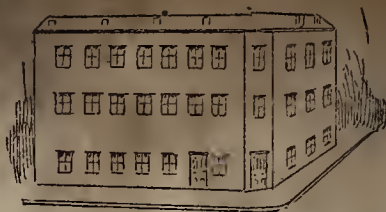
Memories of a Quaint Old Place in Times That Have Gone By.

The Old Battery Tavern, of Pittsburg, Pa., Years ago passed its existence away; But a memory of it still doth last.

Although it is gone and now of the past.

Our subject was located in the old three-story brick building corner of Grant street and Webster avenue, formerly Webster street, of our city. In old times Webster street was called and known as "Coal lane."

The building containing the Old Battery tavern is the same now owned and occupied by P. C. Duffy as a hotel. The Old Battery



The Old Battery Tavern.

tavern was kept and conducted by Cornelius Horgan in the years 1882, 1883, when the name in his occupancy of it, was painted in very large letters upon its Grant street front. Had this tavern been in existence during the recent visit and entertainment of the Grand Army of the Republic, it would have been viewed with interest by thousands who had heard of its fame in the old days.

However, the Old Battery has passed away as a tavern and only exists in the memory of the past times. The times of our city are changed. New times are now going on. Old buildings, etc., are changed and new buildings on as grand a scale as permitted erected in their place. So the Old Battery, in the language of the poet, has "gone glimmering through the dream of things that were." FRITZ.

From, *Chron. Telegraph*
Pittsburg Pa.
 Date, *Oct. 11* "1894.

A CENTURY OLD.

THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION
 OF THE UNION CHURCH.

Very Interesting Services in Robinson Township's Quaint Old Edifice—Large and Interested Audiences From the Surrounding Country—History of the Church and Its Pastors Since the Organization.

The exercises attending the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the Union United Presbyterian church, in Robinson township, began at 10 a. m. The church is located on a hill, nine miles from the city on the Steubenville pike. It is a one-story brick structure, and at present has a membership of 155.

The church is a plain building, but can be seen from all points of the Mansfield Valley. More attention is attracted to the church now than ever before, from the fact that oil was struck in the church yard, and four large derricks surround the building. This has been a paying investment, and enabled the congregation to pay all the debts and

leave a balance of about \$12,000 in the treasury. A fine country surrounds the quaint old church. Those attending the services were principally farmers, the nearest town being Carnegie, five miles away.

The church is at present without a pastor, Rev. J. A. Douthett, the last pastor, having accepted a call to Uniontown three months ago. An interesting programme had been prepared for the celebration, and the church was crowded at both the morning and afternoon gatherings. There was, of course, no one present who remembered the early days, but nearly all were descendants of the congregation. The church was originally called the Lower Robinson Run, and the church at Mt. Lebanon the Upper Robinson Run, the same pastor filling both charges. These churches are attached to the Monongahela presbytery.

Rev. J. C. Boyd, of the Mt. Lebanon church, was appointed to convey the greetings of the Pittsburgh presbytery to the congregation of the century old church. Addresses were made by two of the former pastors, Revs. J. D. Turner and L. Marks. Rev. F. A. Hutchinson, of Noblestown, made the opening prayer. The pastors of the Presbyterian and Methodist churches, were present, and extended the greetings of their congregations. There were also some interesting addresses by members who were brought up in the church.

The morning programme was as follows: Anthem, choir; Bible Song, No. 140; Scripture, Rev. J. A. Douthett; Bible Song, No. 86; Prayer, Rev. F. A. Hutchinson; History of Congregation, Samuel S. Glass; Bible Song, No. 168; History of L. M. S., Rosa Glass; History of O. Y. P. C. U., Clara Phillips; History of Mission Band, Bernice Woodling; Bible Song, No. 189;

After a recess for dinner the exercises were continued as follows: Anthem, choir; Greeting from Presbytery, Rev. J. C. Boyd, D. D.; Bible Song, No. 2 Special; Greetings from Neighboring Congregations, Rev. Hugh Rosborough and Rev. J. J. Beacom, D. D.; Bible Song, No. 216; Greetings from Former Pastors, Rev. Lafayette Marks, Rev. J. D. Turner and Rev. J. A. Douthett; Bible Song, No. 217; Greetings from Offspring Churches, by Rev. G. H. Getty, Rev. T. C. Atchison, Mr. Milo Irons, J. A. Evans, Esq., and Rev. A. P. Duncan; Bible Song, No. 227; Greetings from Rev. H. C. McFarland, Rev. William Neely, Rev. Lafayette Marks, Rev. G. A. Robinson, Rev. J. C. Young, Rev. S. J. Glass, Rev. A. W. Verner, Rev. O. N. Verner and Rev. J. S. Phillips; Anthem, choir; Bible Song, No. 98; Benediction, Rev. J. W. English.

Since the founding of the church 100 years ago, there have been eight pastors in charge. The first was Rev. J. Riddell, who served from 1794 to 1816. The others were Rev. M. Kerr, 1819 to 1828; Rev. A. S. Fulton, 1833 to 1839; Rev. J. Ekin, 1839 to 1853; Rev. W. McMillan, 1855 to 1857; Rev. L. Marks, 1860 to 1867; Rev. J. D. Turner, 1868 to 1874; Rev. J. A. Douthett, 1876 to 1894.

Rev. John Riddell, the first pastor of the church, died on September 4, 1829, his last words being: "I am going home." He was born in 1758 in County Monaghan, Ireland; was graduated at Glasgow University, Scotland, in 1782, and studied theology in the Burgher Hall under John Brown, of Haddington; was

licensed June 14, 1788, and ordained on November 18 of that year. He was the pastor of a congregation in County Down from 1788 to 1793. He came to the United States, and on May 15, 1794, he was received by the Second Associate Reformed Presbytery of Pennsylvania and accepted the same day a call from the congregations of Robinson Run and Union and was installed August 15, 1794. He resigned the Union charge September 11, 1816, and retained the other until his death. He possessed a mind of a very superior order; he was not only scholarly, but he thought clearly, logically, profoundly, and had very great influence in his ecclesiastical relations. He was very much attached to the distinctive principles of the Associated Reformed church, and in the old General Synod steadily opposed every innovation, and was one of the leaders in the reorganization of the synod of Schoto into the Independent Synod of the West.

The second pastor of the church, Rev. Moses Kerr, was born and educated in Ireland. He came to the United States in the autumn of 1818, and united with Monongahela presbytery, being assigned to the Union church May 5, 1819. He died October 11, 1830.

Rev. A. S. Fulton, who succeeded him in May, 1833, was born in Allegheny county in 1805. He graduated from the Western University in 1828, and studied theology in Allegheny. He died at Tarentum, Pa., March 10, 1845.

Rev. John Ekin, D. D., was born February 15, 1812, in Westmoreland county, and graduated from the Western University in 1835. He was ordained May 2, 1839. He was pastor of Union church for 14 years, and died in Topeka, Kas., September 30, 1869.

Rev. William MacMillan was born in Pittsburgh April 6, 1826, was graduated at Duquesne College in 1847, and after studying theology was licensed to preach March 27, 1850. After serving two years at Union he joined the Presbyterian church, and is now stationed at Ross, O.

Rev. Lafayette Marks, D. D., was born in Hancock county, W. Va., and was graduated at Franklin in 1856. He was pastor of the Union church from 1860 to 1867, when he also left and joined the Presbyterian church. Since that time he has been pastor of a church at Wilmington, Del.

Rev. James Duff Turner was born February 26, 1834, at Wilkinsburg, graduated at Franklin in 1859, and was ordained October 10, 1861. He was pastor of Union church until 1874.

Rev. J. A. Douthett succeeded Mr. Duff in 1876, and remained until about three months ago. He was born May 19, 1851, in Butler county, and graduated at Westminster in 1873.

From, *Leader*
Pittsburg Pa.
 Date, *Oct. 18* 1894.

NOT MERELY TRADITION.

**JOHN EPLEY, AGED 85, SAYS HE
 CAN LOCATE FT. DUQUESNE**

**Tunnels—He Tells of an Underground
 Passageway in Which There Was a
 Magazine, and Claims That Be-
 yond the Latter Was the Secret
 Avenue of Escape—His Story Par-
 tially Corroborated by Wm. Rose-
 berg, the Banker—Interesting In-
 formation About the Old Fort.**

John Epley, almost a centenarian, claims to know where the ancient tunnel which ran from Old Fort Duquesne to the Allegheny river is located. He gives a vivid and seemingly accurate description of the subterranean passageway, and cites incidents in history to substantiate the tradition of the tunnel. His narrative is partially corroborated by Mr. William Roseberg, of the Bank of Pittsburg, though the latter differs as to one important link in the chain of history and legend.

A representative of the "Leader" called on Mr. Epley at his home, 247 Center avenue, and requested that he locate as best he could the old tunnel. Mr. Epley is past 85 years of age, but retains all his faculties, and takes a lively interest in anything connected with the region around where his early manhood was spent.

"I can locate exactly the spot where the old tunnel was," he said. "When a young man I was employed by Wm. Roseberg, who afterward became postmaster of Pittsburg, and whose son is now connected with one of the banks. Mr. Roseberg kept a carpenter shop right alongside the old Fort Duquesne. That is, Roseberg's dwelling house was located on Liberty street; the carpenter shop was in the rear on an alley. This is the alley that runs between Penn street and Liberty, and on part of which the Duquesne freight depot has been built. The old tunnel came out on this alley and ran in a straight line to the river. The entrance was built a few feet above the ground, and was made of cut stone. I believe there was an arch over it, and it was a pretty good piece of work, too, for those days. The stone was Pittsburg stone, and was so soft that it was full of bul-

let marks. In this tunnel was a magazine, where the ammunition of the troops was stored. I have often been in the tunnel, but never attempted to explore the other end of it, because in the years that had gone by the river had raised above it and the water was forced through it. It would have been dangerous to try to find an opening. There was no doubt then, and there is no doubt in my mind, that this tunnel was intended as a means of escape in case the troops were surprised by the Indians or other foes. It was also used to supply the soldiers with water.

"I remember when the magazine was removed. That was in 1834 or thereabouts. I saw them take the old pins (wooden pins) out of the magazine that were used to pin the logs of the stockade together. The stones were taken away and used to build a wall in this alley where the mouth of the tunnel was. I suppose if you newspapermen had been about then you would have explored the tunnel, but we didn't have so much curiosity then as the folks of to-day. We used to throw our shavings into the mouth of the tunnel and I have often rested under its shade. If Roseberg's house is still standing there you can locate the tunnel directly back of it facing Liberty street."

William Roseberg when spoken to said that his father's house was still standing where it was when Epley was employed in the carpenter shop. The shop was located, he said, on Brewery alley back of the Duquesne depot.

"I remember well the spot Mr. Epley speaks of," said Mr. Roseberg, "but I think he is mistaken about it being the tunnel of which there is so much talk now. My impression is that it was simply a magazine. It was built of cut stone and arched, as you say, and there were bullet marks on the stones. The magazine ran down about ten feet below the ground and the bottom was filled up with dirt and rubbish at the time I remember it, but that was years after the time referred to by Mr. Epley."

"Is it not possible that the magazine was located in the tunnel and that below the dirt and rubbish you say was at the bottom of the magazine there may have been a secret tunnel?" was asked.

"Of course that is a possibility, but I do not think it probable. I have been in the magazine a hundred times, I suppose, and I never have heard it spoken of as a tunnel. Of course I have heard something about a series of tunnels running to the river from within the fort, but I have never known their location. There is no doubt that Mr. Epley refers to the same magazine that I have in mind because he has located it exactly, but I am inclined to believe he has got the tunnel and the magazine mixed. It was on Brewery alley, which was located between Liberty and Penn streets and extended from Marberry street (now Third street) to the river. It was nearly opposite the old block house, I presume 200 yards distance."

Major Howard Morton, who takes a lively interest in all things historical and particularly in the traditions of Old Fort Duquesne, because he is a "son of the revolution," was called upon for information. Mr. Morton, however,

was as much in the dark as anybody else regarding the location of the tunnel and said he had not been able to find any reference to it in any of the histories of Pittsburgh or the Old Fort. He was inclined to believe, however, that the tunnels actually exist and that they will turn up some day. He remembered when one of the old magazines was turned up by workmen who were making excavations in 1854 for the Pennsylvania freight depot. This magazine was located directly on the spot where the depot now stands, whereas the one described by Messrs. Rosenberg and Epley was a considerable distance beyond that place on Brewery alley. This magazine is shown on a map of the Old Fort drawn in 1754 and now in possession of Mr. Morton. It is described as a magazine and the map shows that it was several feet under ground, so that there is a possibility that Mr. Epley's recollections are correct and that what appeared to be only a magazine is in reality also an avenue of escape. This map also shows a magazine located directly on the spot where the Duquesne depot now stands and the one turned up in 1854.

Major Morton remembers the logs of the magazine were carted away. A number of them were taken to Philadelphia by the Pennsylvania railroad company and turned into furniture for the offices of the company there. Other portions of this memorable timber were secured by James Reed, the well-known jeweler and were turned into canes.

The Daughters of the Revolution began the work of excavating around the old block house last week for the purpose of locating the supposed tunnels. According to tradition, one of these tunnels went to the Monongahela river to supply the troops with water, another ran to the Allegheny, then known as the Ohio river, and still another went several hundred feet down into the Point and connected with breastworks or some other sort of earthworks located there. This was to protect troops in an emergency when the river was low and fordable for strong men. The Indians thought nothing of fording the river there at times, and it was to prevent sallies of these foes that the earthworks were constructed and the tunnel built to them. The other tunnel connected the block house and fort, and made communication between them easy at all times, either during hostilities or in time of peace. Indications of the old tunnel have already been found on the property owned by the Daughters of the Revolution and at one other point, in an alley some distance below. Apparently the passageway was walled and covered with wood, only partly hewn. Great chunks of the wood have been found, and in many cases, when people were excavating for cellars, etc., they have found what was apparently two walls and between was a conglomeration of wood and other debris well mixed with earth.

But by far the most important discovery was made at the time of the building of the Pennsylvania freight depot. Among the laborers there was Thomas Adley, and he is the man who has undertaken to locate the tunnel at the present time. Mr. Adley says that while he and two other men were

working together there, the ground suddenly gave way under them, and they fell into a hole apparently running toward the Point, as the other sides were boarded up. They investigated as far as possible, but found the tunnel caved in in front of them, and could proceed no further. The two men who were with Mr. Adley have since died, and he says he is the only man living who can locate the old tunnel.

Mr. Adley has for a long time been employed as a laborer for W. A. Heron & Sons, and has done considerable work on the Schenley property in the Point district. In this way he says he has secured other information which he thinks will aid him in his search for the historical tunnel. When he learned that the Daughters of the Revolution had secured the property, he decided it was a good time to get rich. So he went to the secretary of the society and offered to locate the tunnel for \$1,000. He then offered to come down in his price, and was later sent to Architect Orth, who has charge of the restoration of the Block House. They finally struck a bargain about ten days ago. Mr. Adley is to locate the tunnel, and then call the attention of the society to it, after which they will decide what is to be done.

The work did not begin at once, but now there are about half a dozen men employed, and ditches have been opened in all parts of the society's grounds around the fort. From the indications so far it is proven that the tunnels did exist, and there is every assurance that at least a portion of them will be opened.

From, *Dispatch*
Pittsburg Pa.
Date, *Oct. 28* 1894.

THE FOURTH STREET ROAD.

Orchards and Gardens Were Numerous Where Now Is Heard the

SHARP CLANG OF THE CABLE CAR.

Landmarks Which Are Being Swept Away
by Recent Progress.

CHANGES OF THE LAST HALF CENTURY

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

All the old residents of Pittsburg know what is meant by the "Fourth street road." Even in the memory of men now in their prime our present Fifth avenue was known among them by that name, as well as the Farmers and Mechanics turnpike. The Fifth avenue of 50 or 60 years ago termi-

dated at Grant street. The present avenues numbered 1, 2, 3, etc., were then called streets, so that Fifth avenue was then Fifth street, but when the tier of streets between Liberty avenue and the Allegheny river were designated by numbers, a different method was used with the former streets, and they were called avenues.

The old Fourth street road began at Grant and Diamond streets and led through fields and orchards in the rear of the Court House. The present Old avenue is a part of the old road. The part of the present Fifth avenue from the Court House to its junction with Old avenue was laid out at a later date.

Fifty or sixty years ago the first resident on the old road as you left Grant street was Judge Ross, after whom our Ross street is named. Judge Ross had a fine apple orchard which was a source of delight to the small boys of the neighborhood, and considerable vexation to its owner. The boys simply "took" the apples. It was not considered stealing. Everybody remembers Hardscrabble. Hardscrabble was that settlement of miserable hovels on the present Old avenue between Shingiss street and the jail. These "eyesores" were recently removed, thanks to the generosity of Mrs. Schenley, who gave the ground for the Newsboys' Home which now occupies the spot.

Scene of the First Hanging.

The valley in the rear of this property, through which now runs the "Panhandle" Railroad, was the scene in 1818 of the hanging of the first man that ever met death in this way in Pittsburgh. Tiernan was the man's name. He was charged with murder of the most heinous sort. Fully 10,000 people witnessed the execution. At that time there was a small stream called Suke's run that meandered through the valley, and which had its source up near the present Pride street. This run was part of the eastern boundary of the manor of Pittsburgh, which was laid out in 1769.

Immediately adjoining the Schenley estate was the property of old Squire Daft. Squire Daft was a noted schoolmaster or "pedagogue" of the dear old times of 60 years ago.

His estate extended to the present Stevenson street, where the Reis estate then began. The Reis property extended one square, and afterwards was the seat of Reissville, the remembrance of which is still fresh in the minds of many yet living.

At that time the entire region known as the Sixth ward, etc., was one congregation of fine fruit orchards, vegetable gardens, spacious lawns and wheat fields, not to speak of the fine nutting ground that had seen many a rollicking Saturday excursion party. But the great Pittsburgh octopus has reached its arms out and drawn all this beautiful country into its own busy, bustling self, and we have now instead of the delights of nature, a wilderness of brick and mortar.

The Residence of a Character.

On the opposite side of the road from the Reis estate were the landed possessions of "Old Billy Price," a character in those days. He built as his residence the singular round house that stood on Fifth avenue, near Stevenson street, until this year it was torn down.

Mr. Price was very eccentric, and had a reputation therefor far and wide.



Old Schoolhouse, Robinson Street.

Old Billy's reason for building his house in this circular shape was that the devil could not catch him by cornering him.

He kept a very sagacious old crow. When the small boys on plundering expeditions appeared the feathered sentinel would call out: "Boys in garden! Boys in garden!" and old Billy would appear with his gun, whereupon the small boys would "light out" over the fences with pockets full of choice fruit.

Next to the Price property was the Tustin estate, which extended clear to the Monongahela river. Mr. Tustin bought this property from Mrs. Murray, who had got it direct from the Penn heirs. Mrs. Murray's deed covered all the territory enclosing Soho hollow, and extended from Miltenberger street to Craft avenue. Mr. Tustin bought a large slice at the present Jumonville street, and afterward donated a cemetery for the poor. He called his place Soho, from Soho square, in Birmingham, England, of which city he was a native. He was a noted machinist, and had the honor of building the machinery for the first steamboat built at Pittsburgh. Dinwiddie street was then known as Schaefer's lane, and was on his place. His memory is embalmed in our present Tustin street. Miltenberger street was named in honor of a family of Miltenbergers, who had a fine old farm and homestead in that locality. They had a beautiful cabbage garden fronting on the Fourth street road. Opposite the Miltenberger farm was the dairy of Yost Rook, who held title to about 50 acres.

A Notable Structure.

One of our most interesting landmarks is the residence of the late John Miller at Forbes, near Jumonville street. The house was built over 60 years ago and was then a noble structure with its large porch and magnificent surroundings, which the cutting through of Forbes street despoiled.

A beautiful lawn led from the house to the road.

The great hollow at Soho was a serious hindrance to travel 60 years ago, as there was then no fill there as at present and the road led up precipitous grades. This place was the scene of more than one accident. At one time a culvert bridge was built which somewhat remedied matters, but not until the immense fill of to-day was completed was the travel by any means feasible.

Just at Soho was a tollgate which had been successively moved from High street, to Washington street, to Stevenson street, to Miltenberger street and to Soho, and from that point done away with.

A memorable landmark of the city's growth is the old school house, near Robinson street, on Fifth avenue. This dilapidated old structure is now occupied by



OLD COLTART HOMESTEAD, FORBES STREET AND COLTART SQUARE.

dark-hued sons of Africa. Within its classic walls the A B C's of some of our most worthy citizens were voiced. At that time Mollie Murray, the personage aforementioned, kept a tavern right near it. This historic old inn, now entirely extinct, commanded a fine view of the Monongahela river from its broad verandahs. Within its walls echoed many a shout of the old Whig elections, and if its walls could now speak they could tell of many a gay party there assembled to partake of Mollie Murray's good cheer and "set ups" and "chase the glowing hours with flying feet." Attached to the hospitable old inn was a commodious hostelry. How changed all this prospect now! Instead of rumbling "bus" over country roads and huge oaks and cherries and sylvan groves to fascinate the eye we now have our rattling, bell clanging cable cars ceaselessly rolling over stone pavements.

The Changes of Time.

The great unsightly hill just at this place was owned by Dr. Gazzam, who was then a prominent physician. Robinson street was then a country lane leading up to a brewery. Dr. Gazzam's residence still stands opposite the St. Agnes R. C. Church.

The vast Chadwick farm extended from Mrs. Murray's possessions at Craft avenue to Boquet street, Oakland, and extended clear to the Monongahela river. This farm was famous for its huge barn and cozy, comfortable homestead, alas! now all gone, and was the scene of innumerable picnics and corn huskings and sugar making "bees," etc. It was bought by Mr. Charles Taylor and laid out in 10 and 20 acre farms. Among the earliest purchasers was James S. Craft, a prominent attorney at law, who built for his residence the noble mansion now occupied as the Pittsburgh Hospital for Children.

Mr. Clarke, who erected the beautiful mansion at Forbes street and Craft avenue, and Mr. Eichbaum, who upput the magnificent pile on Fifth avenue, near Halketstreet, were also purchasers. As most of the purchasers of this Taylor plan were members of the Third Presbyterian Church, the settlement became known as the "Third Church Colony."

This "colony" secured the services of one Sammel Ward, who started a line of "busses" from the city to Oakland. It was an exhilarating spectacle to see these "busses" thundering along, the horses dripping with foam, the long whips cracking, the long ear-splitting tin horns screeching and the drivers gesticulating. These are all glories that the present Pittsburger knows not of in the round of his prosaic existence.

Joining the Chadwick farm at Oakland were Mrs. Schenley's possessions toward the south and Neville B. Craig toward the north. Mr. Craig, who was a very prominent man in his day, owned all the present Bellefield clear to Neville street, which was then merely a lane.

In the early "fifties" East Pittsburg, or the present Bellefield, was laid out by Robert Curling and Henry Reis. Among the first "settlers" was Mr. Edward Dithridge, from whom the present Dithridge street derived its name.

Acreage Prices Then and Now.

On the other side of Neville street toward East Liberty was the large farm of old Davy Aiken. Mr. Aiken was a great character in his day. He had magnificent orchards and gardens on his farm. On the opposite side of the road was the Beelan estate, with its old loghouse. Property here sold in 1826 at \$70 an acre, which was then considered very high.

Coal land on Herron Hill was deemed more valuable, and sold at about \$100 per acre, and this even within the last 50 years, as real estate firms in this city can attest. The same property along Fifth avenue is now quoted at \$30,000 to \$50,000 per acre.

At the time the above sale was made Mr. Beelan's loghouse was the only habitation from Neville street to East Liberty.

The McFarland brothers were extensive real estate owners along the old road, and held title 50 years ago to both sides from Beelan's estate at Moorewood avenue clear to East Liberty.

That property to-day is worth untold millions. At East Liberty the road terminated.

The study of the old road would form a wide and splendid field for the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Nothing better illustrates the progress of 60 years along this

and than a comparison of its condition in the "thirties" with that of the present.

There are many yet living who remember that when one wanted to go to town he had to "foot" it unless he was fortunate enough to possess a carriage. At a later period "busses" were run to accommodate the public, then horse cars appeared and lastly the advent of the cable road thrust the more meager means of transportation into oblivion. And now along this region that 50 years ago was magnificent forests and trim gardens and beautiful orchards, there is one of the finest resident districts in the United States.

From,

Pittsburg Pa.

Date, Dec. 9th 1894.

MAN OF MANY FORTUNES.

A RIVER CAPTAIN, A COTTON GROWER, AN ARMY TRADER AND A HOTEL KEEPER.

PERILOUS LIFE IN WAR DAYS.

Chapters From the Life of Charles A. Hay.

CHOSEN AS SECOND IN TWO DUELS.

One of the most unique and interesting characters of this section is a man now living alone in a little one-story cabin in a village that bears his name. In the evening of his days he looks back on a career that has tossed him roughly at times on the sea of life. He has been Fortune smile and frown alternately. He has been wealthy more than once; has been the central figure of some interesting adventures, and has, in short, lived much and lived long.

Haysville, a hamlet 11 miles out the Ft. Wayne, is named after Charles A. Hay. Mr. Hay is a white-haired, vigorous man, in his 69th year, but his eye is as bright as an eagle's, and his complexion clear as a child's.

His cabin stands in a deep ravine, whose mouth laps the Ohio river. He is the assessor of the township, and is well known and highly respected by a large circle of acquaintances. This being the case, it will surprise no one to learn that he has always been a Democrat, and has read "The Post" for 40 years.

Mr. Hay settled in Haysville in 1875, and since that time has led a retired life. But prior to that his career was checkered by a remarkable series of "ups and downs." Yesterday a "Post" re-

porter visited him. Some features of his life are interesting.

He was born in Pittsburg, at the corner of Second avenue and Grant street, in 1826, when the city boasted of five wards. At that time there was a large water reservoir where the court house now stands. At 20 years of age he took to steamboating, and for 20 years he followed the rivers from Pittsburg to St. Paul and New Orleans. All the old-time rivermen now afloat know Captain Hay, for he boated the Ohio and Mississippi many years as a subordinate and captain.

It was in 1846 that he made his first trip as second clerk under Captain James Parkinson, on the "Uncle Ben." The next year he was on the side-wheeler "Trenton" as first clerk, and next served on the "Consul." In 1849 he had charge of the "Tuscarora's" office, and then followed service on the "Fairmount," the "Glancus" and the "Luella."

In the spring of 1852 he bought the "Tuscarora" and sold her in the fall at a handsome profit. In 1853 he sold the "Vienna," which he had built. In 1857 he built the "Minnesota," and in 1858 he took her south and entered the sugar and cotton trade between New Orleans and Bayou Vermillion in the winter, and Red river points in the summer.

Then the War Came.

The Minnesota was burned at New Orleans in 1861, and this brought Mr. Hay back to Pittsburg, where he "law-ed" for two years to recover insurance money. Before he left New Orleans the war had come, and he and other river captains were compelled to haul down the stars and stripes and run up the Pelican flag.

In 1862 the double desire for trade and adventure took Captain Hay down the river to Vicksburg, which Grant was blockading. Captain Hay, on the steamer Pringle, traded among Grant's fleet on perilous waters, and then went into the cotton-planting and sugar-growing business. He tells the story of those days as follows:

"When the country saw its darkest days the negroes were emancipated. The towns and camps were swarming with them, and diseases broke out among them. What to do with them was a grave problem. Finally Secretary Stanton, who had before the war been my attorney for nine years, conceived the idea of locating them on abandoned plantations north and south of Vicksburg. Three commissioners, one of whom was Judge Dent, General Grant's brother-in-law, were appointed to carry out the project. In April, 1863, I leased one of the first plantations, 40 miles below Vicksburg, and located thereon 200 freedmen and women, and planted 500 acres in cotton. In 1864 I leased the Henderson plantation and located there 300 negroes. Stanton's project was a success. The negroes were gotten out of the camps and cities.

"It was while I was a planter that I had an experience I do not care to repeat," continued the veteran. "The country was swarming with Confederate guerrillas. The band of Captain Joe Lee was the most famous, or infamous. They visited our house one night, captured my wife and I, and repeatedly threatened me with death to make me give up my possessions. They made five demands, and each time five of them held their revolvers to my face and threatened my life. I gave up a \$400 watch, \$1,000 in money and a lot of goods. There was a raid that night, and I was the forty-first planter visited. The others were murdered. I afterward went out to Captain Joe Lee's headquarters and spent three days with him and his cut-throats negotiating to be let alone.

"I was a Mason and that saved my life, for Lee had been made a Mason, it was

said, so that he might be restricted in his bloodthirstiness. I paid him \$5,000, and 13 of us gave him \$50,000. The raid in all cost me \$7,500.

Some time after this, in August, Mr. Hay met with another reverse, one sufficient to break an ordinary man's heart. Just as his cotton crop, valued at \$400,000, was beginning to mature, the army worm turned in and destroyed it. He managed to save a quarter of it.

The planters were finally driven from that part of Louisiana. He engaged, however, in cotton planting in 1865 and 1866. The government taxed him \$81,000 on his crops, which he paid. This tax was probably illegal, and Mr. Hay and other planters hope to recover what they then paid. Colonel Oates, governor of Alabama, formerly a member of congress, has introduced a refunding bill, which may pass.

Some Business Reverses.

In 1869 Mr. Hay went to Kansas City, embarked in the hotel business, and when the panic of 1873 struck the country he left there, having lost \$30,000. In 1875 he removed to what is now Haysville, his father being the owner of 220 acres of land there. He has since resided there, and has seen the village named after him grow to its present proportions. He is a poor man now, but he quickly said yesterday that he would yet make another fortune.

He was engaged once in a famous lawsuit that ran a course of eight years before he won out. Edwin M. Stanton was one of his attorneys. He had received a lot of sugar and molasses from another party. They were damaged when he received them, and yet he was held responsible for their condition. He contested the matter in the courts, and it was twice carried to the supreme court of this state. It was decided in his favor, and as a result a precedent was established that has since stood, to the effect that river carriers are responsible only for goods damaged while in their charge. His lawyers charged him only \$250 for their service in the litigation. The fee was a fair one for those times.

Mr. Hay remembers Edwin M. Stanton very well in the days before he became the stern, inflexible, and in some respects tyrannical secretary of war. He says that in the days when he employed Stanton as an attorney he showed none of those harder qualities that were his chief characteristics.

Mr. Hay is a keen fisherman, and his guidance and minnows are sought by many local anglers who enjoy a day's sport on the Ohio. Among his patrons is Postmaster Stayton, of Allegheny.

Mrs. Hay died about a year ago. She was a daughter of John Millbank, a Philadelphia manufacturer, and a sister of Mrs. George W. Carpenter, whose husband and Edgar Thomson were among the chief projectors of the Pennsylvania railroad. Her father was an intimate friend of Andrew Jackson. She was at one time very wealthy, being one of the heirs to the Bellevue estate, on which Bellevue hospital, New York, now stands.

From, *Leader*
Pittsburg Pa.

Date, *Nov. 24th 1894.*

OLD LANDMARK GOING.

The Brothers' School Said to Be Unsafe.

The brick house, known for a long time as the Brother's school, standing

on the St. Paul's cathedral property, is to be removed, it having become unsafe.

The structure was built under the direction of Father John O'Reilly. The first teachers were laymen. Then the Brothers of the Presentation took charge. A colony of these brothers came from Ireland in 1845, at the request of Bishop O'Connor, and took charge of the school. They did not remain long. One of them died, another returned to Ireland, and a third joined the Augustinian order at Philadelphia and became a priest. Two of the brothers, Paul Cary and Francis Ryan, were struck by lightning on the street July 2, 1848, as they were returning to their residence after teaching Sunday school. But one brother and two novices now remained, and they were not sufficient to continue their work. It was consequently abandoned. The school then again reverted into the hands of laymen.

After the Brothers of the Third Order of St. Francis taught the scholars. In recent years the Sisters of Mercy have taught the school.

The ground on which the old school stands will be leveled off and used as a playground.

From, *Dispatch*
Pittsburg Pa.
Date, *Dec. 7th 1894.*

AN HISTORIC MANSION.

Incidents Connected With One
of Pittsburg's Oldest
Buildings.

HOME OF GENERAL NEVILLE

Lafayette Shed Tears When He Gazed
Upon the Structure.

THOUGHT OF HIS DEAD COMRADE.

The Ancient Dwelling Gradually Crumbling
Into Dust.

ERECTED OVER A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Down at the southwest corner of Ferry and Water streets, fronting the latter thor-

oughfare, stands an ancient two-story frame house that is one of the very few architectural remnants of the Colonial and Revolutionary period left to Pittsburgh. It is a badly frayed, decrepit old shell of a building, threatening to at almost any time sink under the weight of its more than 100 years, and tumble into a mass of debris, for it has reached that stage of decay when its dissolution may be looked for any day, yet it is one of the most remarkable and interesting mementos of Pittsburgh's birth, infancy and growth to sturdy manhood to be



Climbed by Many Generations.

found in the city, and it is doubtful if an older building, with the exception of the Block House, stands in the city.

This venerable structure, now silently dying of old age, was built 130 years ago, but scarce one in a hundred of the many hundreds of people who pass it daily know anything of its history or the valuable and interesting historic relic it is. It stands there, with its decaying front, a silent, but striking reminder of the days in the long ago when all there was of Pittsburgh was embraced in a few scattered houses around Fort Pitt at the Point. It is not a very sightly house, with its tumble down appearance, yet in its day it was one of the fairest and most pretentious mansions in Pittsburgh.

The Home of General Neville.

It was known as the General John Neville mansion, from having been the home of the distinguished Revolutionary soldier of that name for several years, the first of the Nevilles in Pittsburgh, after whom Neville Island, in the Ohio river, is named, and the central figure in Western Pennsylvania's famed Whisky Rebellion in the last century. The house has passed through many vicissitudes during its long term of life, and is now used as a cheap lodging house and restaurant, where but a few cents are required for a guest's entertainment.

The old house was built by Colonel George Morgan, and was the first shingle roof house erected in Pittsburgh. General George Washington visited Fort Pitt on October 17, 1770, and lodged at the house, which was then occupied by a man named Semple. This fact Washington mentions in his journal. Washington was again a guest at the house on October 22 following, when he gave a dinner to the officers of Fort Pitt and the leading men of Pittsburgh. He records the event thus in his journal: "Stayed at Pittsburgh all day. I invited the officers and some other gentlemen to dinner with me at Semple's, among whom was Dr. Connelly, nephew to General Croghan."

General George Croghan was the commander of Fort Pitt, and Dr. Connelly was the man who seized Fort Pitt as the representative of Lord Dunmore, Governor of Virginia, when it was abandoned by the English garrison by order of General Gage in 1772. When the whisky insurrectionists were having things their own way around Pittsburgh in the early days of the nation, a body of them, led by an individual known as "Tom the Traker," marched out one night to Bridgeville, then known as Bower Hill, where General John Neville's mansion stood, and burned it to the ground. General Neville was forced to flee for his life. He floated down the Ohio river with a companion in a skiff to Kentucky, and from there made his

way across the country into Virginia and then to Philadelphia. General Neville at that time was Government inspector of revenue for Western Pennsylvania, and as such was charged with the enforcement of the obnoxious excise law that caused the Whisky Rebellion, hence the animosity of the insurrectionists toward him. He was the special object of their wrath, and they wreaked their vengeance on him by burning down his Bower Hill mansion and giving him a run for his life.

They Were With Braddock.

When General Neville returned to Pittsburgh soon afterward he purchased the house built by Major Amberson and lived in it for several years, until he finally removed to Neville Island, where he died. His son, General Pressley Neville, built a residence on Water street, about midway between Ferry street and Redoubt alley, with a large garden between it and the old house now standing. Pressley Neville's house was a two-story brick structure, which disappeared several years ago. Both the Nevilles, father and son, served with distinction through the Revolution. General John Neville was born in the same county in Virginia as George Washington, Westmoreland. They were of about the same age and were close companions in boyhood and early manhood, being engaged in surveying lands around Pittsburgh together, and both were in Braddock's ill-fated expedition. During the Revolution General Neville served on Washington's staff. Pressley Neville was an aid-de-camp on Lafayette's staff. He was an accomplished man of fine education. Both he and his father were wealthy. They had large possessions on Chartiers creek and in Virginia, Ohio and Kentucky. Major Isaac Craig, the founder of the prominent family of that name in Pittsburgh, and another gallant Revolutionary soldier, was a son-in-law of General John Neville. The graves of these two and that of General Neville's wife lie side by side in the old burying ground between Trinity Episcopal and First Presbyterian church, on the Sixth avenue side, directly opposite the Duquesne Club. Three huge stones, lying flat on the ground, mark the graves.



THE OLDEST RESIDENCE IN PITTSBURG.

Lafayette Stopped There.

When this old Neville mansion was new it was considered a great house, both as to size and quality. It is said that Lafayette once stopped there as a guest during or directly after the Revolution, but this is not very well authenticated, so far as records go. However he had the pleasure of gazing on it when he visited Pittsburg in June, 1825, during the course of his triumphal tour of the United States. There are some aged people still living in Pittsburg who, as boys and girls, played in and about the old house upward of 70 years ago. One of these is Mrs. Mary E. McCandless, the mother of Attorney Stephen C. McCandless, now living on Hays street in the East End, who says that as far back as that the home was considered a very old one. Speaking of those early days Mrs. McCandless said:

"As a little girl I lived with my mother and sisters in General Pressley Neville's house. My sisters and I used to play in the old General John Neville house. In those days that part of Water street was the select residence district of Pittsburg. All the houses there had nice flower gardens and lawns around them, and it was a pretty place. I remember when Lafayette visited Pittsburg and he came riding down Water street in a carriage with the procession escorting him we girls plucked a lot of flowers from our garden and strewed them in the street before Lafayette's horses.

Lafayette stopped in front of Pressley Neville's house, as he had expressed a strong desire to look upon the home of his old staff officer, who was then dead. He was much affected at the sight of the house, and remarked, as he gazed upon it: 'And that is the house that poor Neville built and lived in.' At that visit Lafayette stopped at Darlington's Hotel, which stood at the northwest corner of Fifth avenue and Wood street, where the First National Bank now is.

Borrowed the Only Chandelier.

"My mother had the only chandelier then in Pittsburg, and it was borrowed for the occasion to hang in the room occupied by Lafayette. Benjamin Darlington, father of the late William Darlington, was the proprietor of the hotel."

Isaac Craig, of Sherman avenue, Allegheny, a grandson of Major Isaac Craig, who lies buried in Trinity Churchyard, also lived near the General John Neville house in the early part of the century, and has many interesting reminiscences to tell of it. Anyone visiting the ancient structure now would never realize that it was once the stately mansion of a Revolutionary officer. Its old weatherboarded sides are shaky with age, and in the middle of one side of the high pitch roof, a dilapidated dormer window, half boarded up, and looking as if it would drop off into the street any moment, looks out upon the

Monongahela river. The exterior bears the same dull yellow color it has always worn for a hundred years or more. The one large spacious hall and rooms have been cut up into a myriad of small coops, called bedrooms, to serve the cheap lodging house purposes to which the building is now put. A visit to the interior is well calculated

to stir up a creepish, uncanny feeling in a person. It is a gloomy, forbidding looking place, calling to mind a chapter from Dickens' description of one of those old London rookeries where crime of all sorts has its haunt and terrible mysteries abound that figure so frequently in his novels. It gives one the shivers to stumble around through those dark, narrow passageways and in and out of the gloomy little apologies for sleeping rooms, which are mainly inhabited by roustabouts on the river steamers, white and black, and women in the last stages of poverty.

How It Looks To-Day.

The original windows are still in the upper part of the house. They are of that old-fashioned pattern, with 24 small panes of glass to a window. The lower windows have been comparatively modernized. But the broad stairway running to the upper stories through the middle of the house from the lower floor is the great feature of the old house and a delight to one accustomed to tramp up and down modern stairways daily. The stairs are so easy and comfortable to the tread, that one scarcely realizes he is going up or down. It requires no more exertion or muscular power or wind to climb those the wall is a mystery. They are very old, heavy stoneware cups of ancient date.

THOMAS MERTON.

From, *Press*
Pittsburg Pa.
 Date, *Dec. 9th 1894.*

AN ANCIENT LANDMARK.

THE HISTORICAL HERR HOUSE ON HERRS ISLAND IN ALLEGHENY.

Now Known as Noah's Ark, Because
 it Was the Refuge of Victims of
 the Flood—How Its Location Was
 Changed.

"Look out for the locomotive" is not one of the signs on Herrs island, but steam trains are snorting through its streets, delivering and receiving freight at the numerous manufactories in utter disregard of the human beings who are compelled to go through all kinds of athletic maneuvers to escape.

How fantastic the engine and train looked yesterday afternoon as the locomotive, tender first, came puffing over a steep embankment, the black smoke wreathing about one of the most historic landmarks of this section of the state.

The clang of the engine bell, the clatter of the hammers, the hum of the saw-mill, and a score of other particular sounds produce a discordant effect upon one's mind as they stand viewing one of the last relics of the colonial days, on what was Herrs island, but now a part of the mainland of Allegheny.

What was once a capacious dwelling, situated in the midst of its broad acres and the home of a country gentleman, is now an old ramshackle tenement, crowded in a hollow formed by a curve in the embankment of a Pittsburg Junction railroad switch. Yet the fact that the view of the once beautiful landscape has been shut off by the advance of civilization, and all except the Pompeian red of the roof of the building is hidden from the passersby, the historic interest of the structure increases each year.

The old building was formerly a log structure, but has received so many alterations and additions as to make the original almost undistinguishable. It was the first building on Herrs island and would have long ago been demolished by the railroad company had they been able to purchase it.

An old landmark has always a more or less interesting history, but it is seldom that a house can be found that has been the means of changing the route of a railroad and has annually for the last 97 years withstood the fierce floods of the Allegheny river.

"Noah's ark," as it is now called by the denizens of the island, was erected in 1797 by Capt. Wm. Herr. Its first foundation was placed on the mainland near what is now the Allegheny approach of the Sixteenth street bridge. It was originally intended for a house of entertainment and contained four rooms. The house was built in the spring of the year and was hardly completed until the spring freshets almost undermined the building.

Five years later Capt. Herr purchased a large island in the river nearly opposite his house and decided to move the building to his new possessions.

At that time the moving of a house was an unheard-of proposition and the entire countryside came to see the feat performed. The process of moving it had been kept a secret and the residents were greatly mystified as to how he was to accomplish his object.

The building, however, was moved. The roof was first taken off, and then each log taken from its place and marked. The logs were then towed across the river by



Present Appearance of the Old House.

a canoe and set upon the foundation that had been provided near the center of the island. The highest point of the island was only a few feet above the low water mark of the river. Each year it was submerged and the owner was compelled to move his household goods to the second story of the building.

The walls of the house are nearly 18 inches in thickness, but the chimney, which is built of stone, is on the outside. The floods never affected the house, but the chimney would be swept away nearly every year.

The big flood of 1832 nearly washed the house from its foundations and the water registered 22 feet upon the sides of the building. In order that he might remember the height that the water attained a hole was bored in the side of one of the logs at the water mark. The hole is still visible.

Shortly after the flood of 1832 the island was sold and divided into garden plots, and a number of other houses erected. Each year the island would be flooded by the spring and fall freshets, and as the new buildings were only frail frame structures, the inhabitants always fled to the old Herr homestead for protection against the devastating waters.

Some person whose name has not been perpetuated in the tradition of the house facetiously dubbed the house "Noah's ark," and by that name it has been known ever since.

The great floods of 1860, 1865 and 1884 almost completely submerged the house, and those who sought its protection were compelled to sit upon the roof. The high waters of the other years seldom covered more than the first floor of the building. After the death of his son, George Herr, the property was sold and transformed into a tenement house. A porch and a frame addition were erected and the exterior appearance of the building was completely changed.

Shortly after the big flood of 1884 a switch was to be laid down the island and it was decided that the building must be removed. The railway company, however, failed to obtain the right of way through the property, and rather than carry the matter into the courts the tracks were laid on a high embankment around the building, almost completely closing it in. After the building of the road it has not been flooded by the waters, as the walls of the embankment form a barrier against the high water.

Since the old landmark has become a tenement house it has been occupied successively by families named Frank, Stewart, Tesk, Fanier, Ober and John Byrne, the present occupant. The house is at present in sad need of repair and the once green plot that surrounded it has become a muddy pond, while the steep walls of the railroad embankment are used as a pasture for several avaricious goats.

The log portion of the building is perhaps one of the oldest in this part of the state, but its usefulness as a historic relic will soon be destroyed, as a number of improvements are about to be made on the island and the building will perhaps be torn down to make room for a new manufactory that is contemplated. The house is now owned by W. J. Nesbit, of Allegheny.

From, *Leader*
Pittsburg Pa.
Date, *Dec. 24" 1894,*

IT HAS A HISTORY.

An Old Cannon With Foreign Inscriptions Recast by a Pittsburg Firm.

Many visitors to the works of Shook, Anderson & Co., at the corner of Ferry and Water streets, have been highly interested in examining an old and foreign-looking cannon which has just been successfully recast by the firm. The cannon

is of brass and when received by the company was in a sad state of dilapidation.

During the G. A. R. week Mr. Max Adams, sheriff of Jackson county, West Virginia, who was in the city attending the encampment, visited the offices of the firm and asked if they could recast a very old brass cannon. He said the armament had been purchased by him in Philadelphia, and that in firing it off it had exploded. He stated that he knew very little of the history of the piece beyond the fact that he had been told that it had been originally in the possession of the Spanish and had been captured from them by the English; that it had subsequently been brought to this country by the English in the war of 1812, and had in turn been taken from them by the Americans. This was about all he knew of the history of the old piece. On the breech is inscribed the following:

"BARENATO E TORNITO DAL CAPI: FRAN SECURO. FULSO, IL 28, 9 BRE 1795. DAL CAPI: FRANT TIHAVSKY."

Midway between the breech and the trunnion of the piece is a coat of arms, in the center of which is the letter "T." On either trunnion is the inscription:

"P: CANT 2R:76. R: FOND BELL ARTIGLDINAP."

Near the muzzle of the gun is the word, "Ineutro."

The statement that the gun was originally the property of the Spanish is not borne out by the inscriptions, as a greater portion of them are in the Italian.

The successful recast was made by Foreman J. L. Shiring, of the brass department of the works, who stated that the material used in the piece was the best he had ever seen in a cannon. The old gun will be shipped to West Virginia in a few days.

From, *Herald*
Shenandoah Pa.
Date, *Jan. 11" 1895*
Our Primitive Woods.

There is perhaps no part of our country richer in early historical materials than the district drained by the two parent streams of the Ohio. By way of the Allegheny, stretching away towards the north, came the vivacious Frenchman from Canada, while the Monongahela, extending far to the south, furnished an outlet for the enterprising Englishman of Virginia and Maryland. Both eagerly contended for possession of this delectable region; and here, in the wild woods of Western Pennsylvania, began that war that continued to rage until not only North America but all Europe was enwrapped in its flames. Here it was that the youthful Washington first drew the sword which was thereafter to be sheathed only when the independence of his country had been gained. About the early history of Western Pennsylvania cluster the names of Celoron, De Contrecoeur,

Jumonville, De Villier, Beaujeu, Duma, Washington, Braddock. Halket, Grant, Forbes, Armstrong; and the skirmish at the Great Meadows was the prelude to the greater affairs of Braddock's Field, Louisburg, Frontenac, Fort Duquesne, Ticonderoga, Niagara, and Quebec.

Through this region came and went the red man in paint and feathers, the white hunter in his dress of deer skins and his cap of untanned fur, the French soldier in gray and green, and the British grenadier in his coat of scarlet. Along our water courses and upon our hill sides the crack of the solitary rifle or the fusilade of the unseen foe told where the work of death was going on; and when the smoke of the conflict at length passed away the French power in North America had been forever broken and the country had become the perpetual inheritance of English-speaking people.

Originally the royal charter of 1609, granted to the London Company, was believed to embrace the part of the country now forming Western Pennsylvania. The colony of Virginia, by that charter, extended north 200 miles from Point Comfort, and south 200 miles from the same point, and reached "up into the land from sea to sea." This ample charter by its terms embraced an area of not less than one million square miles, and wholly or in part more than a dozen of our states and territories; yet it scarcely touched the border of Pennsylvania. Not until many years, however, was this fact fully determined, and meantime the Virginians made repeated and vigorous attempts to vindicate their claims. This explains the prominent part taken by the people of that colony in all the early movements in the upper valley of the Ohio.

One of the earliest enterprises of the Virginians in this direction was under Governor Spotswood in 1716. This expedition has been made the foundation of Dr. Caruther's story, "The Knights of the Horseshoe." In August of that year the Governor set out from Williamsburg with a company to explore the region beyond the Blue Ridge. Stories told by occasional hunters and traders had invested it with all the charms of an El Dorado. Only the most vague ideas of its geography prevailed. Great tracts of country had never been pressed by the foot of a white man. The Governor and his party pushed forward, crossed the

Blue Ridge, and descended into the valley of the Shenandoah. From the summit of the mountain they looked upon the landscape. "There lay the valley of Virginia," says Dr. Caruthers, "that garden spot of the earth, in its first freshness and purity as it came from the hands of its Maker. Not a white man had ever trod that virgin soil from the beginning of the world. What a solemn and sublime temple of nature was there! And who could look upon it, as it spread far out to the east and west until it was lost in the dim and hazy horizon, and not feel deeply impressed with the majesty of its Author?" With suitable ceremonies Governor Spotswood took possession of this fair country in the name of his Majesty George the First.

Up to the middle years of the last century Western Pennsylvania remained in its original wildness. No white settlements had yet been made. A few hardy and fearless pioneers like Christopher Gist and John Frazier had here and there ventured to erect their humble cabins in the wilderness; but the country had not yet been invaded by the rush of civilization. From the summit of the Alleghenies to the boundless prairies of the west, extended an unbroken forest, inhabited by the red man, the wolf, the fox, and the bear. Through its glades bounded the elk, while the rattle-snake, the deadly *Crotalus*, lurked among its rocks and thickets. Yet those wood-crowned hills and darksome valleys were rich in all the elements that conduce to man's welfare, and were destined to become the homes of thriving industry and the seats of prosperous towns and populous cities.

More eager than even the spirit of conquest or of religion, is the spirit of gain; and the trader and trapper found their way into the wilds of Western Pennsylvania before those who bore the standard of war or the symbol of peace. A famous route by which these early traders penetrated this wilderness was by the Kiskiminetas path. This path led from Frankstown, at the eastern base of the Allegheny mountains, across that range to the headwaters of the Conemaugh, as the upper Kiskiminetas is called, and then more or less closely along its course to the Allegheny river, a short distance below the confluence of those two streams. It must have been a well-beaten road. Among the best-remembered of these early Indian traders was George Croghan.

He had a large number of horses on the Kiskiminetas path, carrying out goods to the natives and returning with bales of furs. He no doubt drove a prosperous trade. Sometimes as many as fifty horses were together upon this road. We can catch glimpses of the cavalcade winding along the narrow path through the trees, with their tiny bells tinkling, and their drivers in their picturesque hunting shirts and leather leggings, walking beside them. There were no inns along the way, and at night they encamped beside the path. If there was some danger and hardship in their lives, there was also a sense of freedom and unreserve quite inconceivable to us who have always lived among the conventionalities and restraints of modern civilization.

T. J. CHAPMAN.

From, *Post*
Pittsburgh Pa
 Date, *Feb 27 /95*

THE OLDEST LIVING MAN.

RICHARD REDDICK'S YEARS NUMBER NEARLY TWICE THREE SCORE AND TEN.

TALES OF HIS ADVENTURES.

Still Hale and Hearty and Looks Good for at Least Another Ten.

HE KNEW GEORGE WASHINGTON.

In all probability the oldest living man in the world resides at 118 Colwell street, in this city. His name is Richard Reddick, and he establishes the record of his age by the date when he was made free, when he was duly registered as 12 years old. Next Fourth of July he will be 130 years old, and he wants to celebrate it by unveiling the monument to Director E. M. Bigelow in Schenley park. He knew Pittsburg when Pittsburg was a wilderness. He saw Washington lead the Continental army to battle. His grandfather was a soldier of the

Revolution, and won freedom for himself and family in the war of Independence.

That is how Richard Reddick knows his age. For valor on the field his grandfather and all his family were declared free. They were registered as free negroes in the court house at Richmond, Va., July 4, 1777. He was 12 years old at that time.

One condition of his freedom was that he had to be in a free state inside of 12 months. He said he and some others came through Pittsburg at that time and settled in Stark county, O., having first been registered as free men in Hudson. He cleared 160 acres of ground in Stark county, and reared a family. At different times he went east, and sailed before the mast for a number of years. He made a number of trips to Africa on trading vessels. Telling of his trips last night he said:

"I saw things I hope to never see again, but you can't tell what's going to happen to you before you die. We were off the island of San Domingo when the stars rained down like snow. It must be 80 years ago. It was like everything above was coming down. The captain went to praying, and everybody on the boat but one old sailor, who didn't care if he died. He swore and made us 'work ship' while the skipper was broke up. There was more praying on that boat than sailors ever did before. I have been a God-fearing man ever since. Three women died of fright, and we threw them overboard and the sharks ate them. 'Another time I shipped on a slaver and didn't know it. When we got on the west coast the officers went ashore with packs of calico and bright shawls. They coaxed the blacks aboard, and then clapped 'em under hatches. We brought them to New York, and from there were taken south and sold. Lots died on the way."

Reddick cannot recall dates from memory, and never learned to read. He says his children were all more than 40 years old when he sold his Ohio farm to Sam Ginniss, at Salem, and came to Pennsylvania. His children and grandchildren went to Canada. How long ago that was can be estimated from the fact that he married his present wife in Pennsylvania. She is blind and 75 years old. She says they have been married 58 years. They have a son living who is past 54, and their first child died.

Reddick was cook at the Monongahela house, he says, when the woods commenced just above the hotel. After that he worked 14 years on the river. He used to run to the head of navigation on the Missouri river.

The aged negro tells of having had cholera at Louisville, on a boat, before the war. He says the boat would have been tied up if the people had found that people on it had cholera, and he saw three negroes pitched into the river there before they were dead, so that the boat could get through.

The old gentleman is his own physician, and believes his remedies are inspired. Soon after he was afflicted with cholera he had white swelling in his knee. This is how he tells of it:

"There was a doctor in Cincinnati told me I was going to die. That night something told me that if I would take fresh eggs and beat the whites and the yolks

together, and use that for a poultice, it would draw the swelling to a head. I did it, and this knee is as good as ever. Here I am, hale and hearty. Why, I walked from my place into Rochester, six miles, every day. My son-in-law used to ask me not to walk so fast. He couldn't keep up, and he ain't 50 yet.

'I had dyspepsia, too, and I cured myself of that. One night in a dream I was told to chop up burdock root and mix it with rhubarb and whisky. It cured me, so that I can eat more grease now than I ever did."

The old man is apparently in good health. He is a short, squarely built man, with a wonderful chest. He said that in his prime he weighed 180 pounds. He weighs at least 155 now. He said he only began to lose flesh six years ago, and long after he was 100 years old he could dig his 100 bushels of coal in a day. He accounts for his long life by the fact that he "never abused himself." He never was drunk, but he has taken a drink whenever he thought he ought to have one. Besides this, he has used tobacco as long as he can remember. He said tobacco would not hurt you if you didn't smoke cigarettes. Last night he was smoking a Wheeling toby when "The Post" reporter called.

He does not know where all his children are. In Allegheny county he has 24 grandchildren living. He makes his home with Thomas Bumford, his son-in-law, and four of the grandchildren are quite noted as singers and dancers. They have been traveling several seasons as professionals.

From, *Dispatch*
Pittsburgh Pa
 Date, *March 17/1895*

IRON IN OLDEN DAYS.

How the Industry Was Established
 in Western Pennsylvania.

A HARD STRUGGLE AT THE START.

The Resolute Men Who Finally Wrested
 Victory From Defeat.

MEMORIALS THAT ARE NOW ELOQUENT

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

One of the most interesting sections
 of the United States is the southwest-

ern portion of Pennsylvania, comprising in its area the beautiful foot ranges of the Allegheny Mountains, the famous Monongahela and Allegheny rivers, and the greater stream to which they give birth, the stately Ohio. It is historic ground, a land of romance, story and song, in which figure many of the most distinguished characters of the colonial and Revolutionary periods; a region dear to every lover of liberty and constitutional government, for here was fought the battle, which decided the fate of the continent—Boquet's victory at Bushy Run, which destroyed the last hope of France in America. Here, too, more than a year before the Philadelphia Declaration of Independence by Congress was made, were formulated and published the resolutions known as the "Hannastown Declaration of Independence." Here also the National Government under our present Constitution underwent a crucial test of its stability in the suppression of the Whisky Insurrection. It was the nursery of the bold pioneers who pushed out into the wilderness of the West to found mighty commonwealths, to supplant with the arts of civilization the barbarism of savage races.

Some Eloquent Memorials.

Numerous monuments of those earnest, stirring days still remain to remind our own and coming generations of the warfare waged with rugged nature and savage man. Rude and simple as they now appear to us, yet they did their work as effectively for their time as the most finished modern appliances do their work to-day. Long may they remain as eloquent memorials of the heroic days of the Republic, when life was animated with a rare and grand sincerity.

Among the most picturesque of these monuments of former days are the ruins of the old charcoal furnaces scattered throughout the mountainous regions of this section. Once the centers of bustling activities, they now in many instances are buried "silent as the bat-winged cavern" in the dense forests which have grown up about them since they were abandoned. Many of these are covered with rich mantles of moss, thick verdure, rank vegetation, with great trees growing out of their dismantled masonry, standing like giant gladiators strident over discomfited foes in the amphitheater; symbolical of the ceaseless, tireless work of nature, ever reclaiming what man has abandoned, in wantonness or with regret, ever healing the sad scars, the deep furrows scored on her generous breast in war and in peace. "On the lava and scorice of old eruptions now grow the peaceful olive, the fruitful vine and the sustaining corn."

A Manifold Interest.

There is attached to these ruins a

manifold interest. They not only represent the most considerable of the industries of the early days of the Republic, but they help us, when we look upon them, to realize the gigantic strides that have been made in a century, the vast advance from a rude furnace, which for many centuries had been changed but little in form and purpose, to the splendid Siemens and Bessemer plants of to-day, in many respects the most eloquent witnesses of this great age.

They are representative, too, of the passing of the old order of things in the social world. The ironmaster in the olden time lived in sight of his furnaces, in the shadow of the deep forests in whose recesses were produced the charcoal he used as fuel. He was as much of a feudal lord, a grand seigneur, as ever a slave-holding planter of the South. He, too, owned slaves, great farms, flocks and herds. He was the chief man of the country-side, the local statesman, a military leader often, a captain, colonel or a general of militia, a mighty man on muster days. He was the autocrat of his little commune. His wife was the grande dame, the Lady Bountiful, a gracious dispenser of hospitality.

An Occasional Survivor.

A ramble at the present day over the mountains will now and then bring you into contact with some old, grizzly, gray-bearded survivor of the charcoal days, who renews his youth in recalling the incidents that once lighted up with gleams of humor or darkened with tragic shadows this primitive industry in the primeval woods. You catch glimpses of roistering days, jolly comradeship, between the whisky-loving Scotch-Irishman and the steady-going, grim-humored Pennsylvania German; of days when board and lodging (the fat of the land) was had for \$1 a week, washing thrown in, and whisky for 3 cents a drink, and a drink then was nearer being a pint than a gill; but, then, whisky in those days was whisky and delirium tremens as unheard of as a Hungarian coke drawer.

The changes, shifting and reorganization that modern science and inventions have imposed upon communities and ancient industries are forcibly illustrated in the history of iron in the United States, and more particularly in southwestern Pennsylvania, where the old and the new are seen in greater contrast than elsewhere—where Pittsburgh now sits in state with the iron crown of the world (greater than that of Lombardy, so coveted by great kings) resting on her sooty, sweaty brow.

The First Iron Ore.

The first iron ore discovered in the United States was found in North Carolina in 1585 by the colonists sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh, while the first attempt at iron making was in 1619 on the Falling Creek, a tributary of the James river, at a point seven miles below Richmond, Va. It was first successfully made at Lynn, Mass., in 1643 and yet to-day at no one of these widely divergent points is the iron industry carried on. The invention of the steam

engine and steamboat, the production of iron on scientific principles as developed in chemical treatment of ores, puddling furnaces with the general use of anthracite and bituminous coal as fuel, the enormous demand for railroad and structural iron, created new centers of distribution, as well as new points for the manufacture of iron. It was no longer necessary to have furnaces alongside of charcoal kilns and ore beds to make them profitable.

We smile to-day when we recall the fact that Pittsburgh, the Iron City, once gave up the manufacture of iron in despair. The first furnace in Allegheny county was built by George Anshutz, a native of Alsace, at Shadyside, on Two Mile run, in 1792, and was abandoned in 1794 because no ore could be found in the vicinity and the expense of hauling it from distant points was too great. The ruins of this interesting landmark were visible up to 1850. An interview with George Anshutz after a

stroll through the furnaces and mills that line the Monongahela as far as Braddock and McKeesport, could the old ironmaster rise out of his grave, would make interesting reading. The Pittsburgh which he swore in his Alsatian French and German was a failure as a producer of iron he would find to-day a veritable kingdom of Vulcan. He might swear he saw the mouth of hell if he happened to be on Mt. Washington looking over the city when he woke up after his long sleep.

Fayette Was the Center.

He would find in the stock yards of the furnaces ores from all parts of the world—from Cuba, Chile, Japan, New Zealand, Russia, Greece, Turkey, India, France, Spain, Lake Superior and other points. He would be astonished to learn that it is no longer necessary to build a furnace on the top of an ore mine. Great Britain imports more than one-fourth of the iron ore used in her furnaces. She draws her supplies from Australia, Greece, Algeria, Italy, Spain, Turkey and other countries.

At the beginning of the century Fayette county was the center of the iron industry west of the Allegheny mountains. For several decades Pittsburgh, the Ohio and Mississippi valleys were almost wholly supplied by Fayette county with all kinds of castings and hammered bar iron. It had at one time 20 furnaces, 8 forges, 3 rolling mills and slitting mills, 1 steel furnace and 5 trip hammers.

Fayette county enjoys the enviable distinction of having built the first rolling mill in the United States to puddle iron, and roll iron bars as well as having built the first nail factory west of the Allegheny mountains.

The rolling mill was built by Isaac Meeson, in 1816-17 at Plumsock, on Redstone Creek, between Connellsville and Brownsville. Thomas C. Lewis (a Welsh iron master, as might be expected) superintended the construction of the mill, assisted by his brother, George, who was the turner and roller. According to the statement of T. H. Oliphant, the mill was built "for making bars of all sizes and hoops for cutting into nails and that the iron was re-



RUINS OF THE FIRST FURNACE WEST OF THE ALLEGHENY MOUNTAINS.

fined by blast and then puddled." Raw bituminous coal was used in the puddling and heating furnaces and coke in the refinery. The rolls were cast at the Dunbar furnace in the near neighborhood and the lathe for turning the rolls was built at the mill, which went into operation September 15, 1817, marking the beginning of a great era west of the Allegheny mountains.

The Beginning West of the Mountains.

The first nail factory west of the Alleghenies was built at Brownsville about 1795, by Jacob Bowman, at which wrought nails were made by hand in one shop and cut nails by machines in another.

That iron ore was known to exist in Western Pennsylvania as early as 1780 is gathered from the land warrant for 150 acres on the Youghiogheny river in Fayette county issued to Benjamin Johnson, and located by him July 11, 1780, which, in the description was said to contain "a bank of iron ore."

In 1790 John Hayden, of Haydentown, Fayette county, out of "blue lump" iron ore in a blacksmith's fire, made a piece of iron "about as big as a harrow tooth." It was a practical demonstra-

tion of the presence of a good quality of workable iron and fired the ambition and cupidity of Hayden, who took his precious bit of iron to Philadelphia, making the long and tiresome journey on horseback. He gave it to his relative John Nicholson, then State Comptroller, and urged him to join him in the erection of a furnace and forge at Haydentown, on George's Creek, seven miles below Uniontown. The outcome of this trip to Philadelphia was the building of a bloomery in 1792. The furnace asked for was not built.

That Hayden was not the only person who had demonstrated the presence of iron in paying quantities is shown in the erection of a furnace and forge in 1790 (before Hayden's bloomery was built) by William Turnbull and Peter Marmie, with Colonel John Holkar, the French naval agent at the Philadelphia port as silent partner, all of Philadelphia.

Over One Hundred Years Ago.

This was the first furnace and forge built west of the Allegheny mountains and was located on Jacob's Creek, a mile or more above its junction with the Youghiogheny river. It was blown in

on November 1, 1790, and the iron tried the same day on the forge. The establishment was called the Alliance Iron Works. Why so called is not recorded, but possibly in a patriotic commemoration of the alliance between the struggling colonies and France during the revolutionary period. The furnace proved to be a losing venture and was operated spasmodically until 1802, when it was abandoned. Its ruins still remain, one of the most interesting relics of Western Pennsylvania, not alone as a monument of the beginnings of the vast iron industry of this section, but also as a memorial of the tragic end of Peter Marmie, who had become sole owner and was ruined by the enterprise.

Peter Marmie was a Frenchman, who came to America with Lafayette as private secretary, but parted company with the French patriot on his return to his native land at the close of the Revolution. The immense resources of the new Republic and the great opportunities for acquiring wealth and influence had greater attractions for Marmie than a return to France, then full of ominous signs of impending revolution, which might mean loss of life as well as of fortune. He remained in America, unhappily for him, for the end of his career could not have been more tragic had he returned to France and become a victim of the frenzied butchers of the Reign of Terror.

Driven to Madness.

In 1793 after the dissolution of the firm of Turnbull & Marmie he was left alone with the furnace and forge. His mercurial temperament could not endure the loss of fortune and shattered ambition which soon followed, and to drown their remembrance he gave full play to conviviality and to his love of the chase. He was a great hunter, and with his hounds soon became as noted for his reckless, impetuous sport as he had been for his enthusiasm when he first engaged in the iron business. Nighttime as well as daytime found him ranging the wildwood in search of game.

The eager pack, from couples freed,
Dash through the brush, the brier, the
brake,
While answering hound, and horn and
steed
The mountain echoes, startling wake.

Despair of ever recovering his lost fortune finally drove him to madness, so the legend goes, until one stormy night he committed suicide by jumping into the fiery mouth of the burning furnace, first driving in his faithful hounds, his daily companions of the chase. For many years after when the weeds were lashed by midnight storms the rude mountaineers would say: "Marmie, the mad Frenchman, is out again to-night with his hounds and horn," and none were bold enough to venture near the ruins of the old furnace on such a night, for again would glow the ancient fires until Marmie, winding a parting blast on his horn, disappeared with his baying hounds in the smoke of the burning crater.

The Specter Huntsman.

He became to the superstitious of that region "the specter huntsman."

The deserted furnace was called a haunted ruin, which served the purpose of a gang of counterfeiters who made it their headquarters, the popular belief investing it with such dread as to make it a safe retreat.

The old furnace, in addition to manufacturing the implements of peace, furnished, also, the weapons of war with which to force civilization on the Indian races, or failing in that to wipe them out of existence. It furnished cannon balls to the Government during the Indian troubles toward the close of the last century. Major Isaac Craig, Deputy Quartermaster and Storekeeper at Fort Pitt, in a letter to General Knox, January 12, 1792, says: "As there is no six-pound shot here I have taken the liberty to engage 400 at Turnbull & Marmie's furnace, which is now in blast." The shot was used by General Wayne in his expedition against the Indians.

A great impetus was given to the iron industry in Fayette county by Turnbull & Marmie's venture, numerous furnaces being built before the close of the century.

Union Furnace on Dunbar creek, four miles south of Connellsville, was built by Isaac Meason in 1790, and went into blast in March, 1791. It was replaced in 1793 by a larger furnace, which bore the same name, John Gibson and Moses Dillon joining Meason in this enterprise.

Invested With Historic Interest.

In 1797 John Hayden built Fairfield Furnace on George's Creek. In the following year Hayden sold an interest in the plant to John and Andrew Oliphant and Nathaniel Breeding. A few years later the Oliphants became the sole owners.

This furnace is invested with historic interest from the fact that some of the cannon balls used by General Jackson at the battle of New Orleans were cast here. They were shipped by raft down the Monongahela, Ohio and Mississippi rivers.

The furnace was operated by the Oliphants and other parties for many years, and was one of the last to be abandoned, which occurred in 1850.

The manufacture of steel in Fayette county at an early day became an important adjunct of the iron industry. A furnace at Bridgeport, adjoining Brownsville, in 1811, was operated by Truman & Co., who manufactured a fine grade of steel. The plant was known as the Brownsville Steel Factory. In that year the firm advertised that they had for sale "several tons of steel of their own converting, which they would sell at the factory for cash at \$12 per cwt.

Westmoreland county did not long lag behind Fayette in the manufacture of iron. In 1792, the Westmoreland furnace, on Four-Mile Run, near Laughlinstown, in the Ligonier valley, was built by John Probst, a Pennsylvania German. He added a small forge at the same time. This was the first furnace built in Westmoreland county. It was abandoned, with the forge, about the year 1810. At one time in its history it was managed by George An-

atz, the pioneer of the iron industry in Allegheny county.

The Hermitage Furnace.

The Hermitage furnace, built by General Arthur St. Clair, on his estate, on Mill Creek, near Ligonier, in 1803 or 1804, was for many years one of the most picturesque landmarks of the county. In its early days it was managed by James Hamilton for the General. It dealt largely in stoves and other castings. It proved a most unprofitable venture for St. Clair, who became heavily involved financially. It passed out of his hands, with the rest of his once great estate, in 1810, leaving the old soldier, "weary and old with service, to the mercy of a rude stream," that finally overwhelmed him with the direst need, to the lasting shame of his ungrateful country.

In 1816 the furnace was operated by O'Hara & Scully, under the management of John Henry Hopkins, afterward Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Vermont. In less than two years the fate that overtook St. Clair also wrecked Bishop Hopkins, leaving him a bankrupt. From that time to its distribution over the Denny estate, on which the site is located, the furnace was never again operated. A few stones lying on its former site is all that remains to mark the unfortunate St. Clair's venture in the iron business.

A Very Rapid Development.

The development of the industry was very rapid between 1800 and 1815, furnaces and forges being built in all sections of Westmoreland where iron ore was to be found, many of the most prominent men in the community engaging in the business. Alexander Johnston, the father of Governor William Freame Johnston, in 1811, built a forge at Kingston, on the Loyalhanna, three miles east of Latrobe. Baldwin furnace, on the Laurel run, was built in 1810, by James Stewart. It was named after Henry Baldwin, afterward a judge of the United States Supreme Court, then a prominent member of the Pittsburgh bar. He was interested in the furnace. Colonel J. D. Mathiot and Isaac Meason, Jr., of Fayette county, built the Ross furnace, in 1815, on Tub Mill Creek, in Fairfield township. It was one of the most successful in Western Pennsylvania, but was abandoned in 1850, yielding to the resistless changes going on in the industrial world. The ruins of the furnace and the houses built for the operatives still stand.

In the closing years of the charcoal era men like Henry D. Foster, afterward Democratic candidate for Governor, and Judge Thomas White, father of General Harry White, of Indiana, were prominently connected with the iron industry.

The principal product of these old furnaces was hollow ware, such as Dutch ovens, stoves, sugar kettles, skillets, pots, as well as grates and irons and plow castings. The early Westmoreland county furnaces, in addition to supplying local wants, shipped castings on boats and arks on the Youghiogheny, the Conemaugh and Allegheny rivers to Pittsburgh, much of

which eventually went down the Ohio to Cincinnati, Louisville and New Orleans.

Much of the pig iron from these furnaces was shipped to Pittsburgh to be forged. A few of the furnaces did their own forging.

Pittsburg's Original Furnace.

Notwithstanding the failure of George Anshutz's attempt to establish the iron industry in Pittsburgh in 1794, others followed him who took advantage of Pittsburgh's great importance as a shipping point, to establish nail factories, foundries, forges, to which were shipped the pig iron of the Fayette and Westmoreland county and other furnaces.

The first iron foundry of Pittsburgh was built about 1805 by Joseph McClurg, on the corner of Fifth avenue and Smithfield street, on the site of the old postoffice building and the city hall.

In 1812 it was changed into a cannon foundry, supplying the United States Government with cannon, howitzers, shells and balls. Commodore Perry's fleet on Lake Erie and General Jackson's army at New Orleans received their supplies from this foundry.

The state of the iron industry in Pittsburgh in 1810 is enthusiastically summed up by a writer in the Navigator for 1811. He dwells in a congratulatory strain on the magnitude of the business. He says "the manufacture of ironmongery has increased in this place beyond all calculation. Cut and wrought nails of all sizes are made in vast quantities, about, we think, 200 tons per year." How his eyes would bulge out now could he be told that Allegheny county produced in 1894 over 5,000,000 tons of iron and steel.

It is interesting to recall, at the present day (when a pound or two of nails, treated as refuse, can be picked up almost any time in places where unpacking of boxes is going on) the price of nails in the olden time. At the beginning of the century "nailers" were itinerant craftsmen, who went about the country to forges and furnaces where they made nails for housework, etc. Two-inch shingling nails were worth 37 1-2 cents per pound; clapboard nails, 25 cents per pound; brads, 18 cents per pound, while a "Yankee" ax cost from \$6 to \$10, and woe to the careless man or boy who lost a nail or allowed the ax to rust.

An Important Problem.

One of the most important problems that occupied the attention of the early iron masters was the question of transportation. It was easy enough to make iron, but how to get it to the markets was the great matter. In those days to paraphrase the profound observation of a recent philosopher that "great rivers always flowed past great cities," the result of a wise provision of nature, great lines of railway did not run by iron furnaces, where all you had to do when you had anything to ship was to "push the button" and the railroad company would do the rest. You had to do it yourself, as well as the pushing of the button.

Pig iron was often packed on horseback, the horses on the return trip bringing bar iron from the forges and

salt from the stores of the town. Much of the iron made in the then far off Juniata Valley in its palmy days was sold at Pittsburg, first in the form of castings and afterwards in pigs and bars, and finally almost wholly in blooms. Before the completion of the Pennsylvania Canal and Portage Railroad it was transported with the greatest difficulty.

Bar iron from Center county was first carried on the backs of horses to Clarion river, and then floated on boats and arks to Pittsburg. Pig iron and bar iron from Huntingdon were hauled to Johnstown and then floated to Pittsburg down the Conemaugh and Kiskiminetas rivers. In after years blooms were sent to Pittsburg from Huntingdon county by wagon.

Juniata Valley iron was also largely sold in Eastern markets, which were reached by floating down the Juniata and Susquehanna rivers. The building of the Pennsylvania Canal subsequently simplified the manner of transportation amazingly.

The Decline of Charcoal Iron.

The decline of the charcoal iron industry may be said to date back to 1830 when rolling mills in many points of the State began to puddle iron extensively. Puddling drove out of existence many charcoal forges, which had been producing blooms for rolling mills as well as making bar iron under their own hammers.

This decadence was still further hastened by the introduction of bituminous and anthracite coal in the blast furnaces. Long before 1850 the fires in most of the furnaces and forges of Southwestern Pennsylvania were allowed to die out. With their expiring light departed the age of individual enterprise, while the age of corporations was ushered in.

Stupendous as has been the advance in methods of manufacturing iron, the most precious of all metals, and which seemingly have reached their limit, it would still be making a reckless assertion to say that we have seen the ultimate in the scientific production of iron. There is another factor in existence which may so change the methods of making iron and steel as to dwarf all we have yet accomplished. A wizard called Edison is rummaging about in the mysterious storehouse of Nature in search of new forces to be applied to the manufacture of iron and some of these days he may electrify the world with some of his findings. What may not be done with the billions of tons of iron ore in the great Mesaba range and with other billions tucked away by Dame Nature in spots we know not of when electricity has been pressed into service? Who can tell?

JAMES B. LAUX.

From, *Press*
Philada Ph
 Date, *June 1/95*

**DECISION AWAITED
 IN \$1,000,000 SUIT.**

**The Title to Property of That
 Value in Pittsburg in
 Dispute.**

CHIEF WITNESS 93 YEARS OLD

**The Story of the Battle for the Valu-
 able Property and the Romantic
 Events in the Career of
 James S. Stevenson.**

Special Despatch to "The Press."

Pittsburg, May 31.—Judge Acheson, of the United States Circuit Court, is preparing a decision in a suit against the Pennsylvania Company involving the title to property on Penn Avenue, valued at over \$1,000,000. Whatever his decision the case will be carried to the United States Supreme Court. The only living witness in the suit is Mrs. Mary Blaine Smith, aged 93 years. She was acquainted with James S. Stevenson, who originally owned the land, and whose will is the ground of the suit. Her testimony is in relation to occurrences of sixty-five years ago.

Mrs. Smith was the daughter of Rev. Francis Herron, the first pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Pittsburg. She was born in Shippensburg, then Franklin, and in 1810 came to Pittsburg, where she became acquainted with Stevenson. James S. Stevenson, the original owner of the property in dispute, was born in Columbia, Pa., in 1781. His parents were never known, and he was raised by James Wright. Among his young friends was John Barber, who performed many kindnesses for him and loaned him money. It is the descendants of Barber who are now battling for the \$1,000,000 property.

STEVENSON'S CAREER.

When he had completed his apprenticeship Stevenson tramped over the moun-

tains to Pittsburg. He engaged in the manufacture of white lead and soon became prosperous. He took an active part in politics and became one of the most prominent Democratic politicians in Pittsburg. He was appointed a canal commissioner by Governor Shulz, and in 1825 was elected to Congress, serving two terms. He died in Pittsburg in 1831.

Stevenson never married. When a young man he fell in love, but the young woman died. In 1825, when conducting his campaign for Congress, he went to Connellsville. There he met Margaret Stephens, a beautiful girl, but the daughter of poor parents far below the social sphere in which Stevenson moved. She fell in love with the rich and handsome politician, and he was taken by her pretty face. But the pair later drifted apart. Margaret Stephens was the mother of Amanda Stephens, to whom Stevenson left his estate. The child was taken by him and raised as the daughter of an old friend. The child's parentage was known to but few of the most intimate of Stevenson's friends. She became a handsome woman, was educated in a New York seminary and moved in the highest circles of New York and Pittsburg. She was married to Samuel Haight, of New York, in 1847. She survived her husband and five children, dying in 1891.

THE SECRET OF HER BIRTH.

The secret of her birth was well kept and her position in society thus preserved. It was made public for the first time that James S. Stevenson was her father when the present suit was heard by Judge Acheson. She never knew herself that Stevenson was her father. Stevenson, in addition to other bequests, left his daughter the property now in dispute. There was a proviso that in the event of her dying unmarried, or if married, without offspring, the property was to be sold and the proceeds divided equally among the heirs of John Barber, of Columbia, Pa. This property was afterward transferred to her husband, Samuel Haight, and eventually sold to the Pennsylvania Company.

The descendants of John Barber now claim that as Amanda Stephens died leaving neither husband nor children, the property reverts to them, and the transfers and sale to the railroad company are invalid. On the other hand, it is contended there was only an entail, and it was barred by the transfers and a straight title given by the purchasers.

The claimants are Samuel W. Barber, of St. Louis; Mrs. Richard T. Leach, Dayton, O.; Edward P. Clarke, Jersey City; Mrs. Anna Townsend-Watson, Union County, N. J., and Carver W. Barber, Red Wing, Minn. The first two are a son and daughter and the others grandchildren of John Barber.

From, *June's*
Pittsburgh Pa
 Date, *June 18/95*

THE GREAT COMMONER.

Original Portrait of William Pitt to Be Presented to Pittsburg by Daughters of the American Revolution.

There will be on exhibition this week at Gillespie's gallery, an original full length portrait of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. There is no Englishman living or dead, and no American, but Washington or Lincoln, whose portrait should arouse in the minds of the citizens of Pittsburg deeper feelings of interest, admiration and respect. Looking upon it, they should feel a profound sense of their obligations as Americans, to the friend of America; the bold advocate in the British Parliament of "No taxation in the colonies, without representation," and a renewed interest in the historical drama of the latter half of the 18th century. The greatest Englishman and the greatest American of their time, perhaps of any time, both saw the advantages to be derived from a settlement at the forks of the Ohio. Pittsburg owes her name, and her existence to George Washington and William Pitt. Washington's face is familiar to every one, and so should be that of our patron saint, "The Great Commoner," his portrait should hang in every public building and in every school house, and his statue, if any one's, should have the first place of honor in the gift of his god-children; such a statute, for instance, as that magnificent one which all visitors to London admire in the House of Parliament.

We have good reason to be proud of the name of our city, it has unusual individuality, it means something, and tells us of the clear judgment, vigorous mind, splendid talents, and pure, devoted patriotism, that guided the destinies of England, her colonies, and the world. It was the inspired ardor of Pitt that led Amherst to Louisbourg. Wolfe to the Heights of Abraham, and Forbes to Fort Duquesne, and it was in recognition of that fact that the new fort was named for him. The picture of which we speak is an original portrait, by a celebrated painter of the last century, William Hoare, of

Bath, England, to whom, in the days of his and their greatness, many celebrities sat. Pitt, who from his earliest years was a martyr to gout, was a frequent visitor to Bath; and on one of these occasions, in 1754, Hoare painted a portrait of him, which Pitt presented to his brother-in-law, Lord Temple, to whom he at the same time wrote of his appreciation of the artist's powers. From this fact, as well as that he presented it to his near relative, intimate friend, and at that time political ally, one would suppose that as a likeness it was satisfactory. This happened four years before his name was given to the lonely frontier post, and 11 years before his magnificent eloquence thundered from Westminster in denunciation of the stamp act, and in defense of American liberties.

In 1771 the picture was bought in England by Charles Carroll, of Mount Clare, near Baltimore, and from him descended through his wife, to her sister, the wife of Col. Tench Tilghman, private secretary and confidential aide-de-camp of Gen. Washington, and it is now owned by Mrs. Tilghman's great grandson, Col. Oswald Tilghman, of Easton, Md. Untiring in their efforts to encourage patriotism, to preserve historic landmarks, and valuable relics of the past, the Pittsburg Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, propose to present this portrait to the city. In doing this, the chapter will place itself among Pittsburg's benefactors, and will pay a debt of gratitude and recognition long overdue, to the memory of "The Imperial Chatham." J. M. H.

From, *dispatch*

Pittsburgh Pa

Date, *June 17/95*

A RELIC OF THE PAST.

Jane Gray Swisshelm's Old Homestead in Swissvale Rich in

TALES OF THE COLONIAL DAYS.

Previous to the Revolution Part of It Served as an Indian Fort.

LATER TWAS A MECCA FOR REFORMERS

In its rapid growth, Pittsburg has swept away many old landmarks, but in one of the suburbs there still remains one that has been left to the decay of nature. In a little valley in Swissvale, well guarded by wooded hills, stands one of the oldest homes in this part of the State, and the one from which Swissvale received its name.

The feeling of reverence for ruins is not so strong in the American as in the European, but there are few people for whom this old place, with its history, holds no attraction. It was part of the homestead of a Revolutionary soldier, and the old home, with 30 acres attached to it, is still owned by his great-grandchildren.

It is the most picturesque spot about the city. The house on it is a quaint old building of hewn logs, with queer rustic porches and odd-angles and corners. The oldest part of it was a blockhouse, used as an Indian fort at the time General Braddock tried to reach Ft. Pitt by that route.

Relics of an Old-Time War.

Not far from the house there were found, many years after the close of that last colonial war, the decayed and broken remnants of an old gun carriage, half buried in the soil, that tradition claims belonged to the military equipment of the British soldiers.

There is also a little knoll where it is said General Braddock found a temporary grave after his disastrous defeat, but with this statement all historians might not agree. Tradition also affirms that the blockhouse was built some time before its use as an Indian fort by trappers employed by the As-tors.

After the place became a homestead, the owner added an addition to the building, and also built a large stone barn. No changes in the house have been recorded since then, except that a great stone chimney on the outside was torn down and used for walling up a cellar. The stone barn was often a refuge for white men pursued by Indians, and many a negro escaping from the South found a hiding place in the walls that now lie in ruins.

Every spot about the place is historic ground, and those who lived in the old home took part in two of the greatest struggles for liberty in the history of the world.

Came From Far-Off Switzerland.

John Swisshelm was a native of the Swiss Alps, who came to America and fought for the freedom of the new country with all the fervor of the liberty-loving Swiss. His parents had but two sons. The older gave his life for the cause in the early part of the war, and his brother caught up his rifle, took the vacant place, and kept it until the end. He was one of the band that spent the winter with Washington in Valley

3, and one of the 2,000 who crossed Jerseys, the prints of whose bleeding feet were Freedom's seal upon the land and she claimed as her right.

Below the stone barn there used to be an old log mill, which was the first in Allegheny county, and when John Swisshelm built it he walked over the mountains to Philadelphia to purchase the necessary machinery for it. To that mill the French soldiers went from Ft. Duquesne for meal. The worn and broken wheel is still in the dry bed of the mill race, and the mill stones lie broken and half hidden in the soil and decayed timber.

The Home of a Literary Woman.

In 1842 the place became the home of Jane Grey Swisshelm, the wife of the Revolutionary soldier's son. In one of her books she traces her family on her mother's side to that branch of British royalty that gave to England its nine days' queen. Her history as one of the pioneer newspaper women is widely known, and the passage of the bill in the Legislature of this State, allowing married women the right to hold property, has been attributed by many to her efforts in its behalf.

Close by her home is the place where the first anti-slavery meeting in the State was held. It is said by one who remembers the meeting that among the number gathered there were George W. Julian, Charles Shiras, one of the Mitchells and other men whose names are woven into the history of the nation. Charles Sumner was expected but was unable to be present on account of the delay of the stage.

Every effort had been made to secure a hall in the city for the occasion, but so strong was the feeling against the anti-slavery party that no place could be rented for such a meeting. It was held a short time before James G. Birney was a candidate for the Presidency.

Her Dying Wish Not Carried Out.

The spot was marked by a fine sycamore tree until about 14 years ago. The tree fell at that time and it is said that Mrs. Swisshelm expressed a wish that her grave might take its place, but the wish was not carried out by her friends.

In her work as a nurse in the hospitals at Washington and Fredericksburg she showed herself to be no less devoted a patriot than was the Revolutionary soldier. Many strong articles against slavery were written by her at that time and appeared in New York, London and Paris papers. When Horace Greeley employed her to write letters from Washington for the New York Tribune she was the first woman to be engaged in that capacity, and also the first to be admitted to the Congressional reporters' gallery, where a place was given her by Vice President Fillmore.

The stillness of the old home seems little in harmony with the eventful, aggressive life of the woman who returned again and again to its quiet rest but there are many things that remind the visitor of her. Among them are the willows along the run for which Swisshelm is noted, and the vines which

she planted in the yard.

The Mecca of Temperance Women.

At the time of the National Convention of Temperance Women in this city there was a constant pilgrimage to the place, and there are always many visitors there.

After the death of Mrs. Swisshelm, the property passed into the hands of her daughter's children in Chicago. The home is now occupied by a German family, but the late owner's private room stands vacant as she left it. Almost everything has been taken out of it by her friends and the plaster is falling from the ceiling. But piled up against the wall are the remains of an old-fashioned bedstead, upon which Mrs. Swisshelm slept, and an easel. Back in an alcove is a bread tray that must have been in use half a century ago, and a broken spinning wheel and distaff. On the logs in one corner is a tree which Mrs. Swisshelm painted, reaching from the floor to the ceiling. "Half a Century" was written in this room, and the place must certainly

have been an inspiration, for every nook and corner spoke of the past.

It is interesting to know, now that a little favor is being shown to the bloomer costume, that Jane Grey Swisshelm is said to have been the first woman to wear it in Pittsburg.

Two Days' Experience With Bloomers.

She states in some of her writings that at the time Elizabeth Cady Stanton was advocating a reform in dress, about 50 years ago, she put on bloomers and wore them two days in her own home, but decided that they were a failure and returned to the ordinary mode of dress.

Near to Mrs. Swisshelm's old home lives her life-long friend, Mrs. Rieman, and in this lady's possession are many little personal belongings of the woman who a little less than 50 years ago was editor of an anti-slavery paper called "The Pittsburg Saturday Visitor." Among these keepsakes is a queer little inkstand from the desk of a German statesman given to Mrs. Swisshelm during her two years' stay in Liepsic. There, too, in an antiquated old bureau, folded away with all its memories of the past, is a dress which was a gift from Mrs. Abraham Lincoln. Another of the treasured relics is the manuscript of "Half a Century."

From, *Imies*
Phila Pa
 Date, *June 30 '95*



JOHN DUSS.

NEW WAYS AT OLD ECONOMY

THE HARMONY SOCIETY'S QUAIN'T VIL-
LAGE TO BE MODERNIZED.

THE INNOVATIONS OF JOHN DUSS

The Married Man Who Has Been the Head
the Celibate Community is Introducing
Many Radical Changes and Now Proposes
to Build an Entirely New Town That Will
Obliterate a Most Interesting Relic of the
Past.

Every person who ever visited the dear, quaint, Dutch village of Economy will be sorry to hear that the town is to be modernized—or rather that a new town is to be built on the old. What steam launches have done to mar romantic Venice, and the whistle and rumble of steam cars to destroy the sacred silence of Jerusalem, the proposed new town of Economy will do for the old town, which just now is like no place else under the sun. Of course we know this is not the age of romance, but the "age of progress;" that to be up to date we must be practical and keep a firm heel upon sentiment, and the senior trustee of the Harmony Society, which owns every house in Economy, a village of 300 souls, is a practical man, a progressive man, and may even be called "the new man," since he believes in women to such an extent as to have given them seats in the town council.

This, however, is only one of several innovations made by progressive John Duss, assisted by his equally progressive wife, who reign almost as absolutely over this

communistic society as ever did King and Queen over an empire.

Economy, as the reading public everywhere knows, is the home of the Harmony Society, one of the most unique and picturesque communistic organizations of its day. The cardinal principle of the society is the community of goods; this from the first has been strictly adhered to. Celibacy was enjoined upon all members and taught by both Father Rapp and Father Henrici, his successor, but their successor, John S. Duss, the present leader, leaves that tenet out of his preaching. When he became the elected head of the Harmony Society he set about a work of reconstruction to suit his modernized ideas and the proposed new town is only the latest added to the list.

The Economy farm land of 300 acres of bottom land on a level with the Fort Wayne Railroad, eighteen miles below Pittsburg and overlooking the Ohio river, as a fine town site is not to be duplicated in Pennsylvania. The old town stands on a plateau, ninety feet above the Ohio—a magnificent tract of 1,200 acres, sloping down to the river just enough to afford natural drainage. A most picturesque village with its houses all set with gable end toward the street, therefore there are no front doors. Paling fences are about each house, wooden latches on each gate, brick pavements throughout the town, each street flanked by cherry trees for shade, and each house ornamented with trellised grape vines, by which blending of the useful and the ornamental we see typified the idea of economy which predominated with the thrifty founder and his followers, and which suggested the name of Economy instead of Harmony, as the settlement in Butler county and another in Indiana founded (and later abandoned) by these same Harmonites, had been called.

And now it is proposed to lay out upon the new site and in vivid contrast to all this bewitching quaintness and simplicity a town on a plan so modern, so grand and at the same time so practical as to embody everything that beauty and utility can possibly have in common. The brag feature is going to be streets, with one exception, that will be 60 feet wide. The sidewalks are to be proportionately wide, and there will be a continuous sward and row of trees on each side between the sidewalk and the curb. The lots are to be deep enough to allow the houses to be set far enough back from the street to leave a lawn in front, and this idea will be made obligatory upon builders. One street is planned to be still wider than the 60-foot one. It will run the entire length of the town and be used for stores exclusively.

Surveys have been made and plans prepared for the erection of a proper system of water works, and no pains will be spared to make this new Economy, which will be only 30 minutes from Pittsburg, a city beautiful. Part of the ground upon which it will stand was purchased by Father Rapp from the grandfather of James G. Blaine. The present Economy occupies historic ground, Mad Anthony Wayne and his followers having camped upon it, leaving behind them a cannon which only a few years ago was sold for old iron by the Harmonites, who, as their riches would seem to prove, turned everything into money and harbored no sentiment outside of their religious belief.

The main plank in the religious platform of Father Rapp and the early Harmonites, it may be well to mention here, was a belief



MRS. DUSS.

that the second advent of the Lord was close at hand, and teachings were, in brief, that all those who would be ready and worthy to meet Him must practice a self-denial of the lusts of the flesh, the pleasures and distractions of the world—hence celibacy and simple living.

It has been said the most important movements in the progress of humanity are controlled by some strong personality, and that in spite of the assertion of philosophical students the effect of the individuality of the leader is often exaggerated and that the great changes which society has made would have come in some form at all events, with or without the one whose name has been made great thereby. It is, nevertheless, true that for the most part history is a series of biographies, and the leader is a factor equally potent with the popular sentiment

which calls him into being. Of no one can this be more clearly remarked than of John S. Duss, senior trustee of the Harmony Society, financial and spiritual head, president of the Town Council, musical director of the Economy Brass Band, which ranks equal to the best in the State; teacher, preacher, scholar, gentleman and philanthropist—a many-sided man, one who impresses the stranger as just what he is—an extraordinary man.

Only 35 years old, yet one cannot tell upon first guess whether he is an old-young man or a young-old man, but one could spend a month in the street and not meet another like him. In appearance he is dramatic. His hair, as black and nearly as straight as an Indian's, is worn a trifle long. He is nearly six feet tall and finely proportioned, firmly built and of vigorous constitution. The strength of his character is plainly in evidence in the pose of the head and shape of his prominent aquiline nose, as well as by the shape of his determined mouth, which he wisely does not disguise in a moustache. His face is as smooth-shaven as a priest's. His eyes are a clear, penetrating hazel, that can either raise a blister on an enemy or warm the soul of a friend. These valuable eyes are always carefully protected by spectacles.

The father of John Duss fought in the civil war, having enlisted in the Seventy-fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. His mother, widowed when her boy was less

than two years old, came to Economy and united with the Harmony Society; and here her son is to-day supreme ruler. The elements of leadership seem to have been born in him. The old people of the town tell of him that when a barefooted boy, playing soldier in the village streets, he would say, in his baby Deutsch: "Ich bin der Deuerl" (I am the general) and take command of the company.

When 13 years old he was sent to the Soldiers' Orphans' School at Philipsburg, Pa. After he had finished there he returned to Economy and there lost his heart. Susanna Creese, the prettiest girl in the village, found it. Love-making was not allowed among the Harmonites and all thought of marriage was hopeless. Therefore, as much to try to forget Susanna as for the higher education, John Duss next enrolled himself with the students of the Mount Union College, Ohio. While there he received an offer from the State Reform School, of Topeka, Kan., to teach in that institution and thither he went, and was soon followed by Susanna, who had been sent Westward with an old lady who had been making a visit to Economy. When she was leaving old Father Henrich, then at the head of the commune, and who understood the unhappy state of affairs between the lovers, jokingly said: "Be sure to see John before you come back, Susanna," and Susanna took him at his word and "saw John," and was married to him and immediately after the ceremony continued on her way with the old lady.

Two months after this the bride and groom met at Alliance, Ohio, where Mr. Duss had prepared a home for them. After six years of married life, and after two children had been born to them they were induced to return to Economy and with their young blood infuse new life into the Harmony Society, which by reason of there being no new additions to the membership was in danger of extinction. There had been no change in the tenets and in uniting with the society they accepted its doctrines and agreed to live according to the new conditions.

Mr. and Mrs. Duss taught in the village school. He taught the German, she the English. He was elected junior trustee of the Harmony Society, which position he held until the death of Jacob Henrich, three years ago, when he was elected to the senior trusteeship, which means spiritual as well as financial head. In addition to the secular duties, which are arduous in the extreme, owing to much litigation growing out of the efforts of some disgruntled members to have the society dissolved, Mr. Duss must preach two sermons each Sunday, visit the sick, conduct funerals—in short, attend to all spiritual requirements of a congregation. This, it will be seen, means almost unrelenting labor. Still, he is a man of sunny temperament, and when the day's work is over he can always be found romping with his children or discussing the latest book with his wife, or playing the cornet with the three of them accompanying him. This is a family of culture. Vera, the gipsy-complexioned daughter, and John, Jr., aged 12 and 9 respectively, read books the average boy and girl far in their teens would find heavy. They each speak German and English with equal fluency and correctness. The rules of grammar are strictly adhered to, and even their pet parrot speaks grammatically.

Mr. Duss is musical director of the society's

band and he is a composer of music. That charming song, "Life's Voyage," is his, the words written by a sister of Mrs. Duss. "Liberty Chimes," dedicated to the Grand Army, has perhaps brought him the most fame. But he only takes up music incidentally, merely as a recreation. Were he to devote himself to it as a profession he would take rank with the best. But from the first day of his administration it has been his main object to liquidate the debts of the society and hold it together. His predecessors having kept no accounts and been charitable beyond wisdom he found affairs in a complete muddle; and one less versatile and less tactful or less a financier than Trustee Duss would hardly have proved a Moses to this conglomerate band made up as it was of infidels, agnostics, Catholics and all shades of Protestants.

But Susanna has been his right bower, his balance wheel, his wise helpmeet in every crisis. In these days when lawsuits grow upon every hush, she has really been the business manager at the home office, no small matter when one considers that every house in the village is to be rented, rents collected, and quite two hundred people, or "hands," to be hired and paid off. These are employed by the commune, in the saw mill, brick yard, dairy, farms and many other industries.

A pretty woman is Mrs. Duss—red cheeks, clear complexion, plump figure, tiny hands and feet and speaking eyes that can flash every emotion known to woman. No knight of the camera ever has, or ever can, do her justice, for the reason her complexion can

not be photographed, and her face in repose is not particularly attractive. In conversation she has a laughing face, a young face, a face made for curls, but instead of making the most of this God-given attraction she religiously smooths down her beautiful black hair with Quaker-like plainness, which makes her look older than she is.

Queen of the village and the idol of her subjects, she certainly is. Women in general find the care of their own immediate family quite enough, but Mrs. Duss cares for many families, looking after their creature comforts, their spiritual welfare and furnishing their recreations. Each "mother in Israel" of the society is taken in turn for a drive behind a pair of milk-white Welsh ponies, Mrs. Duss' pet team. The latest diversion was the taking of several of the friskiest girls of the society, aged from 75 to 85 years old, up to Pittsburg to attend the circus. Mrs. Duss says they were delighted with everything seen and heard, but enjoyed the bare-back riding most of all. Even the "tights" caused no "gooseflesh" to rise and no one fainted. By which we can only infer that Anthony Comstock has never visited Economy, and these innocent old ladies had never heard of the immorality of such attire. "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

MEG.



HAY MAKING AT ECONOMY

it of iron and to the name of Bonaparte have added mandy. here is one fatal these preteuders. e to explain when lived from 1795, date of escape, an appearing. I. re is the further e d'Angouleme. acknowledge his ther. The latter fifties. She mus areful analysis o led to a third o be proved true. spite of her ha e of the matter, e from her brot se to set down in sion of his death. ough: "The pris ch he had be nged him; and e o be feared tha affected." heir to all the ued too late wh only an obstacle then carefully s real death occu e and date, is t tion to the myste

A LITTLE

Reporter After a Disc

in the Chicago Tribu ere was a loud, pe. front door of a hous was late and it too

From, Pooh
Pittsburg Pa
 Date, July 25 / 95

A RELIC OF THE OLDEN TIME.

Workmen on Smithfield Street Unearth an Old Drain Well.

An old well was unearthed on Smithfield street yesterday by workmen digging a trench for a conduit in which the Allegheny light company is to bury its wires. The well is directly in front of city hall, and is about 60 feet deep. Major Hunter, who has superintended all the opening of the city streets for many years, said it was only a drain well, built, he supposed, in the early '30s. He said there were several in the downtown district from 40 to 90 feet deep. They were sunk to the gravel, and were used to drain waste water into. This was in the days when there were no paved streets or sewers. There were two in front of the old postoffice and one on the Fifth avenue side, and he filed a 90-foot one some years ago in front of the Hamilton building.

From, Lucie
Philad^a Pa
 Date, Aug 4 / 95

A RIFLE WITH A RECORD

One in the Possession of Captain Brady Did Terrible Duty After the Revolution.

Among the many articles illustrating the early history of Pennsylvania owned by Robert Strain, of Pittsburg, is the rifle of Captain John Brady, of the Rangers, the most prominent of the Indian fighters who after the Revolution won Western Pennsylvania from the red men. The gun was made in this city, has a barrel three feet eight inches long, calibre fifty bullets to the pound, has the original flint lock and a beech stock that was broken at the grasp in a hand-to-hand fight. It was mended with a strip of rawhide, and constant handling has worn this smooth as glass.

John Brady was one of five brothers, all fighting men. Three of them were with Morgan's Rifle Corps at Saratoga. On the conclusion of the war they settled near Standing Stone, afterward moving to Juniata county.

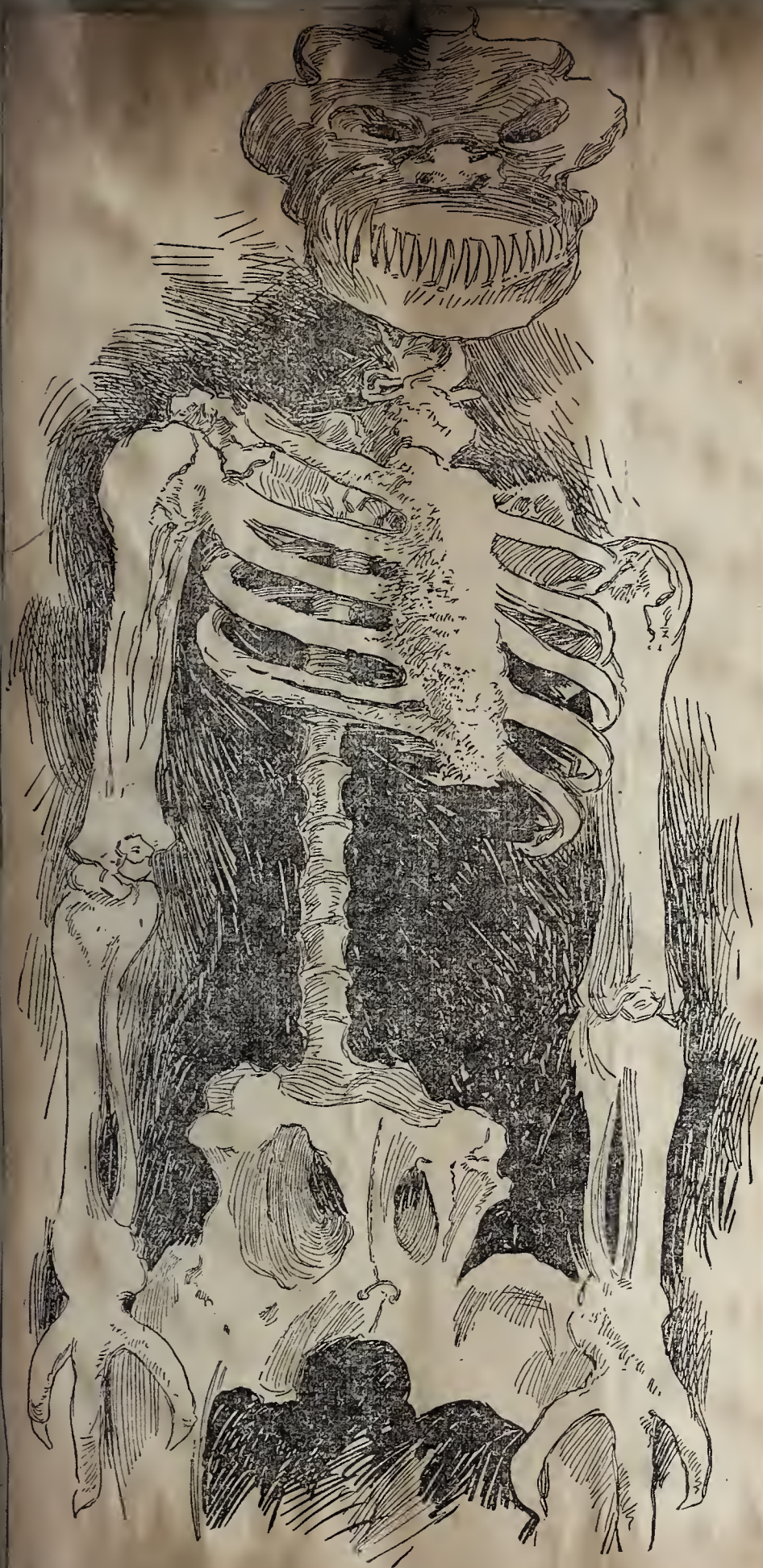
This was a famous hunting ground of the Senecas, and they made it warm for the pioneers. The Brady family, assisted by their neighbors, undertook to cut a field of rye. Their rifles were stacked handy, but near the close of day they became careless, and were attacked by a party of Shawnees. Sam Brady got to the rifles and shot one of the Indians, and then got a bullet through the body and was tomahawked to death, and his long red hair carried away in triumph. His father escaped and two girls, but a third was captured and her brother, Thomas, killed and scalped.

When the Indians retreated they took Mary Brady along. She was then about 18. One of the party was a very large man who spoke English well and was kind to the white captive, and this was the famous Seneca chief, Cornplanter. Bald Eagle, a Shawnee chief, was also along. At night, when the party were sleeping, Mary Brady arose and taking her brother's scalp that was drying by the fire, quietly stole away, and taking a straight road through the woods was met at daybreak by her brother, John, and his friends, who were in pursuit.

Brady swore to be revenged on Cornplanter and Bald Eagle, and eight years later while scouting on the Allegheny range he fired across the river at a party of Indians, and although a mile away his bullet brought down Bald Eagle. The place is known today as Brady's Bend.

In the early history of the State there is no more conspicuous figure than Captain Brady, and he is a splendid illustration of the Scotch-Irish pioneer, to whom the settlement of the State is largely due. Brady died about 1806, being then doorkeeper of the Legislature of Pennsylvania. He was a small man, but strongly built.

From, Inquiries
Philad^a Pa
 Date, Sept 27 '95



UPPER PORTION OF THE DEVIL'S SKELETON.

Some Old Timers Along the Ohio

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA A PLACE TO SEEK FOR
RELICS OF LONG AGO.

The Western part of the State of Pennsylvania, and more especially the land lying along the Ohio River, has long been a great field for hunters of remains of ancient men, many works of the mound builders having been found there. For some time private excavating enterprises have been going on there, and the cut in this column was sketched by a Pittsburg Dispatch artist. The skeletons were plowed up on the farm of John Guffy, near the town of Milesville, and were found in what is called a fort.

These skeletons were all of the same height, about three feet and a half,

and this proves that the stonemen had a hand in their erection, as the North American Indians never became so skilled as to construct any implement whatever from metal.

The Swiss naturalist, Louis Agassiz, estimates that the southern half of the peninsula of Florida, which is built up of coral reefs, took 135,000 years to form, and hence he would estimate the age of the human jaws, teeth and bones of the feet found in one of the coral banks to be 10,000 years old. This statement may give the puzzled people of Milesville and vicinity some idea as



POSITIONS OF SKELETONS FOUND ON A FARM NEAR PITTSBURG

the bones being in a high state of preservation, and it may be conjectured that these skeletons have occupied a position in the bed of stones for countless ages.

The earth in which the skeletons were found has always been considered a difficult piece of land to plow, and it was by accident that a large flat stone was overturned and the skeletons unearthed. In the head of the last skeleton exhumed not a single tooth was missing in the lower jaw, in the upper jaw five teeth were counted on each side, but the teeth in front were missing.

All of the skeletons were found in a crouching position, and various gifts of weapons, and the simple utensils of the life of the period were deposited beside the bodies. A number of flint fleshers were found used in trimming the hides of wild beasts; also a broken stone, hollowed on one side, filled with rust, which proves that the sword of some great chief was buried by his side in a stone mold.

A few metal implements were found,

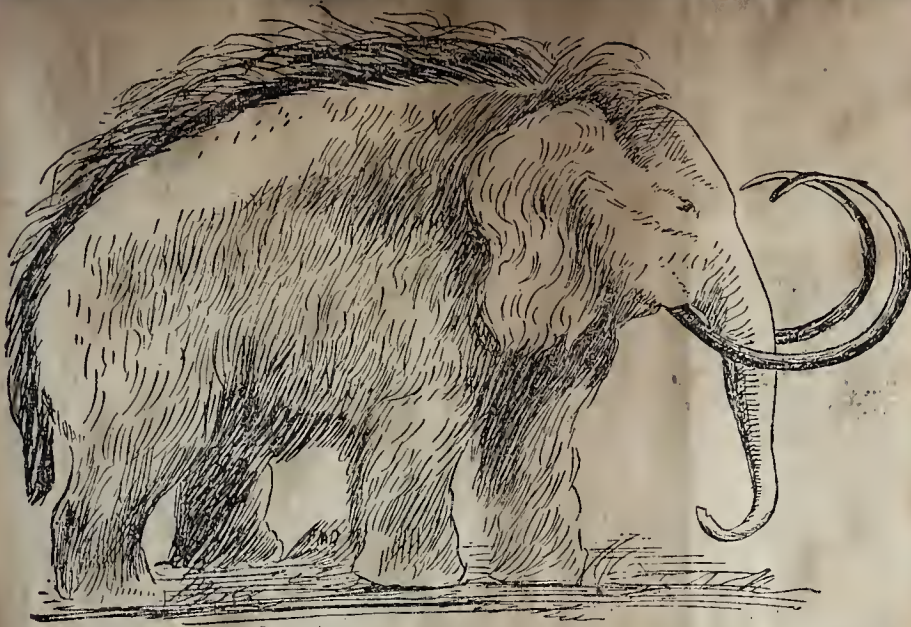
to the number of years these skeletons have remained buried in the earth.

The banks of the Ohio River have been made famous not only by the relics of ancient man, but also of ancient beast, and in the Western Uni-

versity of Pennsylvania, near Allegheny, are the remains of one of the greatest curiosities ever found in Pennsylvania, the skeleton of a prehistoric elephant, found near the Ohio. There is not the slightest doubt but that before man made his appearance in this country, animals of immense size roamed all over Pennsylvania as well as the other States.

In 1739 a French officer making his way to the Mississippi River found the bones of an unknown animal, which Buffon—the French naturalist—called “The Elephant of the Ohio.”

In Kentucky, twenty miles southwest



THE ELEPHANT OF THE OHIO.

of Cincinnati, is a famous salt spring called the Big Bone Lick, from which it is estimated that the bones of 100 mastodons and twenty mammoths have been dug, together with the bones of many other animals, recent and extinct.

Three perfect skeletons have been exhumed from marshes in Orange county, N. Y., one from Cohoes Falls on the Mohawk, one from New Jersey, another from the banks of the Missouri, partial skeletons from Michigan, Indiana, New Jersey, while individual bones are frequently found. The best mastodon's skeleton in existence is undoubtedly one in the museum of Dr. Warren in Boston; its height is 11 feet, its length 17, and its tusks 12, two and a half feet of the tusks being inserted in the sockets. The total weight of the bones is 2000 pounds, and so slightly changed are they that they still retain a large proportion of their animal matter.

In 1845 mastodon bones were found in Newburgh on the Hudson, and with them a fossil tooth weighing 17 pounds; in the midst of the bones and partially enclosed by the ribs were found the remnants of a sack—probably the stomach—containing seven barrels of vegetable matter, which a microscopic examination showed to be coniferous twigs, probably from the white cedar, and a specie of rush still living in Virginia.

In some instances there have been found in connection with the mastodon skeleton tufts of hair of a dim brown color, varying in length from two to seven inches.

The mammoth, or *Elephas primigenius*, surpasses in size the largest elephants now known. They were from 16 to 18 feet in height and armed with tusks 12 to 13 feet in length, which curved forward and outward in a large half circle.

From, *Chen Belling*

Pittsburgh Pa

Date, *Oct 5/95*

THE OLDEST CHURCH

TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF A PITTSBURGH CONGREGATION.

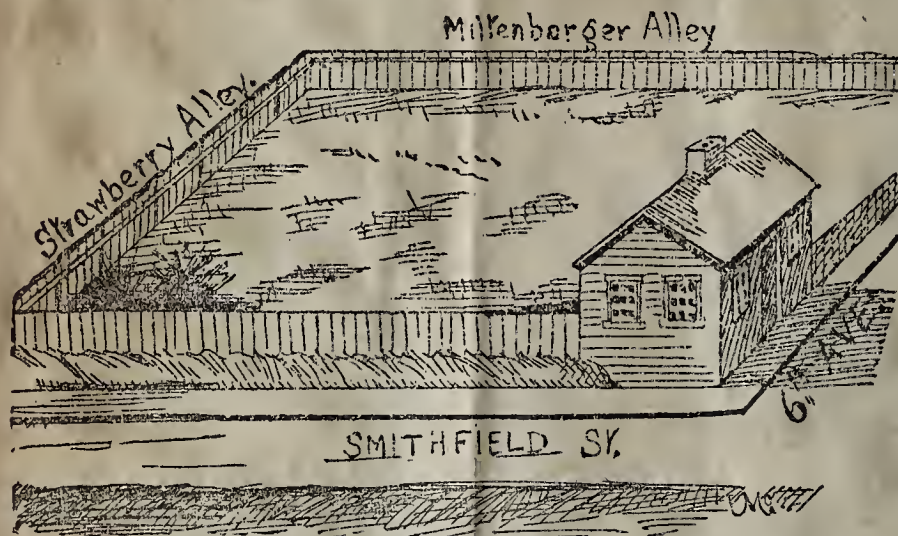
Interesting History of the German United Evangelical Protestant Church—The Many Changes in the Pastorate Since 1782—Names of the Forty-Two Original Members. The Primitive Edifice and the One That Now Stands on the Same Site.

Probably few people in Pittsburgh and its vicinity, excepting those who have made a study of the beginning of religious history in Allegheny county, are aware of what church was the first to plant a house of worship within the present limits of Pittsburgh. For the benefit of the general public therefore, it may be stated that the work of planting the seeds of religion was begun by the German United Evangelical Protestant de-

nomination, the first church to be established being that of the First German United Evangelical Protestant congregation, which, within the memory of even the oldest inhabitant, has been located at Smithfield-st and Sixth-ave.

The one hundredth anniversary of this church was celebrated in April, 1882, on which occasion a paper, covering the history of the congregation, was read by the present pastor, Rev. Frederick Ruoff. It showed the beginning of the church to have been closely interwoven with the history of Pittsburgh in the last two decades of the eighteenth century. The block hut which formed the meeting house of the congregation in

America in 1764. In 1771 he was given permission to preach, and in 1782 was sent to Westmoreland county as pastor of the four congregations named. The cash book, still preserved in the congregation, contains the names of the 42 men who laid the foundations for the First church in this city. They are William Diehl, Jacob Weitzel, Conrad Winbeutter, William Wensthoff, John Small, Jacob Weltz, Philip Franz, Reinhard Annes, John Wolff, Sr., Christian Wyant, John Wolff, Jr., Hendrick Woolry, Deitrich Zweitzig, George Zweitzig, John Metzgar, Nicholas Baussman, Jacob Wyant, John Rothermel, Henry Neumann, George Lichtenberger, Alex Negler, John Trumbo,

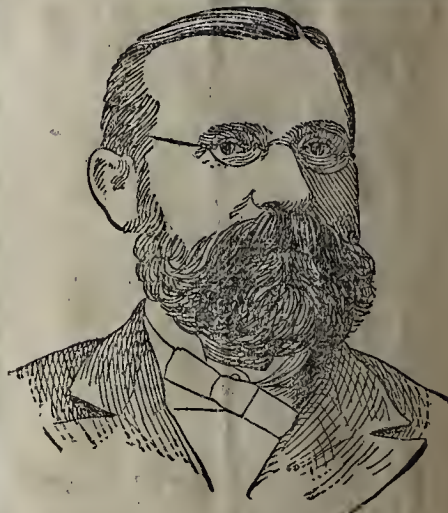


THE OLD UNITED EVANGELICAL CHURCH.

the year 1782, and which is thought to have been located where Wood and Diamond-sts now intersect, was the only church in which the gospel was preached within the borders of what are now Allegheny and Westmoreland counties, then Westmoreland, Allegheny county not having been established until 1788.

The visit of George Washington to Pittsburgh in 1753, the taking of Fort Duquesne in 1758, and subsequently the building of Fort Pitt, forms the beginnings of the history of Pittsburgh. Arthur Lee, who visited Pittsburgh in December, 1784, said that he found no preacher and no church in the settlement, but this statement was promptly denied by the German scientist and explorer, Dr. Schoepf, who was here in 1783. The cash book of the congregational treasurer, which dates from June, 1783, and which is still in the possession of the church, shows that a congregation existed and employed a preacher, fully a year and a half before Lee's visit. The first pastor was a Mr. Lee, who preached to four charges in the neighborhood, the First church, Pittsburgh; two congregations in Hempfield township, Brush Creek and Herold's Creek, and one in Mt. Pleasant township.

John William Weber, the founder of the congregation, was born in Fendingen, Germany, in 1735, and emigrated to



Rev. Frederick Ruoff.

Daniel Reischer, Jacob Mayers, John Fisher, Samuel Ewalt, John Dausmann, Michael Stein, Jacob Miller, Henry Schaffer, Gottlieb Hubler, Jacob Jones, Frederick Reischen, Augustine Liebhard,

Stephen Durstley, Christian Reyneman, Christian Maure, William Worltein, Jacob Grub, John Grub, Jacob Baussman, Jacob Haymacher.

The growth of the congregation was slow during the first few years, on account of the effects of the Revolutionary War and the raids of the Indians, the latter cause hindering emigration from the East. In 1787 the Penn heirs dedicated to the congregation the tract of land on which the church is now located. Ground was also donated to Trinity Episcopal church, and the First Presbyterian on Wood-st, but as Trinity church did not require the services of a preacher until 1797, and not being organized until 1788, the only organized Christian congregation in the city for the six years following 1782 was that of the First German United congregation. At first the members of the church were contented with the little block hut, but during the period of the "Whisky Insurrection," when the community was considerably increased by the placing of a garrison here, we find the first church built, in the period of 1791-1794. Many of the settlers at that time were Germans, and the church received many recruits. A resolution was passed, in 1791 or 1792, to build a new German meeting-house, and the records of the time show that many citizens of other nationalities beside the German gave to the fund for the erection of the church. The building which was erected in 1793 cost \$68, 16s and 19 1/2d, sterling. The church building of one of the other congregations, known as Muehleisen's church, was erected at the same time under the direction of Father Weber, and during the time from 1800 to 1821 that congregation worshipped in the First church for their afternoon service.

The records of the church for the few years following this time, and even up to 1806, are rather scarce. Father Weber died in July, 1816, in the 82d year of his age. A family Bible in the possession of a descendant of one of the members of the congregation, shows that during the years 1794 and 1795 the pulpit was supplied by a pastor named Simmler, who succeeded Father Weber, upon the latter's resignation in 1793, for the purpose of giving all his attention to his other congregation. The same records say that from 1796 to 1800 Pastor Steck officiated. These statements are not official, however.

It seems that about this time the church became split into two sub-congregations, for in 1806 there were sets of books in existence, belonging to the Lutheran and the Reformed branches. The two branches could not exist separate from each other, and in 1812 a meeting was held, at which a call was extended to a young preacher, Jacob Schnee, to take charge of the congregation. He arrived in Pittsburgh August 8, 1813, and under his leadership the membership rapidly increased, so that in 1814 the number of members in good standing had grown to 100, and these now began to assume regular dues of \$4 to \$10 annually. It is said that the pastor, Mr. Schnee, assisted in the tearing down of the old church in 1816, a larger and a more imposing structure being built in its place. This building was 45 feet long, 30 feet wide, and had

a ceiling 15 feet in height. The church was only a rough structure, but it was looked upon with pride by the young congregation.

After a pastorate of five years, Pastor Schnee left the charge and removed to Harmony, Butler county. He was succeeded by Mr. John M. Ingold in the fall of 1818. He was a very learned man, and of wealthy parentage. He bought a farm on Stockton-ave, Allegheny, where he lived during the first year of his pastorate. The distance caused the congregation to project plans for the erection of a parsonage, and a two-story building was erected in 1819 at the corner of Smithfield-st and Strawberry alley.

Early in 1821 Mr. Ingold died, as the result of a cold contracted during a ride to Steubenville. Rev. Mr. Geissenhainer preached the funeral oration of Mr. Ingold, and soon after received a call to the church. He accepted, and assumed his duties in February, 1821. Soon after he took charge the church was incorporated, the pastor wishing to put an end to the difficulties existing between the Lutheran and Reformed branches by having them officially united. John Schneider was elected the first president, Martin Rahm secretary, and William Diehl treasurer. Rev. Mr. Geissenhainer went East on a visit in 1823, and while away he was seized with fever and died.

On July 21, 1825, Henry Kurtz, who occupied a charge in Northampton county, was called to the pastorate. Strife sprang up among the congregation, and Kurtz, in the fall of 1826, was compelled to move away. Rev. David Kaemmerer came through Pittsburgh on his way West and was persuaded to announce himself a candidate for the pastorate. He was elected, and the congregation prospered greatly under his direction. He assumed charge in January, 1827, and remained 13 years. In 1828 Rev. Mr. Kaemmerer founded the Sabbath school and introduced German tuition. In October, 1831, the congregation decided to build a new church. About the same time the members who resided in Allegheny seceded from the church and erected a building of their own in the same year that the mother church constructed a new house of worship. The corner stone of the new Smithfield-st church was laid July 2, 1833, by Pastor Kaemmerer, and in May, 1834, the dedication took place. The church was 80 feet in length and 55 in' width and cost \$10,095.25. It was one of the most handsome church buildings in the city. The first church bell used in the city was placed in the steeple in 1834. In 1840 the pastor, on account of throat trouble, was compelled to resign his charge in this city, and removed to Stark county, O.

May 11, 1840, John Christian Jehle was called to the charge, and entered upon his duties in the same year. He was discharged in the fall of 1845, and the church was entrusted to Pastor Robert Koehler in December, 1845. He did not take charge until March, 1846, and in the meantime Pastor Weiterhausen, of Allegheny, conducted the services in addition to those of his own church. Rev. Mr. Koehler remained until 1849, when he was succeeded by Rev. John J. Waldburger. During his pastorate the church burying ground at the rear of the building was removed to Troy Hill, and new

buildings were erected on the old site, and let out as business houses. Rev. Mr. Waidburger resigned, September 19, 1863, and in December of the same year was succeeded by Rev. Carl Walther, of New York. Few changes took place during his successful pastorate of 14 years. He died in April, 1868.

August 16-17, 1868, it was decided to build a new church, but preparations for the new building consumed some time, and it was not until January 31, 1876, that the last services were held in the old church. While it was being torn down the congregation occupied the Baptist church on Grant-st, where services were held for nearly two years. The cornerstone of the new church was laid July 18, 1876, and on November 25, 1877, the church was ready for dedication. The total cost of its erection was \$135,000. Rev. Mr. Weil resigned, and on September 4, 1879, Rev. Frederick Ruoff was elected to the vacant pastorate, and he has since retained charge of the congregation.

Mr. Ruoff was born in Bollingen, Wurttemberg, Germany, June 18, 1850. He was educated at Tuebingen University; served in the Franco-Prussian war as a lieutenant in a Prussian regiment; came to America in 1873, landing in New Orleans, whence he worked his way on a steamboat up to Cincinnati. There he became pastor of the St. Alban church in 1874, remaining until he received a call to the pastorate of the church over which he now presides. The last 15 years of the church history have been very prosperous. In 1888 the German Protestant Orphan Asylum, in West Liberty borough was dedicated. In 1891 the Home for Old People was established at Fair Oaks. Besides this, the church has organized benevolent society, a ladies' society and the Young People's Relief Society, known as the "Smithfield Concordia." The church at present has a membership of over 50 families.

From, *Chas. Selig*
Pittsburgh Pa.
 Date, *Oct 5 / 75*

OPENING A MOUND.

A SEARCH FOR ANTIQUITIES IN OAKMONT BOROUGH.

Pittsburgh Scientists and an Expert in Researches Conducting the Work—Human and Animal Bones Unearthed by the Diggers—A Peculiar Layer of Stones Discovered in the Center and Photographed.

A Place Where Many Relics Have Been Found.

A search for Indian relics is being prosecuted in Oakmont borough, and Pittsburgh and suburban archaeologists are deeply interested in the results of the exploration. The point of interest is a mound on the property of Maj. J. P. Speer, about midway between the Oakmont Presbyterian church and the river. The credit for the efforts to unearth the secrets of the mound is due to L. H. Holden, who has a drug store near the scene of operations.

The mound is circular, 50 feet in diameter, and rises to a height of 5 feet. The soil is light and sandy, and scattered over the mound are seven large trees, one being nine feet in circumference, another eight feet, and the remainder of smaller girth, with the exception of a double tree, one of the trunks of which is six feet thick and the other five feet. Early in July Mr. Holden secured Mr. Speer's consent to have the mound opened, if the work was done properly. Mr. Holden then wrote to Prof. Keeler, of the Allegheny Observatory, and the latter replied that he would come out and inspect the mound.

Several days later Prof. Keeler and Mr. W. L. Sealife went to Oakmont, and, with Mr. Holden, made a careful examination of the mound. The professor said it was the largest he had ever seen in this section of the country, and believed that discoveries would be made that would amply repay the labor. At a recent meeting of the Historical Society the subject was brought up, and a committee was appointed to wait upon Maj. Speer and secure his formal consent to have the mound explored, and the major promptly complied with the committee's request. It was then decided to proceed with the work, and the projectors engaged Mr. Harper, an expert in mound researches, to take charge of the work.

Yesterday was fixed upon as the time for commencing operations, and the early morning train on the Allegheny Valley road took out a party of Pittsburghers interested in antiquities, including Prof. Keeler, Prof. Brashear, O. P. Sealife, Dr. McCord, Dr. Funderberg and Rev. Mr. Brown. Upon arriving at the mound the work of excavation was commenced by a force of men, under the direction of Mr. Harper, and the news spread so rapidly that a crowd of citizens soon gathered to see the developments. The entrance was made from the eastern side, and the workers were soon rewarded by the discovery of bones, some being those of humans and one being evidently part of a deer's leg. Proceeding further they unearthed a circular stone, the sides being flat, and which, it is supposed, was used by the ancients as a head for a hammer. A number of pieces of flint were also found.

Shortly before the explorers reached the center of the mound they encountered layers of stone which had undoubtedly been placed there by human hands centuries ago. The work was suspended, and, as the party had brought a camera along, the layers of stone were photographed. Expectation ran high, and the visitors and other spectators were excited as the workmen proceeded to lift the stones. To

the disappointment of all nothing was found underneath and the work proceeded without noteworthy incident until 6 p. m., when the laborers stopped and the visitors returned to the city.

Mr. Harper and the others who are interested in the project are sanguine that important discoveries will be made, and will continue the work until the mound has been thoroughly explored. Many relics have been found in the vicinity, especially when excavation was made for the foundation of a house about three years ago. Another but smaller mound is on the property of Mr. John Given, within a short distance of the large one, but the owner will not allow it to be opened. The mound where the men are now working is at the intersection of two proposed streets, and after the exploration is completed it will be restored to its original shape and preserved as a landmark.

Work on the mound was resumed at 9 a. m., and after the diggers had progressed a short distance beyond the center they found a human skull and some implements. Search is being made for the skeleton of which the skull was a part. The explorers are now inclined to believe that the mound had been opened before, but if so it must have been done many years ago, for there is no record of it.

From, *Pittsburgh Gazette*
Pittsburgh Pa
 Date, *Oct 14/95*

OLD ROUND CHURCH.

SKETCH OF THAT HISTORIC EDIFICE, TRINITY'S PREDECESSOR.

Data Furnished By Pittsburgh Gazette Files—Progeny of Original Pew Holders Scattered Throughout Western Pennsylvania.

A very interesting article was contributed by Oliver Ormsby Page to the October number of the Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography, published by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. It is a sketch of the "Old Round Church," which stood at Wood street, Liberty and Sixth avenues, from 1805 to 1825, and was the original edifice of Trinity church, this city. The Pittsburgh Gazette of 1808 furnished considerable material, and many clues which enabled the author to make his historical researches. Following is the article:

"Nothing is so really new as that which is old," and it were not strange if many who are familiar with the present beautiful edifice of Trinity church, and even with its predecessor, the embodiment of Bishop Hopkin's genius, were yet ignorant, or at best vague, regarding the first edifice commonly known as the "Old Round Church." This was a small brick building, octagonal in shape, located on the triangular lot bounded by Wood street, Liberty avenue and Sixth avenue, for which property \$400 were paid. The cornerstone was laid July 1, 1805, but the church was never consecrated, and no bishop visited Pittsburgh until Bishop White came in 1825. To defray the indebtedness of the church we find that the expedient of a lottery was resorted to. In the Pittsburgh Gazette for March of 1805, Anthony Beelen advertised tickets for sale in the Trinity church lottery at his shop on Front street, now First avenue; highest prize \$10,000; tickets then selling for a dollar and a half. This was an approved means of raising money in those days, and was in accord with the prevailing moral sentiment.

On September 4, 1805, a perpetual charter was secured from Gov. Thomas McKean, constituting "the Rev. John Taylor the present minister of the said church, Presley Nevill (e) and Samuel Robert the present wardens of the said church, and Nathaniel Irish, Joseph Barker, Jeremiah Barker, Andrew (Nathaniel) Richardson, Nathaniel Bedford, Oliver Ormsby, George McGunnele, George Robinson, Robert Magee, Alexander McLaughlin, William Cecil and Joseph Davis the present vestrymen of the said church, and their successors duly elected, nominated and appointed in their place and stead . . . a corporation and body politic in law and in fact to have continuance forever by the name, stile and title of the minister, church-wardens and vestrymen of Trinity Church in Pittsburgh."

As far back as September 24, 1787, "John Penn, Jr., and John Penn of the city of Philadelphia, Esquires, late Proprietors of Pennsylvania," for the nominal consideration of "Five Shillings, current, lawful current money of Pennsylvania," had deeded two and one-half lots of ground to "the Honorable John Gibson, Esq., John Ormsby, merchant, Devereux Smith, gent., and Dr. Nathaniel Bedford all of the town of Pittsburgh, in the county of Westmoreland, in Pennsylvania aforesaid, trustees of the congregation of Episcopal Protestant church, commonly called the Church of England, in the said town of Pittsburgh, . . . their heirs and assigns, forever, in trust nevertheless, for and a site for a house of religious worship and burial place for the use of said religious society or congregation, and their successors in the said town of Pittsburgh . . . and to and for no other use, intent or purpose whatsoever." Allegheny county was not erected until the following year, consequently the deed was recorded at Greensburg, the seat of Westmoreland county. In harmony with the design of the founder to form an asylum for all religions, the Messrs. Penn, while themselves churchmen, deeded the adjoining two and one-half lots to the trustees of the First Presbyterian church the same day, and on June 18, 1788, John Penn "the younger" deeded two lots to the trustees of the German Evangelical Protestant church.

John Penn, Jr., and John Penn were grandsons of the founder, and had been dispossessed of all their landed inheritance in Pennsylvania by the revolution, except such tenths or manor lands as had been set apart for them prior to the Declaration of Independence. Of these, John Penn, Jr., who was a poet and a great man of fashion in his day, owned three-fourths, and his cousin, John Penn,

last lieutenant-governor of the province, one-fourth. The difference in their holdings will explain why their names are given in the deed in the order they are.

The four trustees lived at the most interesting period of the history of Western Pennsylvania, and their lives are a part of the history of the region. Col. John Gibson, called "Horsehead" Gibson by the Indians, sometime commandant of Fort Pitt, is buried in Allegheny cemetery, Pittsburgh. Dr. Bedford lies buried at the head of South Twelfth street, on the South Side of Pittsburgh, overlooking the former town of Birmingham, which he laid out.

Dr. Bedford came to Pittsburgh shortly after 1770, and was the first practicing physician in what is now Allegheny county. In 1786 there were two physicians here, and it has been a frequent matter of conjecture who the other was. In the Pittsburgh Gazette, under date of March 24, 1787, we find named among the trustees of the Pittsburgh Academy, afterwards merged into the Western University of Pennsylvania, then incorporated, "Doctors Nathaniel Bedford and Thomas Parker." Dr. George Stevenson, another early physician, came here from Carlisle in 1794, and was probably the third physician here.

John Ormsby is the only one of the four trustees buried in Trinity church yard. It was Mr. Ormsby's wont to write on the fly leaves of his books, inserting extra sheets for the purpose in some cases, and we find in these personal notes frequent evidence of his religious feeling and resignation under affliction.

Although the land conveyed by the Penns was not the site of the first church, it was from the beginning used as a burying ground. Here are to be found the graves of British officers, revolutionary heroes, early lawyers, doctors and men of affairs; even an Indian chief has here found Christian burial, and, what is the more remarkable, his body reposed beneath the chancel of "Old Trinity church," as the second edifice erected in 1825 is commonly called.

In the Pennsylvania Magazine, vol. IV., p. 122 et seq., a letter from Bishop Upfold is printed, giving the epitaphs of the following from Trinity church yard, although not transcribed literally in all cases: Mio-qua-coo na-caw or Red Pole, Captain Richard Mather of the Royal Americans, Captain Samuel Dawson of the Eighth Pennsylvania Foot, John and Jane (McAllister) Ormsby, and Major Abraham Kirkpatrick.

The silent "God's acre" in the midst of the city's busy life forms a most interesting and impressive link with the past, serving to remind us that "in the midst of life we are in death." In this quiet spot more serious thoughts naturally obtrude themselves, and we are for the moment transported "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife." In this connection it is worthy of note that the church yard of Stoke park, the seat of John Penn, Jr., near Windsor, in England, is the scene of Gray's immortal elegy, and the poet is there buried.

The "Old Round Church" had forty-two high-backed pews, similar to those in churches of that period, besides a gallery. Those in the two front rows were square, as well as high-backed, and were specially attractive, according to childish notions, since they offered more opportunity for play of a quiet order. For evening service, or whenever necessary, the church was lighted by candles held in tin sconces arranged as sidelights along the wall, and in cold weather the church was heated by stoves. The sexton performed his office for both Trinity and the First Presby-

terian church. His occupation is given in the 1815 directory as grave digger, which lugubrious employment, as was customary, he combined with his duties as sexton. The parish being poor and struggling, it was the custom to send the rector's surpluses to the houses of the different members of the congregation to be washed. One time he came to my informant's mother's on this errand, and the children gathering about him to hear what he had to say, for he was quite a character, she heard her mother ask him how he did, to which the little old Irishman replied, "Och! dull times, dear; I've not put a spade in the ground for I can't tell you whin." Such was his efficiency in this line that the proverbial query used to be, who would bury this son of Erin when he had buried everybody else.

The Rev. John Taylor was the first rector of Trinity church. He came to Pittsburgh in 1797, and labored here for more than twenty years. He was familiar and affectionately known as Father Taylor, and by the children as Poppy Taylor. Prior to the building of the "Old Round Church," services were held in private dwellings, public halls and in the court room on the second floor of the first court house—a two-story brick building which stood on the west side of the Diamond, where the market house now is. It had a wooden steeple and bell, which on Sundays became a "church-going bell," and urged the populace to "come to church!" Be it remembered that on January 8, 1800, the official services attending the mock funeral of Washington were held in this "upper room," devoted alike to law and religion, the Episcopal service being read by the Rev. Mr. Sample and oration delivered by Col. Presley Neville, the whole attended with much ceremony.

"Father" Taylor, like the Rev. John Henry Hopkins (a later incumbent, afterwards first bishop of Vermont), was not originally a member of the Episcopal church, but, through the influence chiefly of William Cecil, was induced to take orders and come here. He was, according to Bishop Scarborough, a man of strong mind, more fond of natural science, perhaps, than of theology; and such was his love of astronomy that he sometimes spent the entire night in the open air, watching the movements of the heavenly bodies. He made the astronomical calculations for Cramer's "almanacs" and others of a later date, and helped eke out a livelihood by teaching school, being an assistant instructor in the old Pittsburgh academy. Mr. Cuming, in his "Sketches of a Tour to the Western Country," characterizes him as an able mathematician, a liberal philosopher and a man of unaffected simplicity of manners, and describes his discourses as good moral lectures, well adapted to the understanding of his hearers. One of his sermons being too long for the morning service, he stopped, saying: "Brethren, we'll reserve the rest for the afternoon's diversion." "Father" Taylor was killed by lightning at Shenango, Pa., in 1838, where he is buried in an unmarked grave.

The first election of vestrymen recorded in the early minute book was held on Easter Monday, April 3, 1820, the wardens being chosen at a subsequent meeting of the vestry from among their number. Oliver Ormsby and Peter Mowry were the wardens; Morgan Neville, George Poe, Jr., Abner Barker, Abraham Long, Joseph Davis, Peter Beard, Charles L. Volz, Walter Forward, Nathaniel Richardson, Samuel Roberts, Thomas Cromwell and John Reno, the vestrymen. A souvenir of these times is an old receipt, signed by the then wardens, in the possession of the granddaughter of the first George Shiras, of which the following is

a copy:

"Pittsburgh, 27 March, 1818—We certify that George Shiras has settled his claims against Trinity church and it appears he is a contributor of the sum of \$300 to said church.

O. ORMSBY,
PETER MOWRY,
Wardens.

The singing in the "Old Round Church" was led by an organ, then a great rarity in the western country, on which Mr. Hopkins performed, his wife and children composing the choir. When he became the lay elder, previous to his taking orders, Mrs. Hopkins became the organist.

The following were the respective pew holders in Trinity church September 1, 1821, as given in the early minute book: No. 1. Christopher Cowan; No. 2, Abraham Long; No. 3, Dr. Peter Mowry; No. 4, Alexander Johnston, Jr.; No. 5, Oliver Ormsby; No. 6, Morgan Neville; No. 7, George Poe, Jr.; No. 8, Abner Barker; No. 9, Nathaniel Richardson; No. 10, David McGunneagle; No. 11, probably the "strangers' pew;" No. 12, Joseph Barclay; No. 13, Peter Beard; No. 14, Samuel Kingston; No. 15, John H. Hopkins, then in the legal profession; No. 16, Thomas Enochs; No. 17, Mary Cecil; No. 18, George Shiras; No. 19, Mrs. Kerwin and J. Lightner; No. 20, Thomas Barlow, formerly secretary of legation under his uncle, Joel Barlow, minister of France, 1811-12; No. 21, Charles L. Volz; No. 22, Samuel Robert, Jr.; No. 23, John Bourke; No. 24, half to Sarah Mark and Sarah Donnolly, one-fourth to William Fearn and one-fourth to Robert Towne; No. 25, Mrs. Sarah (Lowrey) Collins; No. 26, John Craig; No. 27, William Arthurs; No. 28, Charles Reno and Austin Drury; No. 29, Mrs. Sidney O. Gregg; No. 30, David Holmes; No. 31, Arnold Eichbaum; No. 32, Capt. James R. Butler, who commanded the Pittsburgh Blues in the war of 1812; No. 33, John L. Glaser; No. 34, John Reno; No. 35, John K. McNickle; No. 36, Joseph Davis; No. 37, Campbell, Muller, Clayland and Brown; No. 38, Dr. S. R. Holmes and A. L. Kerr; No. 39, Alexander Glass and Ralph Pittock; No. 40, George Connelly and Mrs. Patterson; No. 41, Walter Forward, the eminent lawyer, secretary of the treasury under Tyler, and afterwards president judge of the district court of Allegheny county; No. 42, Robert Elder and James Rutter. The pew rentals ranged from ten dollars to twenty-two and one-half dollars per year, and the total annual rentals were five hundred and fifty-five dollars. In truth, a day of small things.

The appearance of a fair bride of that period at church shortly after her marriage is recalled; what made the most impression on a youthful mind was the light-blue satin cape she wore, lined with white satin. And this brings to mind the funeral of a friend of the bride's mother, Mrs. Emily Morgan Simms, daughter of Col. Pressley Neville. Mrs. Simms died at the Kentucky and Ohio hotel of Mrs. Kerr, on the northeast corner of Front street, now First avenue, and Market street, on the 5th of February, 1821, when on a visit to her native city, her husband, Col. W. D. Simms, being a resident of Washington City. The funeral was extremely imposing and to persons of the present time would appear very singular; but at that time it was the custom to walk in procession, following the bier, which held the remains, and which was carried on the shoulders of the bearers. Walking, four on each side of the bier as honorary pall-bearers, were eight ladies dressed in white muslin, white stockings and slippers, their heads covered with long white lace veils reaching to their feet. The ladies who acted in that capacity, according to the best recollection of my narrator, were the following-named intimate friends of the deceased: Mrs. John McDonald, Mrs. Oliver Ormsby, Mrs. Hollingsworth, Mrs. Sarah Col-

lins, Mrs. Magnus M. Murray, Mrs. Peter Mowry, Mrs. George Poe, Jr., and Mrs. James R. Butler. The procession proceeded up Front street to Wood street, and along Wood to Trinity church-yard, followed by a long line of mourning relatives and friends, extending the whole length of the street. The whole population of the town seemed to have turned out, the sidewalks being lined with spectators. The service was read at the grave by the Rev. William Thompson, who was then the rector of the "Old Round church."

"Once more revived in fancy's magic glass,
I see in state the long procession pass."

From, *Dispatch*
Pittsburg Pa
Date, *Oct 24 / 95*

TWO QUAIN OLD TOMES.

How Pennsylvania Was Boomed in
Ye Olden Time—A Schoolmas-
ter's Text Book.

[SPECIAL LETTER TO THE DI PATCH.]

BIRMINGHAM, Eng., Oct. 16.—I have before me now two little books which have been lent to me for a few days, and which I think could hardly fail to interest any Pennsylvanian, so I shall endeavor to describe them as well as I can, as most people can never see them, both of them being rare and one being absolutely unique.

The first of these is a small duodecimo of not more than 100 pages, though the following title page might easily mislead one to expect rather a larger volume:

"An Historical and Geographical Account of the Province of Pennsylvania and of West New Jersey in America; the Richness of the Soil, the Sweetness of the Situation, the Wholesomeness of the Air, the Navigable Rivers and Others, the Prodigious Increase of Corn, the Flourishing Condition of the City of Philadelphia, with the stately Buildings and other Improvements there; the Strange Creatures, as Birds, Beasts, Fishes and Fowls, With the Several Sorts of Minerals, Stones and Purgings Waters lately discovered; the Natives, Aborigines, their Language, Religion, Laws and Customs; the First Planters, the Dutch, Swedes and English, with the number of Inhabitants; as also a touch upon George Keith's New Religion in his Second Change Since He Left the Quakers; with a Map of Both Countries. By Gabriel Thomas, Who Resided There About Fifteen Years. London: Printed and Sold by A. Baldwin, at the Oxon Arms, in Warwick Lane, 1698."

Advertising the State Well.

He explains in the preface that as

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there never has been a fair or true account of "Pennsylvania," he thinks the curious will be gratified with an ample description. He explains why more has not been heard of it predicts a thriving future and says he "could say much in praise of that sweet tract of land," but reserves it for the body of the book.

After this comes a small folded map, very interesting, and signed Philip Lea, London. It represents "Pennsylvania" as consisting of only four counties—Bucks, Philadelphia, Chester and New Castle, with Virginia on the west, West New Jersey on the east, Maryland on the south and Canada on the north.

Some of the names are rather surprising, for instance, immediately opposite Philadelphia, on the Delaware, is a Dutch fort, and just back of that is a place called Yacomanshaghkings. In our own State, the chief places seem to be Haverford, Darby, Plymouth, Germantown, West Town, Radnor, Newtown and Lewiston.

After the map fifty-five small pages are devoted to the description of Pennsylvania, from which we learn that though the province is three hundred miles in length by one hundred and eighty in width, by far the greater part of it is still in the hands of the natives, who are "supposed by most people to have been of the Ten Scattered Tribes."

The Advent of William Penn.

The Dutch came and traded, the Swedes and Finns came and settled, and finally William Penn came and founded Philadelphia, "a noble and beautiful city, which contains above 2,000 houses, all inhabited and most of them stately and of brick—generally three stories high, after the mode in London."

"Moreover, in this province are four great market towns, viz.: Chester, the Germantown, New Castle and Lewistown."

Among the laws—for this author gives a synopsis of those also—perhaps the most striking is this: "Thieves of all sorts are obliged to restore four fold, after they have been whipped and imprisoned, according to the nature of their crime, and if they be not of ability to restore four fold, they must be in servitude till 'tis satisfied."

I could give many more curious excerpts, but will content myself with one before passing on to the other book:

"The Christian children born here are generally well favored and beautiful to behold, being in the general observed to be better natured, milder and more tender-hearted than those born in England."

An Antiquated School Book.

The other book is still more rare. It is called "A New Primer, or Methodical Direction to Attain the True Spelling, Reading and Writing of English, Whereunto Are Added Some Things Necessary and Useful, Both for the Youth of This Province, and Likewise for Those Who From Foreign Countries and Nations Come to Settle Among Us. By F. D. P. Printed, by William Bradford in New York and sold by the Author in Pennsylvania."

The printed book itself is a curious little school book, and is so rare that it is not mentioned by Allibone, who was himself a Philadelphian. But this particular

copy is of especial and extraordinary interest, because it has been bound up with about 30 blank pages, upon which the author, in most clear and beautiful manuscript, has written some very quaint things. It was especially bound for William Penn, with his initials and the date 1701 on the cover, and inside is a book plate bearing the Penn arms and motto, and "William Penn, Esquire, Proprietor of Pennsylvania, 1703." It is worthy noting the three different forms of spelling the name of the province used by these two different authors and by Penn himself.

The Book Introduces Itself.

The author, F. D. Pastorius, was a school-master of remarkable acquirements and the manuscript portion of the book explains itself. It begins:

"A few onomastical considerations, enlarged from the number of 66 to that of 100 and presented, or rather re-presented, to William Penn, Proprietary and Governor of Pennsylvania, and Territories thereunto belonging, Patri Patriae, the Father of this Province, and lately also the Father of John Penn, an innocent and hopeful babe, by whose nativity and namesake they were first contrived."

Then comes the following poem, not of high poetic or literary value, but perhaps the very earliest verses written in Pennsylvania and still surviving:

GENETHLIACUM, OR AN HEARTY CONGRATULATION.

Since children are the Lord's reward,
—(Psalm 127.)

Who get them may rejoice;
—(Genesis 21.)

Nay, neighbors, upon this regard,
May make a gladsome noise.
—(Luke 1.)

Therefore, us think we dwell so near,
Dear Governor, to thy gate,
That Thou mayest lend an ear to hear
What babes congratulate.

God bless the child (we young ones cry),
And add from time to time
To William Penn's posterity
The like. Here ends our rhyme.

But fervent prayers will not end
Of honest men for Thee
And for thy happy government;
With whom we all agree.

WILSON KING.

From, *Tosh*
Pittsburg Pa
Date, *Dec 11 - 91*

OLD-TIME NEWSPAPER.

Two Years of Its Issues Presented
to the Allegheny Library.

A bound volume of the issues for the years 1851-52 of the Allegheny "Enterprise," an old-time daily newspaper, has been presented to the Allegheny Carnegie library, and is highly prized by Librarian

Stevenson. It was the gift of the late Jesse Hildebrand, of the Tenth ward, who died a few weeks ago and who verbally requested before his death that it be given to the library. The issues of the paper for the two years make a volume scarcely so large as a bound file of "The Post" for three months. The "Enterprise" was a small four-page evening paper, which was doubtless worthy of its name in its day, but which would now scarcely rank with the daily papers issued in towns of two or three thousand people. It does not appear to have hustled very energetically after the sensations of its times, but did not apparently hesitate to print them when it heard about them. For instance in one issue it says: "We have heard that the Butcher's run bridge in the Fourth ward has been impassable for several weeks." Such an item would now be learned in a few hours after some vehicle failed to get over, and would be accompanied with a half column or so of interviews with citizens about the incompetency of the officials the ring keeps in office.

Rings do not appear to have cut much of a figure in the days of the "Enterprise" or if they did it discreetly refrained from offending them. There was an election for state and county officers on October 14, 1861, and about the only reference in the paper to it for several days before was an editorial on the 13th announcing that "To-morrow the electors of Pennsylvania will exercise the right of Freemen," and continuing in the same strain for three or four sticks without saying a word about the merits or rascality of any candidate. Everybody was advised to vote though, and a good story was told about how General Washington, some time after his retirement from the presidency, was asked the day before an election if he meant to vote and sententiously replied, "Sir, I always do my duty."

The paper appears to have thought that it was to some extent charged with the care of the morals and manners of the community and there is an editorial statement which appears to convey a threat of exposure that a man who was well known had been seen with his feet on the table in a public library, and had also been observed to spit on the floor. This is accompanied with several extracts from foreign writings wherein the custom of Americans putting their feet on the table is inveighed against in sentences thunderous enough to sour milk. The paper was probably a remunerative institution, as the whole first page and a good part of the other three were always filled with advertisements.

Speaking yesterday with a "Post" reporter of the great value of rare books Librarian Stevenson mentioned that a copy of the state documents and other writings of George Washington recently sold at a book sale for \$1,650. It was the copy which he had owned himself and contained his autograph and his private book mark. Another book which brought a fancy price was a copy of the first edition of Poe's "Tamerlane," published in London in 1827, which sold for \$1,450.

From,

Chas. J. J. J.
Pittsburg Pa

Date,

July 4 /96

A PATRIOT'S GRAVE.

THE FIRST ALLEGHENY MAN TO
DIE IN THE WAR.

A Movement on Foot to Erect a Monument to the Memory of Norris S. Green, Who Was the First Man From This County to Give Up His Life for the Union—Subscriptions Will Be Liberally Given.

During the past week there has been circulated among some of the residents of Pittsburgh and its vicinity a paper which, besides being interesting in its nature, is doubtless destined to meet with a generous response on the grounds of local patriotism, if for nothing else. This paper is a subscription toward a fund for a monument to Norris S. Green, the first soldier to die for his country, among the 30,000 who went from Allegheny county in the days of '61. This laudable movement is being carried forward by the members of the Sixth Regiment, Heavy Artillery Association, of Pennsylvania, and Maj. R. H. Long, the president of the association is in charge of the work of raising the fund. The paper or petition, reads as follows:

"Headquarters Sixth Regiment, Heavy Artillery Association.

To the citizens of Allegheny county:

"By a resolution, offered by Maj. R. H. Long, on September 26, 1895, adopted by the association of the Sixth Regiment, H. A., a movement has been begun to raise a fund for the erection of a monument to mark the grave of Comrade Norris S. Green, Company I Third Regiment, Pennsylvania Infantry Volunteers, who died June 29, 1861. Mr. Green was the first to die of the 30,000 soldiers from Allegheny county, and his body now lies in Old Buelah cemetery, near Wilkesburg, without any appropriate monument to mark his resting place.

"His comrades now desire to mark the spot where the first martyr of the rebellion, from Allegheny county, is buried. There are deposited in this cemetery the heroes of every war, from the Revolution to the present time.

"The association now calls upon the citizens of Allegheny county to give liberally

for this noble cause, as it desires to have the monument ready for dedication on Memorial Day."

(Signed.) R. H. LONG, President."

Maj. Long, with probably a dozen assistants, will begin the work of canvassing the county at once, as it is desired to raise the fund as soon as possible, in order to select a monument and have it ready for unveiling on Memorial Day. It is proposed to make the event a notable one in the history of the county. The Sixth Regiment, Heavy Artillery, is in charge of the arrangements, and will receive the co-operation of Maj. Lowry Post, 548, of Wilkinsburg, which always participates in the exercises of Memorial Day at Beulah cemetery. It is believed that Governor Hastings, with his staff, will be present, as the governor was recently seen in regard to the subject.

The organizations which will take part in the event will include the local Grand Army posts, the National Guard and other patriotic organizations. Maj. Long says he will endeavor to have one of the largest patriotic parades that Wilkinsburg has yet seen. The officers of the Sixth Regiment, Heavy Artillery, includes Maj. Long, president, who resides at 611 Ella-st, Wilkinsburg; W. H. H. Wasson, of Washington, D. C., corresponding secretary; George F. Easton, of 43 Sixth-ave, treasurer.

Norris S. Green, the comrade to whose memory this monument is to be erected, was born on a farm, about 2 1/2 miles beyond Beulah church, on the old National pike leading to Greensburg, or about 4 1/2 miles from Wilkinsburg. He was 20 years of age when he enlisted, April 16, 1861, in Company I, Third Regiment, Pennsylvania Infantry Volunteers, raised around Pittsburgh for three months' service. After reporting at Harrisburg, the regiment to which he belonged was sent to Chambersburg, Pa., where Green took sick and died. His body was sent home and buried in Beulah cemetery. Shortly afterward his regiment was ordered to the front.

In the first volume of Bates's History is found the roll of the various regiments and companies. Here it is seen that Company I of the Third Regiment was recruited at East Liberty, and was mustered in April 20, 1861. The roll of the company was as follows: Josiah J. Lawson, captain; John W. Hicks, first lieutenant; George F. Weitzel, second lieutenant; Philip S. Baer, first sergeant; Jonathan Woolslayer, second sergeant; Joseph Anderson, third sergeant; Gottlieb Aspury, fourth sergeant; Charles McFarlane, first corporal; Henry Woolslayer, second corporal; Conrad Fix, third corporal; Andrew Mitchell, fourth corporal; James Woolslayer, musician; Marcus Millinger, musician; privates, David Bryson, Adam Bear, Henry Baum, George W. Bryant, Eugene L. Bauer, Scott R. Crawford, Patrick Connelly, John Colhocker, Dilworth Dewees, Adam Delaware, Patrick Diamond, James Forsythe, Frederick Florin, Morris L. Green, John W. Grist, William Gaunster, Samuel A. Gettys, William Gorrill, Annanias R. Hughey, George Hamilton, Henry Hartman, John Heller, Bernard Hartwick, David A. Humbelright, David Irvine, Philip H. Krebs, George D. Kauffman, John Karykesler, Joel Love-ridge, William E. Long, Frederick Lipp, John H. Mohler, William S. Marks, Isaac

McKee, Jesse M. Morris, Jacob Minner, Walter Merley, Robert McNultz, William McMunn, Daniel F. Negley, Ross Negley, John O'Neil, William P. Price, Augustus Riddle, John Roberts, Cary A. Russell, John R. Reese, John Shannon, Joseph Schabenstein, Henry Stark, Charles Sitzler, Jacob Shuck, William Tapper, Joseph W. Tuttle, William A. Thompson, John B. Winkler, Charles A. Wilson, and Walter F. Young.

From the same historical source it may be learned that the Third Regiment was composed of independent volunteer companies, existing prior to the breaking out of the war, and which responded to the first call of the governor for troops. Company G arrived at Harrisburg on April 18, 1861 and was the first company to enter Camp Curtin; Company K and others arrived on the 18th, 19th and 20th of April. The regiment was organized on April 20, as follows: Francis P. Minier, of Hollidaysburg Blair county, colonel; John M. Power, Johnstown, Cambria county, lieutenant colonel; Cliver M. Irvine, of Pittsburgh, major; James C. Noon, adjutant. On the same day the men were mustered into the service of the United States. The regiment was ordered from Camp Curtin on April 20, and started by the Northern Central railroad for Baltimore; it could get no further than Cockeysville, Md., and returned to York. On May 27, it went to Chambersburg, and went into Camp Chambers; on June 7 the regiment went to Hagerstown, and on July 1 to Williamsport, crossing the Potomac on July 2, and arrived at Martinsburg on July 3. The Third Regiment guarded the supplies of the army at Williamsport, remaining until July 26, when it was ordered to Hagerstown, and the term of service having expired, was returned to Harrisburg. It reached there on July 27 and two days later was mustered out of service.

As stated in the appeal to the public, the old Beulah cemetery has been the burying place of the soldiers of the various wars of the present century. The cemetery is first known in 1769, when William McCrea donated a part of his farm, about two and three-fourths acres in extent, for a burying ground. The revolutionary soldiers buried in the Beulah cemetery are Col. Robert Cunningham, Capt. Peter Parchment, Capt. John McMasters, Charles Bonner, Matthew Long, Dr. John McDowell, Capt. Nathaniel Pountz, William Powell, Peter Whitesides and Samuel Taylor. Three soldiers of the war of 1812, John Meyer, George Gibbons and John Lamson, are buried here. There are two heroes of the Mexican war, Isaac Doeble and Andrew Mundy.

Norris S. Green was the first soldier of the rebellion who was buried in Beulah. Since him have been laid to rest the following: Henry Collins Frank Jamison, S. T. Boyd, James Johnson, George Samson, Robert Johnson, Jesse Collins, Park Harrison, John H. Snyder, James Miller, S. W. Thompson, Jacob Delo, James McWilliams, John McWilliams, Thomas Davis, Samuel Thompson, John Ryan, Thomas Lockhart, David Forney, Thos. Samson, David Irwin, J. B. Linhart and Joseph MacFarlane.

From,

*Leeds**Pittsburg Pa*

Date,

*July 21/96***PITTSBURG'S FIRST TANNER.**

A gentleman in the library of The Times office gathering certain facts out of the reports of the Pennsylvania Secretary of Internal Affairs, remarked:

"See that. We are so much given to iron and steel that we overlook other important industries. I did not suppose that this State had such a leather industry as these figures show. When did we begin to make leather here?"

"A long time ago, longer than most persons believe. There was a tanyard in Pittsburg more than 130 years ago."

A citizen of the last century describing Pittsburg says: "From Ayres hill (known now as Boyds hill, on which Holy Ghost college stands), issue several fountains, falling chiefly toward the north into a small brook, which, increasing, encircles the foot of the hill and takes its course through several beautiful little meads into the Monongahela river. On this brook, before it takes its turn into the Monongahela, in a delightful little valley, and in the neighborhood of some plum trees, the natives of the country, was the ancient residence of a certain Anthony Thompson, the vestiges of whose habitation still remain. An extent of ground cleared by him lies to the north, accustomed to long cultivation, and now thrown out a common." This was written in 1786. If one will go to the back of the jail and cast his glance around he can see in his imagination those "beautiful little meads," and where Thompson had his habitation. He was our first tanner, or the first of whom there is mention, so far as we know, and evidently had his tanyard on his settlement in what is now Sukes run.

When Anthony came to Pittsburg it might be hard to say exactly, but probably not long after the French took leave between two days, and the ruins of their fort became Pittsburg. He had established himself here and was engaged in tanning in the spring of 1763, and it must have taken him several years to clear that "extent of ground" spoken of and get ready for business. While the inhabitants were shut up in Fort Pitt during the summer of 1763, while Pontiac's war was on, the commander noted under date of July 22: "The Indians passed backwards and forwards, men, women and children, up the river in canoes. It appeared that they were carrying things down to the saw mill (at the mouth of Saw Mill

run) in their canoes, and several horses passed with loads, in sight of the fort, which I took to be Indian corn from the deserted plantations, and leather from Anthony Thompson's tanyard, though many suspect that it is plunder from the frontier inhabitants."

And where was our Anthony when the rascally Indians were carrying off his leather? He might have been down the river; at any rate he was where war's alarms did not disturb him. On March 6 the waters were pretty high, and then came three days' heavy rain, which caused the garrison in the fort to pack their duds and prepare to go to higher ground. "At 4 o'clock in the morning (of the 8th), six inches of water in the fort and the Allegheny full of ice. Two hours after midday I detached two officers and 30 men to the upper town with 15 days' provisions for all the garrison." But at 8 o'clock the next morning the river began to fall, and they stayed where they were. This was about the time of Anthony's disappearing.

The commander of the fort in a letter to Col. Bouquet about the flood, said: "Thompson, the tanner, and Shepherd, the carpenter, are drowned, the first at Turtle creek and the other at Two Mile run." Whether their bodies were recovered is doubtful; but probably not. Most likely both were carried down the Ohio by the flood. This was about two months before the war broke out. Anthony's plantation in the beautiful mead was, of course, abandoned when hostilities began, and it would seem from what was written of it in 1786 that no one took up his tanning business there. Honor to his memory, for he was an enterprising man.

From,

*Cheney Telegraph**Pittsburg Pa*

Date,

*July 1. 96***A WAR RELIC.**

THE NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED BY
THE OLD THIRTEENTH.

Interesting Incidents of Camp Life
as Described in the Little Paper
Edited and Printed by Pittsburgh
Soldiers—Names That Will Re-
vive Memories of the War of the
Rebellion—Gems of Poetry and
Prose.

A copy of a little newspaper, published by soldiers during the war of the rebellion, was discovered several days ago by Mr. John Milton Hill, a well-known veteran of this city, while he was looking over some old documents and relics. The paper, which was named "Pennsylvania Thirteenth," in honor of Col. Rowley's regiment, later officially numbered the One Hundred and Second, was about nine inches in length and six in width. Among the Pittsburgh members of the regiment were a number of printers, and after they had gone into winter quarters at Camp Tennally, at Tennallytown, D. C., they conceived the idea of publishing a newspaper, to relieve the monotony of camp life, and the Pennsylvania Thirteenth was the result.

The paper from which the following extracts are taken is No. 2 of volume 1, and is dated January 4, 1862. The quotations from it will doubtless be read with interest by survivors of the regiment, many of whom reside in this vicinity. The editors, proprietors and printers, not to mention the proverbial "devil," knew a good thing when they saw it, as a perusal of the "gems" will prove. The place of honor on the first page is given to a poem entitled "The Knapsack Drill," written by a victim. The drill, it is explained, was gotten up especially for the boys who missed parades or roll calls. Here is the poem:

A soldier's life is hard enough—
He takes the smooth part with the rough;
'Tis nothing strange, but it's a bitter pill—
He's oft put through the "knapsack drill."

Should he perchance go off to town,
To see the sights and run around,
And with "goodies" there his jacket fill,
He thinks not of the "knapsack drill."

The guard comes up and reads his pass—
The time is up, and then, alas!
There's — to pay; the colonel will
Put him through the "knapsack drill."

To dress parade should he not go,
But in his tent lie snug and low,
With colic, pain or other ill,
He's certain of the "knapsack drill."

The officers, so nice and fine,
Where'er they choose will have a time;
Their goblets to the brim will fill,
And never fear the "knapsack drill."

Our three years' time will soon be done,
And if we live we'll all go home;
Of pleasure then we'll drink our fill,
And fear no more the "knapsack drill."

A reform wave had evidently struck the camp, just as it strikes cities occasionally, for an article tells of the formation of three associations, as follows:

"The 'Patriotic League,' organized late on the night of 27th ult., consists of those who have signed the following pledge: 'The undersigned officers, non-commissioned officers and privates, actuated by motives of self-respect, patriotism and love of country, do hereby pledge ourselves to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors during the period of our service to the United States.' This pledge was signed by quite a number of

officers and privates.

"Next come the Covenanters, who entered into a covenant that each one should 'eat when he's hungry and drink when he's dry,' but neither get drunk nor swear; but as some of the members have since complained of headache in the morning, it is considered doubtful whether they haven't been drinking when neither hungry nor thirsty."

"Last come the 'Hoodoodens,' a select association, numbering but two in the regiment, upon whose hanner is inscribed the motto, 'Walk in and say nothing, eat, drink and pay nothing.' However well the last line of the motto has been observed by the members, it is alleged the first has already been repeatedly broken."

One of the many false alarms incident to army life is recorded in a description of the Patriotic League's grand dinner in the big hospital tent on New Year's Day, when "roast turkey, oysters, lemonade and other delicacies disappeared rapidly." The dinner had been designed for a supper, but a sudden notice to prepare for a march induced the cooks to "hurry the cakes" on the occasion. The order to prepare for march caused great activity in camp. Arms were stacked in the company streets, knapsacks were ready for slinging at a moment's notice, and nobody was allowed to leave camp during the day. The article, after narrating the excitement of the day concludes as follows: "Night closed on us, and morning came, but there was no 'onward' to Drainesville, Richmond or elsewhere, and our camps again subsided to the ordinary routine of company and regimental drills, weather permitting, until some similar incident relieves its monotony."

New Year's Day must have been otherwise eventful in camp, for it is recorded that "the Adams Express has, for the past week, been overlaid with delicacies for the soldiers, forwarded by the dear ones at home." Special mention is made of the arrival of "a handsomely ornamented and delicious cake, the iced top bearing the inscription, 'Col. Thos. A. Rowley, Thirteenth Pennsylvania Regiment—A Happy New Year.'" The colonel, it is added, did not forget the printers' mess when the cake was distributed.

Following is an item which will interest some of the old fire laddies: "Our dog Jack, formerly of the Niagara Engine, continues to take greater interest in the regimental drills and dress parades than some of the officers and men, but committed an error in coming four paces in front yesterday before the order to 'open ranks,' owing to his hearing being affected by a recent cold. Jack never misses a drill, company, regimental or brigade, and put to shame in this respect many better versed in tactics than himself. Should he return in safety, although he may go back to 'running with the machine,' we predict he will follow the sojers' as pertinaciously as Mr. Jackson did after the Mexican campaign." If the writer is not mistaken, Jack did come back after the war with "Bob" McCready.

Speaking of firemen, here is an appropriate item from the little paper: "Fire—The handsome structure recently erected by the brigade quartermaster for a guard house, was burned on Monday morning. Although all the prisoners escaped, it is supposed the loss of life was considerable."

Music is not always appreciated, for instance: "Col. Rowley was serenaded late on New Year's eve by the Comb-ia band of the Patriotic League, Capt. — acting as drum major and flourishing his baton terrifically on the occasion. After playing 'Buy a Broom' and other patriotic airs, and proceeding with 'For He's a Jolly Good Fellow,' the band was dispersed on a hint from the colonel that the guard house was within a convenient distance of headquarters."

A financial stringency is noted as follows: "Those indebted to the printing fund are requested to pay up, as we are out of money, out of paper, and want to buy a house for the office, owing to the cold weather interfering seriously with our operations."

The enforced departure of "an itinerant vender of ardent and malt" is mourned as follows: "No more shall we hear his cheerful whisper of 'First-rate whisky—only a dollar a bottle. Nice pickled lobster. Brought it on purpose for you.'"

Some familiar names will be found in the following personals, which will bring this article to a close:

"Governor Curtin was serenaded a few evenings since by the Ninety-eighth Pennsylvania Regiment Band."

"Our chaplain, Dr. Stewart, returned to-day from furlough."

"Maj. Wynkoop has presented to Capt. Morris, the adjutant general, a beautiful meerscham pipe."

"Lieut. Moreland has returned from a visit to Pittsburgh."

"Lieut. Joseph Bishop has departed for Birmingham, Pa."

"Lieut. Rennison has resigned on account of ill health."

"Capts. Hamlet Lowe and Andrew Large and Lieut. Joseph Bishop are the only absent officers of the Thirteenth. The captains mentioned are sick, and the lieutenant was married a few days before going to the wars. Others have been expecting furloughs, but seemed to have hoped against hope so long that they have but little expectation of leave being granted."

From,

Dispatch

Pittsburg Pa

Date,

Feb 8/96

AS TWIG IS BENT.

What Pittsburgh Has Done in the
Way of Training Its Young.

FIRST SCHOOLS IN THE CITY.

Some of the Oldest Teachers and Their Early

Experiences.

DAYS OF THE BIRCH ROD AND FOOL'S CAP

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Next to the growth in population of this our great industrial city in the last century, the educational progress of Pittsburgh's public schools is as equally remarkable.

When Pennsylvania offered a free school system, 61 years ago, that system at its inception in this city had to contend against the odium that they were poor schools, and they were but meagerly patronized. Americans, however have learned that the rich may become poor and the poor may become rich, and a practical education proves a benefit to one and is no milestone to the other.

But in this our fair city the schools' mission is a double one, and of the children of the vast foreign element who have come from many lands to seek a home here—of these children the schools make American citizens. And the Russian, the Italian and the Pole, side by side, are taught to love only one country, one language, one flag. The Starry Banner flutters from every schoolhouse, or else rests a silent object lesson on the inner school walls, and they learn there is no flag like that of the Stars and Stripes.

Of the many improvements that have been added to the crude system of 61 years ago, two of the most powerful influences have happened within the past two years. By the introduction of the free text book State law, two years ago, an incomparable boom was given to the public school system of Pittsburgh, and every child is supplied with books and all school material free.

William Penn's Educational Proviso

This law has led to a big increase in the school attendance, as many parents were too poor to buy the necessary books for their children. This is especially true of the High School, where the books required are expensive. About \$40,000 is spent annually by the city for free text books. They are supplied at the rate of \$1 per head, and Pittsburgh's annual school enrollment is 40,000 pupils.

The State compulsory school law passed by the last Legislature goes into effect next May, and this is a law educators have often appealed for. There was a proviso in the law of Pennsylvania, over 200 years ago, for compulsory education.

Wise William Penn, in 1682, in his great law for the government of his colony, had recorded in it a proviso that all children should be instructed in reading and writing, and also that they be taught some useful trade or skill. For the violation of this requirement, a penalty of five pounds was affixed. For ten years this law was in force and then abolished by the order of King and Queen William and Mary of England. In 1693 it was again put in force and there do not appear to be any records that it was ever repealed.

The enforcement of the compulsory State law of to-day in Pittsburgh in May is expected to bring a big increase in the school attendance. Nothing seems to be forgotten in the public school system of to-day

and it is so perfect that the always hoped for millennium cannot be used in reference to it when speaking of improvements.

Could Not Sign Their Names.

Pittsburg's public schools date back to 1835. A public school law was passed by

the Legislature of Pennsylvania in 1834, after the hottest conflict ever known in Legislative halls. The law was not to go into operation in any borough, township or city until the majority of the voters of these districts should so decide. At the legislative session of 1835 efforts were made to repeal the bill and petitions to that effect were signed by twelve and one-half per cent. of all the voters of the State. They wanted the free education law repealed and yet 66 persons of the 2,575 who asked for the repeal had to attach their signature by making a mark, and 10 of every 100 of the petitioners' names were written by other hands than their own.

It is to Thaddeus Stevens and Governor Wolf that the honor should be given for the passage of the free school law in 1834. Previous to the time, 1764, when Pittsburg was laid out as a town, there are no records to show the scholastic tendencies of this era. It is thought that the churches had much to do in providing educational advantages for each church's own denomination.

In 1834 the city of Pittsburg comprised four wards, the North, South, East and West wards. After the free school law was adopted the city of Pittsburg imme-

diately took measures to have its law carried out. Allegheny county, prior to this had bought a lot on Ferry street, and erected a building as a poor school, for the education of the children of the very poor.

chased this property in 1836 and opened a public school under the law of 1834. This is supposed to be the first property owned by a school board under this act. This school was there till 1850, when a new one was built on the corner of Second avenue and Short street. But it was in the North, or Fourth ward, district, that the first public school was opened in 1835, with five pupils, in a miserable building, corner of Duquesne and Seventh streets. G. F. Gilmore was the teacher. There it remained till 1838, when a new school was built on the same street near Penn avenue. The burning of this in 1847 led to the erection of another building at the corner of Penn and Cecil alley in 1848, which was sold four years ago. A magnificent structure on Duquesne way and Eighth street is now the home of this, the oldest school district in the city.

Almost simultaneously with the Fourth ward, the Second ward (South) school board opened a public school in this ward, on the 11th of September, 1835, in an old carpet factory structure, where the Monongahela House now stands. James B. D. Meeds was the first principal. He resigned the principalship in 1865. He is the oldest living teacher of this vicinity, and is still a trustee of the Dollar Savings Bank

on Fourth avenue. He is very advanced in age. His home is in Oakland. From the carpet factory this school was removed in 1838 to a chair factory near Cherry alley and Third avenue. The first



THE OLD WESTERN UNIVERSITY ON THE SITE NOW OCCUPIED BY THE HOMEOPATHIC HOSPITAL.

diately took measures to have its law carried out. Allegheny county, prior to this had bought a lot on Ferry street, and erected a building as a poor school, for the education of the children of the very poor.

Started in a Carpet Factory.

The First ward, school (Duquesne) pur-

public school was built by the South school board in 1841 at the corner of Fourth avenue and Ross street. It is now a Jewish synagogue.

In 1850 the school was established in its present home, Ross and Diamond streets. But the Third ward (Grant) is the only one of the four original school districts that started its public school in a building especially erected for this object. It was built in 1836 on the corner of Cherry alley and Diamond street, and contained two rooms, one above the other.

Here it remained till 1852, when the present building on Grant street, said then to be the best building in the United States, was completed. Mr. and Mrs. Whittier were the first teachers of the Third ward school. Mrs. Whittier died only last winter. Mr. Whittier died in 1868. There are no records to show the attendance of these first four school districts. The population of Pittsburg in 1830 was 16,983.

Oldest Building in the City.

John A. Sargent, of Hazelwood, who is authority on historical matters in the city, tells me that the attendance at these first four ward schools was between 700 and 800 pupils. In this, their dawning age, the public schools were not in favor, and it gave no glimpse of their power in the world's progress of to-day.

In 1836 the Fifth ward, now the Ninth and Tenth wards, was taken into the city. A public school was opened in 1837 in rented rooms, where it remained until 1842. Several changes were made before the present establishment was erected in 1861 at the corner of Penn and Fifteenth street.

The present Seventh and Eighth wards (Franklin), then the Sixth ward, was admitted to the city in 1845, and the first school was opened May, 1847. The Seventh ward, now the Eleventh (Moorhead), became a part of the city in 1846, and a school building erected in 1848 on Green and Linton streets. The Eighth ward, now the Sixth (Forbes), was added in 1846. There is still standing on Locust street, near Stevenson street, probably the oldest building in the city—that was once used for school purposes. A public school was held there when the Sixth ward was a part of Pitt township. Thom. Daft was the teacher. The upper rooms of his dwelling house were used for the school. He was afterwards president of the first Sixth or old Eighth ward school board. The original building in which a public school was started after the Sixth became a part of the city is still to be seen at Maria street. The Ninth ward, now the Twelfth (O'Hara and Springfield), was admitted to the city in 1846. There was then a small school building at the corner of Twenty-sixth and Smallman streets.

The authentic attendance of the schools can only be had from the establishment of a Central Board of Education in 1855. The members of the first Central Board met and organized February 20, 1855, in the old Fourth ward school house, corner of Penn avenue and Cecil alley.

Normal Department Was Added.

The history of the High School began almost with the existence of the Central Board of Education. The first High School was established at old No. 108 Smithfield street. There were 10 rooms, of which eight were used for a High School, and 114 pupils attended the opening year. Rev. Jacob La Grange McKown was elected principal. Then in 1868 the High School was moved to the Bank of Commerce on Wood street. The ground for the present "People's College on the Hill" was purchased by the city in 1864, and the building completed and dedicated October 13, 1871.

Professor C. B. Woods has been head of the Pittsburg High School for 27 years. A Normal Department was added to the High School in 1863. Over 400 teachers of the city are graduates of this school. Miss Jennie Raiston, one of the most noted instructors

of the city, is head of this department. The commercial department trains the pupils in all business lines. Professor S. D. Everhart is head of the commercial department. From an enrollment of 144 in 1856 the High School attendance has increased to 1,500 in 1896. The High School on the hill is not large enough to house this number of pupils. They are scattered in different localities of the city and a new High School with completed furnishment costing \$270,000, is about to be dedicated and occupied.

The Lawrenceville and East End districts became a part of the city in 1868; and what is known as the Southside in 1872. The first public school, opened in 1835, had an enrollment of five pupils. From this the enrollment has multiplied until in 1895 it has reached an annual enrollment of 40,000 pupils with an average monthly attendance of 36,000. One hundred teachers were employed under the first Central Board's reign ending June, 1856. The number now reaches 828. Forty thousand three hundred and ninety-nine dollars and seventy-five cents was the amount used in 1856 for teachers' salaries. In 1895 it took this amount to cover the teachers' monthly payroll.

Growth of Pittsburg's Schools.

The following table shows the enrollment of the Pittsburg schools since 1856:

Year.	Teachers.	Pupils.	Amount Paid Teachers.
1856	109	6,724	\$ 39,394 75
1860	118	7,608	39,500 00
1865	128	8,743	53,317 75
1870	215	12,883	136,025 06
1871	216	13,445	144,930 98
1872	234	14,072	151,301 41
1873	324	20,283	206,303 48
1874	382	21,099	238,375 29
1880	467	24,325	267,372 00
1885	545	27,440	304,699 00
1890	645	32,578	379,741 50
1895	828	38,953	535,000 00

The annexation of the East End districts in 1868 increased the teaching corps from 131 to 204 and the school enrollment from 7,416 pupils to 12,329. Four years later, when the city again enlarged its boundaries, by what is now known as the Southside, the school enrollment was increased from 7,416 in 1868 to 20,283 in 1873, and the teaching corps to 324. From the few rented rooms in dilapidated habitations in 1835, the school buildings have become modernized and more numerous year by year. Before the consolidation of 1868 there were 11 school buildings, while now there are 71.

Vocal music was introduced in the public schools of Pittsburg in 1863, and drawing also. Such improved methods have been added for the instruction of music that the smallest child can give the pitch, proper tone and read music at sight. There are two supervisors of music—Prof. E. E. Rinehart and Prof. R. M. McCargo. Industrial drawing was introduced in our industrial city about five years ago, and eye, hand and mind are trained together. Mrs. M. E. Van Waggoner is supervisor. Neither has the physical welfare of the pupils been neglected. The Humboldt, Birmingham, Allen and Bedford schools have had an instructor in physical culture

for several years, and the pupils are trained in physical development by the system used in the German Fatherland for many years. At the Sterret School the American and Delsarte systems educate the pupils in physical grace and strength.

Manual Training School Started.

Educational progress has still gone further, and school kitchens and Sloyd schools have been added to the public school system. There are now three school kitchens in the city of Pittsburgh. The first was established in February, 1888, through the generosity of Mr. Henry Phipps, Jr. He offered to pay the expenses of a teacher of cookery if the Central Board of Education would provide the other necessities. Miss Torrey, of Boston, was put in charge.

This school kitchen is now known as the Phipps School Kitchen, after its founder. Miss Charlotte Ballou is now head of it. Another one was opened on the Southside in September, 1892, in the Knox School. It has since been moved to the Wickersham School, and Miss Kate Wolf is the instructor. It was named the Torrance School, after Mr. D. R. Torrance, the then Chairman of the Committee on Industrial Schools. A third cooking school was opened in the East End district, Homewood School, in September, 1893.

With the establishment in Pittsburgh of the Free Kindergarten Association in November, 1892, another link of immeasurable good was forged for the city's younger population, and the little children of from 3 to 6 of the alleys, whose minds would otherwise be abandoned to the ways of ignorance and degradation, are educated to all that is beautiful, true and good in the kindergarten schools of this city.

There are ten of these schools in Pittsburgh, and the Central Board of Education has just allotted \$10,000 for the salaries of kindergarten teachers. Over 500 pupils are enrolled in the kindergarten schools, and as many more are seeking admission. The association is composed of philanthropic ladies of the city.

There are 100 lady managers. Mrs. William Herron is president of the Kindergarten Association, Miss L. McFarlane secretary and Mrs. James Dickson treasurer. Last year the organization made or collected by entertainments over \$9,000 to carry on the work of these schools.

Oldest Teacher in the City.

Of the teachers of the first public schools are J. B. D. Meeds, Isaac Whittier, George Gilmore, who organized the first free school in this city. Then come the names of L. T. Covell, Lucius Osgood, Andrew Burtt, James Smith, D. C. Holmes, Mr. Livingston, James M. Pryor, Robert Kelly, Rev. Avery and others. Miss Emmeline Evans, of Philadelphia, was the first lady teacher of the First ward school.

Superintendent George Luckey has been at the helm of the Pittsburgh public school system since May, 1868. He is a native of Maryland.

The city teacher who has taught the longest without any interruption is Miss Kate Abraham, of the Bedford school, Twenty-ninth ward. She will finish her forty-eighth year this March. So long a term of service for a woman is in itself a remarkable fact, but what is more surprising is that Miss Abraham has taught all these years in one school district.

"The passing years," said Miss Abraham, "have brought many changes to me and mine, and I am the only one left." She has a few distant relatives in Ireland. Among Miss Abraham's pupils are Mr. John Lambie, the lawyer, and Miss M. E. Hare, principal of the Birmingham school.

KATIE EVANS.

DAYS OF THE TOW-PATH

Old Waterway That Once Handled
Bulk of Pittsburgh's Traffic.

THE PENNSYLVANIA CANAL.

Transfers Were Made at Johnstown to the
Portage Road.

HOW THE MOUNTAINS WERE CROSSED

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

"There be three things that make a nation great and prosperous, busy workshops, fertile fields, and easy transportation of men and goods from place to place." So said Lord Macaulay, and so thought the directors of the World's Fair. At any rate they saw enough truth and importance in the comprehensive sentiment to warrant its being placed over the magnificent doorway of the Transportation building, for all the millions that entered therein to read and ponder upon.

If then these really be the three essentials to the prosperity of a community, it would be an interesting study to learn just how much they have had to do, individually and collectively, with the present undoubted prosperity of Allegheny county. But that would be a long task and would lead us into many by-ways that have nothing to do with the subject of the old Pennsylvania Canal. It is the third essential that interests us, just as it was the one the directors had in mind when they caused the inscription to be made.

Busy workshops and fertile fields we had here in 1846 just as we have now; easy transportation we did not have then as we have now, and consequently, owing to the lack of this third essential, the Pittsburgh of 1846 had in no way the prosperity we enjoy here now in 1896. This we think no one will care to dispute.

Canal Handled Bulk of Traffic.

And what primitive transportation they did have in those old days of '46, to be sure! Railroads there were in the East, and had been for full 20 years, but not here. Pittsburgh was a far Western town then, of but 30,000 inhabitants. The patient, plodding, tow-path mule was good enough for the Pittsburgher of '46 who peacefully and contentedly wended his way to Johnstown in 30 hours, and was well satisfied if he landed in Philadelphia in something less than a week. To us of the post-bellum generation this is hard to realize. The canal boat and the mule seem relics of the misty past almost as unreal as the Indian with his tomahawk and birch canoe. And yet there is many a hale and hearty citizen, still in his prime, to whom they are vivid and well-remembered realities.

Practically all the commerce of Pittsburgh 50 years of age was carried over the western branch of that famous waterway

called the Pennsylvania canal. Its western terminus was Pittsburg, its eastern, Johnstown, the route between the two places being as follows: Crossing the Allegheny river by an aqueduct at the foot of what is now Eleventh street, then up the west bank of the Allegheny to Freeport, then across the river again by an aqueduct, up the Kiskiminetas river to Saltsburg, thence up the Conemaugh to Johnstown.

Route of the Old Waterway.

The route of the canal in this city can be traced, though not a vestige of it now remains. The basin, where most of the loading was done, was practically the end of the canal, though a tunnel which passed under the city almost in the line of the present Panhandle tunnel, carried the canal through to the Monongahela. The basin was on exactly the ground now occupied by the P., C., C. & St. L. freight yards, and extended from Seventh avenue along the line of what was afterwards part of

Grant street. This part has since been vacated. The basin was three or four times the width of the canal and was several hundred feet long, extending pretty nearly to Liberty street. At Liberty street the canal took a bend to the left and continued on to the Allegheny river along what is now Eleventh street.

Between Liberty street and Penn avenue two branches entered the canal at right angles, one from the east and one from the west. The former ran along what is now Spring alley to Twelfth street, and served as a feeder for the warehouses abutting upon it. The latter, answering the same purpose, ran down Spring alley to Wayne, now Tenth street.

Around the basin, the canal and its two branches were grouped numerous big warehouses. Among the most important of

Leech & Co. The partners in the first named were Thomas S. Clarke, father of Charles J. Clarke, and William Thaw, whose memory as a noble philanthropist Pittsburghers have every reason to cherish.

Took Pride in the Packets.

There were many smaller canal boats, which were used to bring in the products of numerous market gardeners, whose farms were scattered along the fertile lowlands beside the Allegheny river. These market boats were called "Fannies," just why is not apparent. Possibly, in earlier times, when the first of these boats came into use, some charming, smiling Fanny used to sit at the tiller and guide her father's load of pumpkins and potatoes into the city on market day. The "Fannies" were hauled by one horse.

But the pride of the old canal was its packet boats. These handsome craft would not cut much of a figure beside the "Virginia" of to-day, but they were looked upon as something elegant in the forties. This was one of the two great highways to the East, this canal, and a much-traveled highway it was, too, considering the scanty population west of the mountains in those days. People coming up the Ohio, from Cincinnati or elsewhere, usually preferred to keep the river, and continued up the Monongahela to Brownsville and there took the famous old National pike to Cumberland. Cumberland had a railroad then, and so the journey to the seaboard was easy from that point.

But to return to the packet boats. They were 70 or 80 feet long, and were drawn by four horses. They were not much unlike the canal boats we see to-day, when we see them at all, but neater and more pretentious, as was fitting for the first-class patronage they enjoyed. Many a blushing bride and groom there was that took that journey to the East.



PENNSYLVANIA CANAL BASIN.

these were those of Clarke and Thaw, at Penn avenue and Tenth street; Taaffe and O'Connor, Covode and Graham, and D.

Track Laid in the Old Bed.
And what a journey it was! On, up through the hills, by and over many a

Woods street, 1000 worth double the money.

Woods street, 1000 worth double the money.

Woods street, 1000 worth double the money.

Woods street, 1000 worth double the money.

Woods street, 1000 worth double the money.

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Woods street, 1000 worth double the money.

Woods street, 1000 worth double the money.

From, *Press*
Phila PA
 Date, *Feb 26/76*

BIRTHPLACE OF THE GRAND OLD PARTY.

Scenes at a Historic Gather-
ing in Lafayette Hall,
Pittsburg.

GREELY WAS SUPPRESSED.

The Noted Editor's Plea for Cir-
cumlocution Denied by the
Convention.

DELEGATES FROM MANY STATES.

A Sketch of the First National Con-
vention Which Issued the Call for
the Gathering Which Nomi-
nated the "Pathfinder."

Special Correspondence of "The Press."

Pittsburg, Feb. 15.—The fortieth year of the existence of the National Republican party will be ended on February 22. The proposed celebration of the natal anniversary in several States and particularly the observance in Pittsburg, calls attention anew to the fact that this city was the birthplace of the national organization, Lafayette Hall, which has now disappeared, to make room for a twelve-story office building, was the cradle. The razing of the structure, which began last April, was soon finished and the new sky-scraper is nearly ready for occupancy. The early building

which stood on the ground, Wood Street and Fourth Avenue, was known as Kneass' concert hall, and many stormy scenes were enacted there. Lafayette Hall arose after the big fire of '45 and remained with little change up until last Spring.

Chairman Carter's recommendation that the 22d inst. be celebrated by Republican organizations is favorably thought of here and an elaborate programme is being prepared by the local clubs. Pittsburgers have always been proud of Lafayette Hall and its associations, but the details of the meeting of Republican delegates on February 22 and 23, 1856, are not generally known.

The convention was the immediate result of a conference, here, between Salmon P. Chase, and David N. White, editor of the Pittsburg "Gazette." A Republican party existed in several States, but there was no general organization. These two men determined to launch a movement looking towards coalition, and the following notice was published on January 23, 1856:—

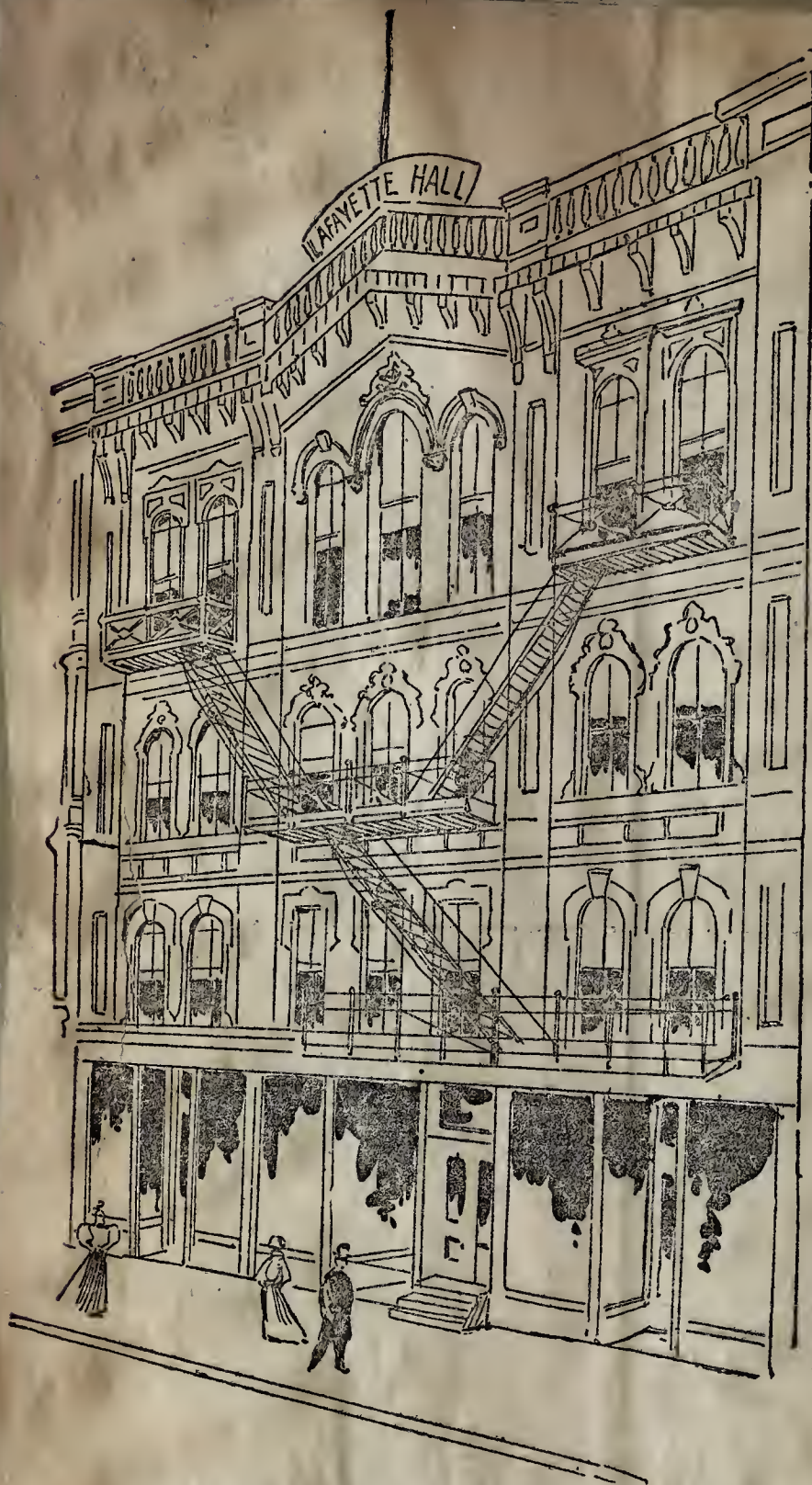
"To the Republicans of the United States: In accordance with what appears to be the general desire of the Republican party, and at the suggestion of a large portion of the Republican press, the undersigned, chairmen of the State Republican Committees of Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Wisconsin, hereby invite the Republicans of the Union to meet in informal convention at Pittsburg, on February 22, 1856, for the purpose of perfecting the national organization and providing for national delegate convention of the Republican party, at some subsequent day, to nominate candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency to be supported at the election in November, 1856.

"(Signed)—A. P. Stone, Ohio; J. G. Z. Goodrich, Mass.; David Willmot, Penna.; Lawrence Brainard, Vermont; William A. White, Wisconsin."

PHILADELPHIA CHOSEN.

The conference of Chase and White was held in November, 1855. On February 13, 1856, a published notice called a meeting of Republican editors for February 21, in order that a consultation might be held. On the 20th a notice was printed by the local Allegheny County organization, which styled itself a branch of the "State Republican party," appointing Committees on Reception and Arrangements, and naming Lafayette Hall as the place of meeting. The call was responded to by opponents of the extension of slavery, and the result of this first convention, in brief, was the adoption of the idea of a national party, the next meeting being voted to be held in Philadelphia the following June, to nominate a Presidential ticket.

Early on February 22, the delegates began to arrive, twenty-four States and the District of Columbia being represented. There were nearly forty delegates from Pennsylvania, and they held a caucus prior to the general sessions, but did not accomplish anything, as matters were in a chaotic state. The following delegates were among those early on the ground: Hon. S. K. Bingham, Governor of Michigan; Hon. F. D. Kimball, attorney general of Ohio; Hon. W. H. Gibson, State Treasurer of Ohio; James Elliott, Cincinnati; Mr. Frey, editor of the Springfield "Republic."



OLD LAFAYETTE HALL, WHERE THE CONVENTION WAS HELD.

Hon. John Allison, General Joseph Markle, J. H. Moorhead, W. W. Wise, J. Weyand, J. P. Markle, R. B. McCabe, E. O. Goodrich, Mr. Raymond, Pennsylvania.

LOVEJOY'S PRAYER.

At the meeting of Pennsylvania delegates a Mr. Darsie was in the chair, and soon after a Committee on Perma-

ment organization was appointed the meeting adjourned and the general convention began at 11 A. M. February 22, with the hall well filled. Hon. Lawrence Brainard, of Vermont, called the convention to order by request, and nominated John A. King, of New York, temporary chairman, and Dr. Stone, of Massachusetts, and W. Penn Clark, of Iowa, secretaries. Rev. Owen Lovejoy, of Illinois, opened with prayer. He prayed that "the present Administration might be removed from power, and its unholy designs on the liberties of the free be thwarted."

A committee of one from each State was appointed on permanent organization, on which was L. G. Vandyke, of Ohio. Horace Greely, in his white coat, was observed in the hall and he was invited to speak. Among other things he suggested that the convention should not appoint a time and place for a nominating convention, but simply agree to hold a convention, and appoint a strong national committee, to whose discretion these arrangements should be left.

Joshua R. Giddings responded to repeated calls and opposed Greely's suggestion, ridiculing his policy of caution and delay. The permanent organization resulted in Hon. F. P. Blair, of Maryland, being chosen president; vice-presidents, one from each State, including R. W. Spalding, of Ohio; secretaries, Russell Errett, Pennsylvania; R. D. Tilden, Ohio; Isaac Dayton, New York; J. C. Vaughn, Illinois, and J. W. Stone, Massachusetts. A committee of one from each State on Address and Resolutions was ordered, and after a lengthy paper had been read by Francis P. Blair, of Maryland, the convention adjourned till 3 P. M.

At the afternoon session John A. Foote, of Ohio, announced that while at dinner he had received news of a serious break in the American party in Philadelphia and his words were received with prolonged cheers. Zach. Chandler, of Michigan, made a speech on the issues of the hour, and cast aspersions on the integrity of the Ohio delegates, making telling hits with some jokes that cut to the bone. Foote defended his State in reply.

Rev Joshua Brewer, of Connecticut; Mr. Hawthorne, of Iowa; George W. Julian, of Indiana; David Ripley, the "Saw Log Man" from Jersey, made addresses. The latter, a regular "downer," whose platform was "anti-rum,

anti-slavery and anti-Devil," kept the audience in a roar to the close.

On Saturday, the 23d, a letter was read from Cassius M. Clay. A difference arose over the method of nominating a candidate for President, the committee reporting that no settlement had been made. The convention decided in favor of a national convention to nominate. E. D. Morgan, of New York, was accepted as chairman of the National Executive Committee. A long discussion followed on the location of the nominating convention, many favoring Harrisburg, but Philadelphia was finally settled upon, with June-17, 1856, as the date.

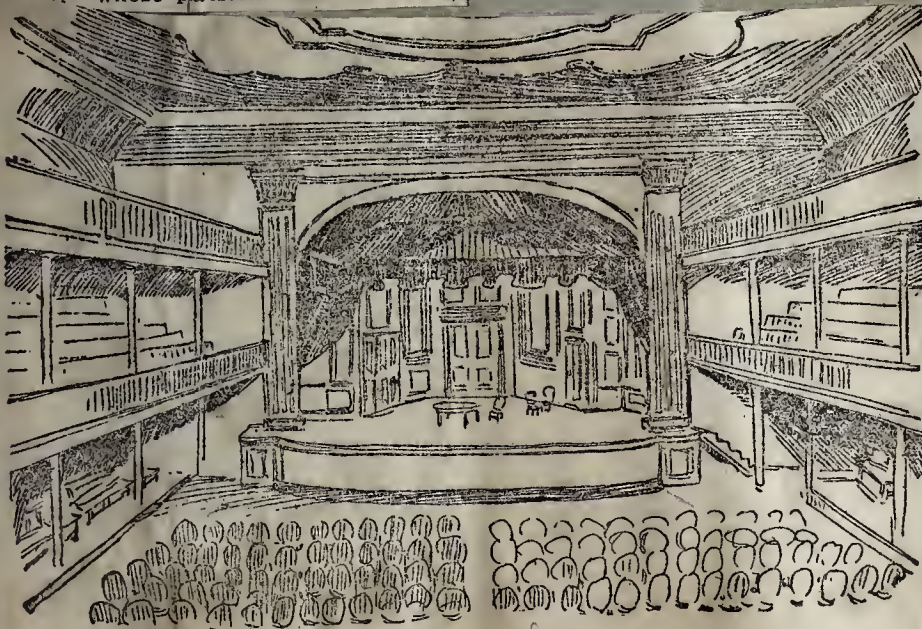
Mr. Mann, of New York, reported for the Committee on Address and closed with this declaration: "That if the Government by any authority it may assume, should shed one drop of human blood in Kansas, that would be the end of human slavery."

There was much applause and the speaker was compelled to repeat the declaration. Mr. Remelin, of Ohio, in behalf of the German people of Cincinnati, thought that class of citizens would

have been more easily won if the address had taken a more definite position on Americanism, but he would not ask a change. The delegates rose to their feet and the address was unanimously adopted. Three times three cheers were given for the party and on motion of John A. King the convention adjourned.

Thus closed the first national convention and the Republican party was born. The nominating convention in Philadelphia named John C. Fremont and William L. Dayton, and they would have been elected had Pennsylvania voted with the other Northern States. The vote went to Buchanan and secured his election.

There was a printing office in Lafayette Hall for many years and there the manuscript of the Mormon Bible rested for some time before it became church authority.



INTERIOR OF OLD LAFAYETTE HALL.

From, *Luguerer*

Philada Pa

Date, *April 12/96*



OLD SHAWNEE CHURCH, SITE OF FORT DUPIN.



FORT FORT, WYOMING, IN 1778.

WHAT is probably one of the most interesting volumes ever issued by the State of Pennsylvania has just come from the hands of the printer. Its title is "Frontier Forts of Pennsylvania," and is a partial report of the commission appointed to locate the sites of the forts of the Indians and whites, forts of great interest to every one who cares anything for the history of the grand old Commonwealth. The depredations of the Indians and the slaughtering done by the whites as well have left several dark pages upon the records of

the entire State, but all readers of history have heard more about the Indians of the Blue Mountains than of any other part of the country.

The real war with the Indians in Pennsylvania did not begin until the savages rose and started the great flame which blood alone could extinguish, and that took place on the field of Braddocks in 1755. Then hundreds of scalping parties started out on their mission of death, a work which they carried on with most frightful results until 1783. All this time the line of the Blue Mountains teemed with blood.



REMAINS OF HENDRICK'S BLOCK HOUSE IN SNYDER COUNTY.



REMAINS OF THE OLD MAGAZINE OF FORT AUGUSTA.

The report of the Commission carefully says that the bands of Indians which let all this blood were not composed of large bodies of savages, rarely more than ten or twelve being in a party. Their mode was to creep silently up to the home of the white settler, kill the inmates, burn the buildings and escape before the news of the outrage could be sent to any other settlement and long

before there could be any chance of the arrival of help. When these depredations began to become numerous the settlers began to build forts for their own protection. These rude houses were erected on some knoll where there was a clear stretch of cleared land, the object being to prevent the savages from coming too close before being seen. The erection of these blockhouses was not begun long before the battle of Braddocks, but in

1756 the provincial government took the thing in charge and erected a line of forts along the Blue Mountains from the Delaware to the Susquehanna at a distance of from ten to fifteen miles apart.

In addition to these regularly built blockhouses there were many farm-houses which were used for the same purpose and many, if not all of them, had loop-holes through which our forefathers were wont to run a musket and bring an approaching savage to the earth. These farm-houses were selected on account of their general utility, because they were first in a prominent position; again, because they were remarkably well constructed and because they were within reach of quite a large number of settlers. Almost all of these forts were guarded by provincial troops, details from the First Battalion of the Pennsylvania Regiment.

Only slight traces of these forts now remain. One of the oldest forts in the State was Fort Harris, a log house built on the bank of the Susquehanna, where now stands the city of Harrisburg. John Harris, Sr., was the builder and owner and he is said to have been the man who first introduced the plough on the Susquehanna. There still remains a portion of the stump of the old mulberry tree which grew near his house and to which he was bound by a party of intoxicated Indians to whom he had refused to supply a more liberal quantity of firewater, and they made preparations to burn him to death and to let the tree go with him to the happy hunting grounds. The approach of another party of savages who were friendly to Mr. Harris put a stop to the operations, for there was a battle and the friendly Indians came off best. His body now lies under the stump of the tree, he having died a natural death in 1748. His son, John Harris, was the founder of the city

of Harrisburg.

Six miles north of Fort Harris stood Fort Hunter, about one-half mile above what is now the town of Dauphin. Who built this fort no one knows, but it was probably erected when the Indians made their first raid and committed the murders at Penn's Creek in 1755.

In spite of the constant vigilance of the soldiers depredations were committed by the savages almost within the shadow of the fort, as is shown by the following extract of the letter from Mr. Bertram Galbraith at Hunter's Fort, dated October, 1757:

"Notwithstanding the happy Situation we thought this place was in on Captain Bussee's being stationed here, we have had a man killed & scalped this Evening, within twenty rods of Hunter's Barn. We all turned out, but night coming on so soon we could make no pursuit. We have advice from Fort Henry by Express to Cap't. Bussee that the Indians are seen large Bodies, 60 together."

So little is known of Brown's Fort, and what little is known is of such an indefinite character, that it has been variously placed in different counties, if placed at all. Our chief knowledge of this fort is obtained from the letter written by Squire Adam Read to Edward Shippen, already given in full, wherein

he details the shooting of the soldiers. It is dated "Hanover, August 7th, 1756." His residence, just located, stood in what has always been called Hanover Township, of Lebanon (then Lancaster) county, from this time to the present.

A soldier named Jacob Ellis, belonging to Captain Smith's command, was stationed at Brown's Fort. We will here remember that whilst Captain Smith himself was at Fort Swatara, his headquarters, yet a commissioned officer and

certain number of men from his company, and under his command, were stationed at and near Manada Gap. This man Ellis "lived two and one-half miles over the first mountain, just within the gap at said fort." So we find that Brown's Fort was near the gap, and we know that it was Manada Gap from a letter written August 9 by James Galbraith to Edward Shippen, in which he says, speaking of this very affair, "there were two soldiers killed and one wounded about two miles from Monaday Fort."

About twelve miles east of Manada Gap is an important passage through the Blue Mountains by which the Swatara Creek makes its way to the fertile regions below. This gap, at what is called "The Hole in the Mountain," or more commonly, "The Hole," is known as Swatara Gap or Tolihaio Gap. In its vicinity was located Fort Swatara, or Smith's Fort. Through a very peculiar mode of expression on the part of Governor Morris it has been also known, although incorrectly, as Fort Henry or Busse's Fort. This has occasioned several errors on the map published in 1875, by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, where Fort Swatara is located on Swatara Creek at a place where neither it nor any other fort ever stood, and that at Swatara Gap is named Fort Henry. Fort Swatara was, in reality, never called Fort Henry, but always Fort Swatara, or occasionally Smith's Fort, after the captain who commanded it. Fort Henry was the fort erected at Dietrich Six's, near Millersburg, in Berks county, and was always known as such, except when occasionally mentioned as Busse's Fort, after its commanding officer.

The news of the Indian murders up the Susquehanna near Shamokin (Sunbury) spread fast. From an interesting letter written October 30, 1755, by Conrad Weiser to Governor Morris, we learn that he immediately alarmed the neighborhood. The farmers at once gathered together, armed with guns, swords, axes or pitchforks, whatever they chanced to possess, until some two hundred had rendezvoused at Benjamin Spicker's, near Stouchsburg, about six miles above Womelsdorf. Then Mr. Kurtz, the Lutheran minister, who resided about a mile away, delivered an exhortation and prayer, after which Mr. Weiser divided the people into companies of thirty, each under the command of a captain selected by themselves, and at once took up his march towards the Susquehanna.

The numerous murders committed by the Indians made necessary the occupation by soldiers of various buildings besides the forts proper. The settlers themselves frequently used other houses, strongly built and centrally located, as places of refuge. Each of these had its own tale of terror and possible death. It is but right, wherever known, to fix their positions on the map and tell somewhat of their history, if in existence. In this vicinity, besides the Weldman house, stood the Hess house, the block house at Fredericksburg and the Moravian Church at the same place.

About four years ago the Hess house was torn down and the logs used in the new building which stands nearly if not quite on the site of the old house. At the time it was torn down it was

noticed that the loop-holes were blackened with powder, showing the active use to which it had been put. It is on the road leading from Jonestown to Fredericksburg, about 300 yards from the latter place, and on the banks of a small stream. It was some thirty-two feet long, sixteen feet wide and one story high, and had a garret, or cornice, extending out over the sides, with loop-holes in the floor to enable the inmates to shoot downwards. It was a house of refuge.

The Moravian Church, which was used as a place of refuge and defense, was located three miles northwest from Fredericksburg and five miles north from Jonestown, on the road leading from Fredericksburg to Lickdale, along the mountain. It is on the property of Josiah Shugar, about fifty yards north of the Fredericksburg road, and 200 yards northeast from the New Church. The graveyard, in which it is said a number of the persons murdered by the Indians lie buried, is about 200 feet in the rear of the barn. The barn and house which now stand on the property were partly built of logs from the old church, which looked to be in an excellent state of preservation. It was torn down fifteen or eighteen years ago.

Following the plan of defense which had been laid out, a fort was placed some fourteen miles to the east of Fort Swatara, and called Fort Henry. Sometimes it is mentioned as Busse's Fort, from the name of its commanding officer. It was the most important fort between the Susquehanna and Lehigh Rivers, owing to the fact that it was about equally distant from each, and

also because it was on the main road to Shamokin (Sunbury) and protected the most populous portion of the entire region. It lay near no village, nor any prominent stream from which it might derive a name or location; neither did it stand at any gap in the mountain, of which none exists between Swatara Gap and that at Port Clinton, so that it could not be named or located with reference to any such pass. It did, however, practically command the connecting roads between the Swatara or Tolihaio Gap, and the numerous settlements near it, as the savages were obliged to come through the former to reach the latter. It is, therefore, occasionally referred to as "Fort Henry at Tolihaio," using the name "Tolihaio" in a general sense to apply to the surrounding country, not necessarily right to Tolihaio or Swatara Gap itself. It is also called, sometimes, the "Fort at Dietrich Six's" or "at Six's," because the murders which took place, at the outbreak of the hostilities, near Dietrich Six's house, had much to do with the selection of its site on his farm.

Not far distant from Fort Northkill to the East is the important gap in the mountain made by the Schuylkill River, where Port Clinton now stands. Some six miles north of Port Clinton is the town of Auburn, and about one and a half miles east of Auburn stood Fort Lebanon, distant eleven miles from Fort Northkill, by the route usually taken,

which was along the northern base of the Blue Ridge, then across the mountain. This fort, during the latter part of its history, was also called Fort William.

in 1764, finally closed the history of Indian massacre in Eastern Pennsylvania.

Prominently identified with the Indian



LOG HOUSE OF JOHN HARRIS, 1720.

About seventy-five feet west of a large oak tree, where Fort Lebanon is said to have stood, there still remains a part of the stump of a tree near an apple tree in which quite a number of bullets have been found. The soldiers were probably in the habit of firing at it as a mark. The fort stood about sixty yards west of the road from Port Clinton, which there crosses Pine Creek by a bridge.

Continuing along the northern base of the Blue Mountains, for about nineteen miles from Fort Lebanon, we reach the next garrison at Fort Franklin.

This fort is of especial interest from the fact that it was one of those erected by order of Benjamin Franklin. Immediately after the massacre at Gnadenhutten (Weissport) in November, 1755, Franklin, accompanied by James Hamilton, later Governor of Pennsylvania, set out for the scene of operations to arrange for the defense of that part of the Province. They were at Bethlehem on January 14, 1756, where sundry preparations were made and orders given. Captain Wayne was directed to build a fort at Gnadenhutten, and another company was raised under Captain Charles Foulk to aid him in the work. On January 25 this fort was in a fair state of completion, the flag was hoisted in the midst of a general discharge of musketry and swivels.

Between the years 1759 and 1763 there was somewhat of a lull in the continued frequency of Indian atrocities. Then came peace with the savages, and immediately followed the short and bloody outbreak called Pontiac's war, which,

outbreak of 1763 in Northampton county was the Ralston Fort, as it should be more properly denominated, or Brown's Fort, as it is frequently called.

It was undoubtedly built by the settlers, but just when is not so certain. Dr. James says it was built in 1763. We will remember that the outbreak of hostilities in 1763 was very sudden and unexpected, beginning and ending almost literally in a day's time. Under these circumstances it can hardly be possible that such a substantial defense could have been erected. It is possible, of course, that it may have been built after the danger was over with a view of preparing for future attacks, but this does not seem to be so likely. I think it is more probable that it came into existence during the earlier troubles of the fall of 1755, when the settlement lost so many of its people, and when the savage was almost knocking at its doors.

However that may be, it appears to have played an active part in the sad drama of 1763, very much similar to that of Deshler's Fort. At daybreak on Saturday morning, October 8, of that year, as the savages were stealthily approaching John Stenton's house to massacre its inmates, they met Jane, the wife of James Horner, living nearby, who was on her way to a neighbor's for some coals with which to light her morning fire.

Fearing she would betray them or raise an alarm they dispatched her with their tomahawks, and then proceeded with their bloody work as already narrated. We can readily imagine the women and children fleeing to their house of refuge, when the alarm was given.

and the men occupying their stations in the fort. The location of the fort so centrally in the settlement and at some little distance from the scene of the Stenton massacre would seem, in itself, to bear out the conjectures as to the time of its erection.

Mrs. Horner's body lies at rest in the graveyard of the Allen Township Pres-

Horner, who suffered death by the hands of the Savage Indians October Eighth, Seventeen Hundred and Sixty-three, aged fifty years."

It is not generally known that probably the first settlements in Pennsyl-



OLD WHITEFIELD HOUSE AT WEYMOUTH.



VIEW OF STROUDSBURG IN 1842. SHOWING THE SITE OF FORT HAMILTON, baptist Church, with that of General Brown. The inscription on her tomb is as follows:
"In memory of Jane, wife of James

vania were not on the Delaware at Philadelphia, but some hundred miles up that river at Shawnee, in Monroe county, near Stroudsburg. They were made by the Low Dutch or Hollanders,

from New Netherlands, on the fertile, low lands along the Delaware, called, after the Indians occupying them, the "Minisink Flats." These lands lay on both sides of the river for a number of miles. When the first settlement was made is unknown, and could not be ascertained even from those living there in 1787, generally the grandchildren of the original settlers, and who were merely aware that it antedated, many years, Penn's purchase in 1682. Those who first came seem to have been Hol-

land miners, who made a good road, about 100 miles long, from Esopus (now Kingston) on the Hudson River to the Mine Holes on the Jersey side of the Delaware River near Stroudsburg. Tradition has it that much ore was hauled from thence over the Mine road, as it was called, to Esopus, but of what character is not known. Seeing the extreme fertility of the low lands, the Dutch soon occupied them, raised abundant crops and hauled their produce over this same road to Esopus, their market. When later the English reached them



DESHLER FORT, OR BLOCK HOUSE, BUILT IN 1760.



HEADQUARTERS OF COMMANDANT, FORT AUGUSTA, 1757.

they found a people who knew nothing of Philadelphia, William Penn or the Proprietary Government. Captain John Van Etten, of Fort Hyndshaw and Fort Hamilton, was one of the descendants of these original Dutch settlers. The person, however, in whom we are now most interested is Samuel Dupui, a Huguenot Frenchman, who settled originally at Esopus, there married a Dutch girl, and some time prior to 1725 came to the Minisink region. He purchased a large portion of the level lands on which the present town of Shawnee is situated, of the Minsi Indians in 1727, and likewise the two large islands in the Delaware-Shawano and Manwalamink. Subsequently, in 1733, he purchased the same property of William Allen. Here, on the Delaware River, five and a half miles from where the

present town of Stroudsburg stands, Dupui built a log house, his first home, which was afterwards replaced by a stone house of spacious size, and which he occupied at the outbreak of Indian hostilities in 1755.

Prominently situated as it was, just beyond the mountain, where it commanded the populous region above, as well as the district below with the approaches to Easton, Bethlehem, etc., it was but natural to occupy the building at once, especially as its substantial character, in itself, made it an admirable place of defense and refuge.

SCENES OF MANY BATTLES.

Defenses Built By the British to
Fall Into Patriot Hands.

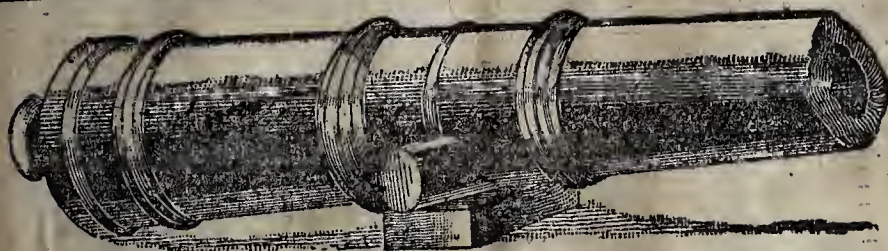
SOME DESIGNED BY WASHINGTON.

Western End of the Keystone State Dotted
With Historic Spots.

WORK OF FIVE STATE COMMISSIONERS

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

The two volume report presented by the State Commission appointed to ascertain and describe the sites of the frontier forts of Pennsylvania has received remarkably little attention from the press. It is not only a highly important work, but one of the most interesting published by the State. It has been out about five weeks and has received as wide a circula-



REMAINS OF A GUN TAKEN FROM FORT AUGUSTA.

From *Dispatch*
Pittsburgh Pa
Date, *May 17 1906*

OUR FRONTIER FORTS.

Pennsylvania Strongholds
Erected to Keep Off French
and Indians.

tion as possible. Unfortunately, a vast majority of the people do not seem to care a great deal about the early history of their commonwealth. Yet no other State among the original 13 presents in its provincial history more elements of tragedy and romance. Not even Massachusetts has been the scene of more important affairs. Within our boundaries religious liberty secured its widest and most enduring establishment. Here Washington began the contest which gave the great West to the English speaking race. The musket shots at Lexington and Concord were but a prelude to the ringing of Liberty Bell.

The State Government has already done considerable in the way of collecting and publishing the colonial and revolutionary records, but what it has done has been in a restricted and parsimonious manner. Valuable collections issued at the public expense have been printed in cheap form and limited number, so that they have never come into the hands of more than a select few. The "Colonial Records" are

long out of print and exceedingly rare. The few complete sets in existence were so poorly bound that they are generally in a miserable condition. The State would do a commendable thing by reprinting that entire series.

Not Enough to Go Around.

Of the report on the frontier forts only 5,000 copies were authorized by the Legislature, and already the demand many times exceeds the supply. Many of the sets have gone into the hands of officials and favored individuals who do not care a rush about the subject, while earnest students of Pennsylvania's history have not been able to get a copy.

The demand for this work is a gratifying evidence of a recently increasing interest in the early days. The issuance of such works is worthy of a State. The beneficial results have been well understood by older and less liberal governments.

A man is made a better citizen by a knowledge of the history of his land. He loves its hills and valleys when he knows what blood has been shed for them. He reveres the institutions of his State when he understands through what tribulations they came into being. The historical memories of home and neighborhood intensify patriotism. Any young man who learns of the sufferings and services of the pioneers in the valleys of the Monongahela and Allegheny must see new meaning in those beautiful streams. How can a citizen of Pittsburg walk on Water street, and know that Washington trod

there, without feeling that he lives in a place worthy of veneration and endeavor? On these grand hills of Western Pennsylvania are the spirits of many mighty dead, and to the men of the present day their memories are inspiring.

Appointment of the Commissioners.

The report on the frontier forts was prepared by a commission of five eminent citizens, appointed by Governor Pattison under the authority of an act approved May 23, 1893. The act directed the Commission to inquire in relation to the location and history of the forts erected by the early settlers of Pennsylvania prior to the close of the Revolution, and to report on the propriety of placing tablets to mark the sites of these forts. The Commissioners received no salary, being allowed only their actual expenses, and they have performed their work as a labor of love. The report was presented to the Legislature at its last session, and has been published in two handsome octavo volumes, fairly well bound in blue cloth, and of good print. The books are embellished by many maps of the principal districts of interest, plans of the old defenses and artistically colored views of venerable buildings and historical sites.

The Commission divided the State into five districts, assigning to each member that territory with whose history and topography he was most familiar. The allotments were as follows: The region between the north and west branches of the Susquehanna, Captain John M. Buekalew, of Fishing Creek, Columbia county; the Wyoming valley, Sheldon Reynolds, of Wilkes-Barre, since his report



THE MIRROR.

FORT MCINTOSH, SITE OF THE

alth somewhere in the South America, began to the first actual expedition these treasures was by Balboa in 1512. This great later discovered the one day weighing some from the natives. An event struck the scales old in every direction. If this is what you propose, you are willing to leave, and risk even life, tell you of a land where gold out of golden vessels

was filed, the section east of the Susquehanna and south of the Blue Mountains, Henry M. M. Richards, of Reading; the Juniata and Cumberland valleys, Jay Gilfillan Weiser, of Middleburg; Western Pennsylvania, George Dallas Albert, of Latrobe.

A Report of Great Interest.

The commission was not appointed until the fall of 1893 and filed its report with the Governor in December, 1894. The amount of work done in that short time is nothing less than remarkable. It was possible only because the commissioners were men already well versed in pioneer history and the sources of information. The result is a detailed history of the settlements of Pennsylvania and of the contests with the Indians, the French and the Tories from the beginning of the eighteenth century to the close of the Revolution. The work has been a commendable one, if it shall result in nothing beyond these two volumes, but it is intended to go further. The recommendation of the commission is not contained in this publication. It was that the Legislature should authorize the erection of a monument or tablet on or near the site of each fort, to consist of a substantial boulder, having one face polished and inscribed. This recommendation has not yet been acted on.

The commission has described more than 200 forts and blockhouses built for protection against the Indians prior to 1783. Of this number about one-half fell within the territory assigned to Mr. Albert. His task was the heaviest of the five, and his report occupies all of the second volume. The people of Western Pennsylvania may justly be proud of the manner in which he has accomplished his work. He was well qualified for the undertaking. He is the author of an exhaustive history of Westmoreland county and of numerous historical papers, and no man west of the Allegheny Mountains has a more intimate knowledge of our pioneer days. His information has been drawn from the original sources. No available authorities have been overlooked.

A Consecutive Historical Narrative.

His report is notable for its thoroughness and exactness. In the greater part of his work he has been able to present a consecutive historical narrative. He was not content to describe the forts themselves, their building and immediate history, but has told the story of the time in which they figured.

To the people of this region his volume is the one of interest. It contains the records of events of international importance, from the earliest French explorations to the last contests with Indians on the soil of Pennsylvania. In most cases the actors in these events tell their own stories. Hundreds of letters from military men and pioneer leaders are reproduced, and are woven into the continuous tale. Of Washington's experiences here we have his own account. His conflicts in the valley of the Monongahela are presented not only from his own point of view, but from that of his French antagonists, as obtained from the archives of the French Government.

The first place of defense to receive attention is Fort Necessity. This was most singular structure of palisades and ditches, erected by the young lieutenant colonel from Virginia at the Great Meadows, in Fayette county. It was so situated in a narrow valley that it was open to the fire of an enemy from wooded hills within easy range on these sides. That was bad enough, but it had been constructed on low, marshy ground in a season of heavy rains. It had no elements of strength or comfort. Nothing else than necessity could have dictated such a situation to the most inexperienced.

Washington Knew More Later.

It is an interesting memorial of what Washington did not know about fortifications at the age of 22. Of course, the place could not be defended. A brief engagement with the French and Indians resulted in the surrender of the Virginians and on a Fourth of July they marched away with lowered colors. The site of this fort, of which scarcely a trace remains, is on the farm of Lewis Facenbaker, near the national pike, ten miles southeast of Uniontown. It was a triangular affair, and near its center a large boulder, placed by citizens of Uniontown, in 1854, 100 years after the surrender, is deeply sunk in the moist soil.

The account of the struggle for Fort Duquesne and the history of Fort Pitt occupy nearly one-third of the volume. It was on Sunday, February 17, 1754, that white men made their first attack on the wilderness on the site of Pittsburgh. What a great day that was. Virginians did this, for the King of England had declared that the territory was within Virginia's limits and that it must be defended by his colony of Virginia. Besides, the Quaker Government of Pennsylvania was not to be depended upon to do anything sturdy in the way of war. The Pennsylvanians said this was their land, but they would not fight for it. So Captain William Trent, Lieutenant John Frazer and Ensign William Ward, with 33 Virginia militiamen, floated down the Monongahela from Redstone and occupied the point at the forks of the Ohio, where

they set their axes to the trees and began to build a stockade. Christopher Gist, the guide of Washington; George Croghan, the Indian agent and trader; Tanacharison, the Indian Half-King, and several of his braves were present either to help or to do the heavy looking on.

Claimed by the Virginians.

For a quarter of a century thereafter Virginia claimed this country and during most of the Revolution held possession of it. It was only after long contention, involving much distress and some bloodshed, that the surveyor's chain gave the jurisdiction to Pennsylvania and showed that King George had been talking through his crown.

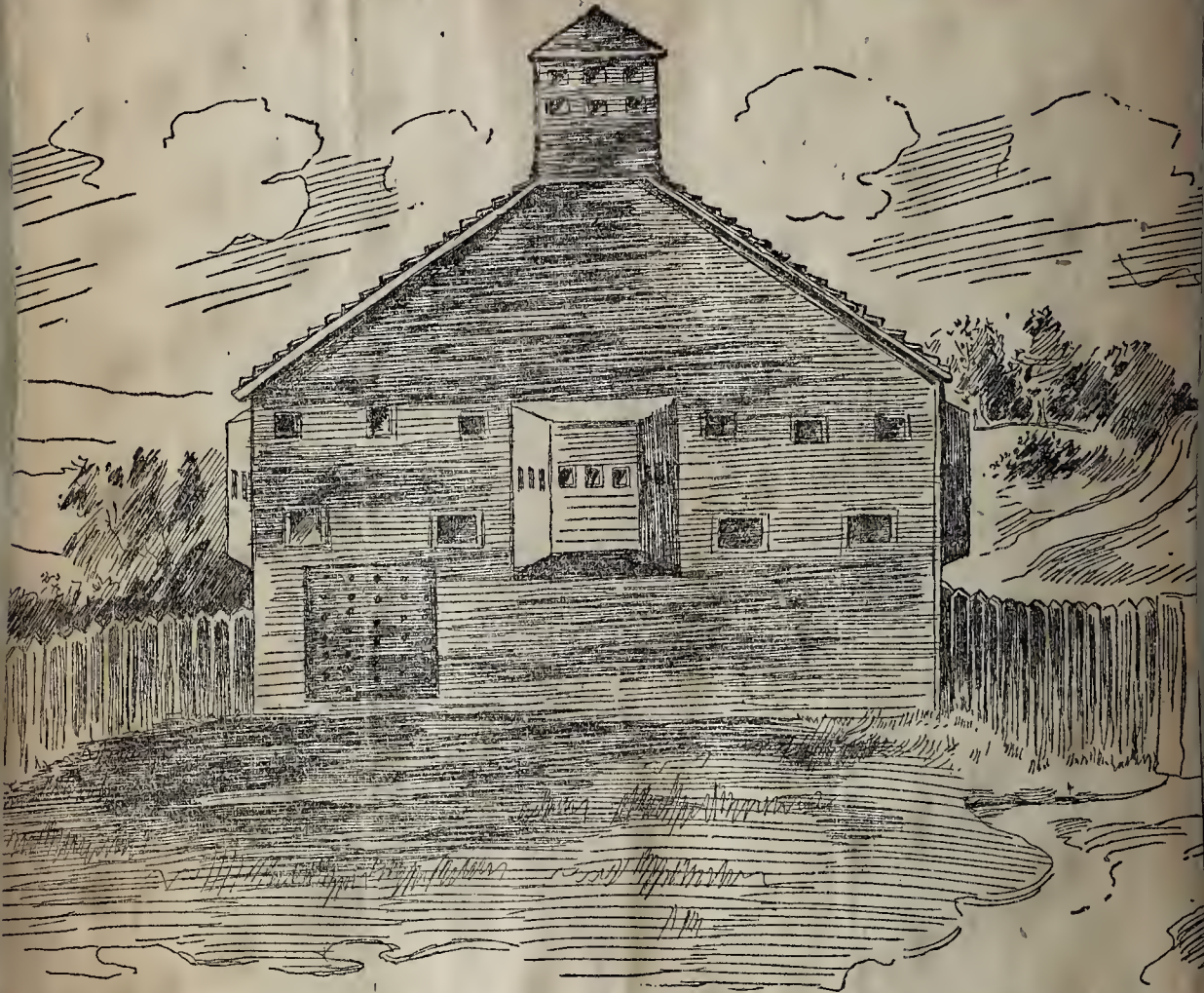
The Indian name for the site of Pittsburgh was "Che-on-de-ro-ga," said to mean about the same as "confluence." That is a prettier name than Chicago, and the Alleghenians might be willing to compromise on it as the name for the Greater Pittsburgh. The French called the place "Three Rivers."

The Virginians held their new post only

two months. It does not appear that they had time to name their fort. One day in April, when Trent was at Cumberland for provisions and Frazer was looking after his clearing at the mouth of Turtle creek, the Allegheny river appeared full of canoes, carrying French soldiers and Indians. They landed and marched upon the fort, and their commander, Pierre Claude de Contrecoeur, sent a summons for surrender. Young Mr. Ward saw nothing for it but to yield, and he was allowed to march away on very good terms. Before he went he

for that revered Frenchman, who left his home and fortune to share the toils and dangers of the American patriots. So the first and the last forts at Pittsburg were named after citizens of France.

The French held this spot for four years and seven months. There must be something in the soil and air tending to make those who dwelt here thrifty. Other military posts established by the French in the wilderness were mere places of rendezvous for soldiers and storehouses for munitions and provisions, but Fort Duquesne from



FORT LE BOEUF (1790) AT WATERFORD, ERIE COUNTY.

was entertained at dinner by the urbane Frenchman.

The four successive forts at this place have had the honor to bear the names of distinguished personages. The French named the works which they erected after the Governor General of Canada, a descendant of the famous Admiral Duquesne.

Pitt's Name Stuck to the Fort.

The stronger fort built by the English in 1759 was named after their eminent Prime Minister, and his name stuck. The Virginians, in 1774, designated the place as Fort Dunmore, in honor of the royal Governor of Virginia, and during the later Indian wars, the new work of defense erected on the shore of the Allegheny was named

the first showed an inclination to be self-supporting. In the summer of 1755 the Marquis Duquesne wrote from Quebec to his Government that in the very first year 2,000 bushels of Indian corn had been gathered from around the fort, and he calculated that 6,000 bushels would be the yield of the second season. He added: "Peas are now planted, and they have two cows, one bull, some horses and 23 sows, with young." They were a little long on pork.

General Braddock intended to cut that corn and slaughter those hogs that fall, but he was interrupted in his plans before he got within sight of the place. Mr. Albert has given a spirited and detailed account of that disastrous campaign.

Grant's Defeat a Mystery.

Equally full and careful is the narrative of the successful campaign of General John Forbes in 1758, during which Major James Grant encountered defeat and capture on the hill which bears his name. Just how the Scotch soldier happened to be so badly worsted in that affair has been more or less of a puzzle to historians, but an Indian chief who was in the trouble gave it as his opinion that the Major had been pulling too often at the strong bottle during the night march, and by daylight was not in condition either to fight or run away. Grant was afterward a British General, and fought against Washington at Brandywine and Germantown. "He was noted for his love of good living, and became immensely corpulent."

When Forbes' army came too near, the French ran away up the Allegheny, after burning their fort. It was November 25, 1758, that the English and provincials took possession of the ashes and raised the British flag. The banner was pulled to the top of the staff by John Armstrong, who afterward fought hard to trail it in the dust. Captain Hugh Mercer was left in command, with Virginia militia, and the army marched back toward Philadelphia.

Fourteen years Fort Pitt was held by a British garrison, and six of those were years of Indian warfare. During the uprising of Pontiac and Klashuta, it was almost overwhelmed, but Bouquet and the Highlander of the "Black Watch" penetrated the wilderness, won the two-days' battle at Bushy Run, and relieved the almost starved defenders. Mr. Albert has visited and described not only the places where forts were built, but also the sites of the famous conflicts of Western Pennsylvania. We have interesting accounts of the scenes of Jumonville's surprise and death, Braddock's defeat and his burial, Grant's route and capture, the battle of the Loyalhanna, the death grapple at Bushy Run, the attack and burning of Hannastown.

Forts That Mark Two Periods.

Outside of Fort Pitt, the forts and blockhouses constructed in this region belong to two periods, those erected during the French and Indian war, which came to an end in 1764, and those built for protection during the devastating years of the Revolution. To the first period belong Fort Burd, at Redstone; Fort Ligonier, on the Loyalhanna; Fort Venango, on the site of Franklin, and the fort at Presqu' Isle. The chief military posts of the Revolution were Fort Ligonier, Fort McIntosh, on the bluff at the mouth of the Beaver river, in Washington township, Westmoreland county; Fort Crawford, on the shore of the Allegheny river, above the mouth of Puckety creek, and Fort Armstrong, near Kittanning.

The history of Fort Ligonier, constructed by the advance guard of Forbes' army, in 1758, is exceedingly interesting during both periods. Before a white man's place of defense was built there the site was occupied by an old Indian village, and the locality was widely known as Loyalhanna. This is a Delaware Indian name, properly spelled La-weel-han-ne, meaning "Middle Stream." The Loyalhanna

is about midway, on the old Indian trail, between the Raystown branch of the Juniata and the forks of the Ohio.

Of the site of the fort Mr. Albert says: "Most of the ground which was covered by the fort, and the garrison land adjacent, is now the property of R. M. Graham, a gentleman who is a native of the valley and has taken much interest in all matters relating to the fort. Mr. Graham has authorized the writer to say that he will grant in perpetuity a plot of ground within these boundary lines, or contiguous thereto, for the purpose of erecting thereon a suitable memorial of a substantial character, commemorative of old Fort Ligonier."

Memorial Erected at Beaver.

At Beaver an association of citizens has been formed to erect a memorial on the site of Ft. McIntosh, which was built by General Leonard McIntosh in the autumn of 1778, under the immediate direction of the Chevalier de Cambray. The fort stood on the high bluff above the Cleveland and Pittsburg Railroad on First street, immediately east of Market street. Judge Daniel Agnew is at the head of the association, and it is probable that this historical spot will be given a suitable memorial without cost to the State.

Mr. Albert's report covers about 80 blockhouses and fortified dwellings in Westmoreland, Allegheny, Fayette, Washington and Greene counties, each having its own thrilling history. He has gone beyond the time limit set by the act of Assembly, and has given to us histories of the forts at Erie, Waterford and Franklin, erected during the Indian wars after the close of the Revolution. Each of these posts presents an interesting story. It was in the fort at Erie that General Anthony Wayne died in December, 1796, and for 13 years his body was buried there, at the foot of the flagstaff, a spot which he had himself chosen. The blockhouse at Le Boeuf, now Waterford, Erie county, is a fine example of the later structures of that type erected by the frontiersmen.

The two volumes are enriched by voluminous notes, containing biographical details concerning many of the early worthies, extracts from their correspondence and the reminiscences of old settlers. The books are mines of information to all those interested in the days when our ancestors were struggling with the wilderness and its fierce denizens.

E. W. HASSLER.

From, *Corn Gazette*
Pittsburgh B.
 Date, *June 6 '96*

CHEONDEROGA.

THAT IS INDIAN AND WAS PITTS-
BURGH'S FIRST NAME.

An Interesting Bit of History Deal-
ing With This City When the
Indian Camped on What Is Now a
Throbbing Site for Many Industries.

Capt. Jack and old Fort Duquesne are not unknown to Western Pennsylvanians, and especially to Pittsburghers, and although the names and scenes connected therewith appeared in the drama over a century and a half ago, they are fresh as if born of yesterday. Such a topic naturally brings this now great throbbing business center in her pristine condition into the arena, recalling the period when instead of the great avenues of trade and commerce, and the immense industrial enterprises which now line the banks of our rivers, there was the forest and the dell, the haunts and the homes of the red man, and his French allies, the bluffs and acclivities as difficult of ascent almost as many parts of Mt. Washington of to-day, ranges of bold and picturesque hill jostled and overlapped each other on every side, here shooting up in large and craggy heights, and there rolling back from the waters in graceful curves and billowy slopes. The island opposite the Monongahela house was a corn patch, the three Sister islands on the Allegheny side were known as Smoky or Kilbuck island, the home of the chief of that name, and the site of the magnificent Carnegie building, including the park and its entire environment, were in the rural district. Between these two rivers stood old Fort Duquesne, as well as Fort Pitt of more recent date, and within a brief distance lies the scene of Braddock's bloody battle, and disastrous defeat. Judge Yeates paid a visit to Braddock's field in 1776, and even then, twenty years after the battle, saw many striking scenes of the desperate conflict. He writes: "My feelings were heightened by the warm and glowing narrative of that day's events by Dr. Walker, who was an eye witness. He pointed out the ford where the army crossed the Monongahela below Turtle Creek, and said a finer sight could not have been beheld; the shining barrels of the muskets, the excellent order of the men, the cleanliness of their apparel, and the joy depicted on every face at being so near Fort Duquesne, the highest object of their wishes. The music re-echoed through the mountains. How brilliant the morning, how melancholy the evening."

Instead of the fort being entered and victory perched upon the banners of the advancing columns, the entire army was panicstricken. The deadly bullet and puffs of smoke seemed to come right out of the ground from unseen foes, doing dreadful execution. The whole air and woods rang full of savage yells, and horrible screechings, completing the demoralization. The indomitable Braddock, his fifth horse being shot from in under him, and his clothes riddled with bullets, received a mortal wound while standing beneath a tree issuing orders. Falling from his horse, there, the unfortunate general lay with but a few friends around him, his drilled veterans flying off in headlong, disgraceful flight.

It is related by George Croghan, the famous Indian interpreter, that Braddock, unwilling to survive the disgrace of his defeat, disgusted at his desertion by the famous soldiers, and probably tormented by the pains from his wounds, refused to be carried from the field, insisted upon being left alone, and finally tried to possess himself of Croghan's pistol, wherewith to make an end of himself.

Capt. Stewart of Virginia, commander of the bodyguard of light horse and Braddock's own "aide," Capt. Orme, carried the dying general off the field and bore him from the scene of his defeat. It was the custom in those days for every officer to carry a sash of scarlet silken network, with which to bear him, if wounded, from the field. The sash in which Braddock was this day carried, the date of its manufacture (1707) and the initials E. B. wrought in the wool, and the blood-red stains upon its netting still visible, is said to be yet preserved in the family of the late President Taylor.

The brave Sir Peter Halket, Sinclair, Burton and every other aide but Washington, and nearly every field officer was struck down, about 900 out of the 1,400 men, and 63 of the 86 officers were either killed or wounded, and the rest scarce waited for the drums to beat the retreat; all was abandoned. Down, down the fugitive mob rushed to the ford over which they had passed with such pageantry and enthusiasm in the morning. Indians pursued even to the Monongahela, reveling in their joyful work of tomahawking in the passage.

Washington, sick, exhausted and fever-stricken as he was, and having so lately passed through a most terrible ordeal, with two horses shot under him, and four bullet holes through his coat, was dispatched by Braddock to Dunbar to forward wagons, provisions, etc., to the wounded.

He rode sad and oppressed during the whole of that wet, long and dismal night, through dark, gloomy forests, frequently having to dismount to grope for the path until he reached Dunbar. His wretched feelings during that truly doleful ride can better be imagined than described. Thence, being very feeble, he retired to Mt. Vernon to recruit his shattered health.

It is a well-attested fact that in 1770—fifteen years after the battle—Washington, when traveling on the Big Kanawha, was visited by an old Indian chief, who stated that he had been present at the battle of Braddock's Fields and had not only fired often at Washington himself, but had instructed his young warriors to fire; but finding it in vain, had come to the conclusion that he was protected by the Great Spirit and was preserved for a great future. So, indeed, he was, as was shown in his subsequent career.

Braddock remained under the faithful care of Capt. Stewart, who had him tenderly carried to Dunbar's camp, high up in the Laurel hill, near the present city of Uniontown, where, on the Sunday after the battle, at 8 p. m., he breathed his last and was buried the next morning right in the middle of the road, Washington reading the funeral service over his grave.

That unhappy field was witness long after to another strange and startling scene. It was on Friday, August 1, 1794, and during the height of the western insurrection—generally known as the "whisky insurrection"—that many thousand armed men assembled under penalty of having their property destroyed if they absented themselves. A Pittsburgh delegation was there, urged by the threat that as they harbored the chief opponents to the insurrection, they must appear on the ground to assert their adherence to it, or their town would be burned down about their ears.

The day was spent in eating, drinking and smoking. David Bradford, mounted

on a superb horse, with splendid trappings and arrayed in full martial uniform, with plumes floating and sword drawn, acted as major-general of this remarkable and heterogeneous collection of countrymen. The good people of Pittsburgh were greatly alarmed at the threats and rumors carried to their ears that an attack was to be made on their fort, and their town destroyed. Goods were packed, houses abandoned, guards stationed and the whole town was in the state of terrible commotion and dismay, but happily, peaceful counsels, under the politic advice and entreaties of leaders, prevailed, and it was agreed that the insurgents should simply march through the place to impress and overawe the citizens, and should then cross the Monongahela and disperse.

The procession, said to be about two and a half miles long and to number between 5,000 and 6,000 men, entered the town about noon on Saturday, all in good file and order, and after marching through the main street, and being helped liberally to whisky by the frightened citizens, they noisily crossed the Monongahela in boats about nightfall and gradually dispersed, but not until the most reckless or drunken of their number had fired the barns and stacks of Col. Kirkpatrick, located on the top of Coal hill. The flames cast a lurid glare over the little town and surrounding country, but fortunately this was the extent of the mischief done, and then this strange impromptu army scattered to their various homes. Although this vast assemblage gave weight and impetus to the insurrection, yet it was soon after completely suppressed, and without bloodshed.

Since these troublous times Braddock's field has for years been left to the peaceful labors of the husbandman. Waving fields of rich grain year after year occupied the dark and bloody ground, but for a number of years it has been the site of the most extensive, as well as prosperous, furnaces and steel and iron works in the United States, a monument to the genius of the little Scotch lad from Dunfermline, who by his pluck, energy and enterprise has risen to be the leading steel and iron manufacturer in the world and recognized everywhere as being the generous philanthropist of the century. The hillsides, as also the valley and the glens, where the savage did his destructive work are now resonant with the hum of industry and studded with the homes of the prosperous merchants, as well as of the thrifty mechanic.

The Indian name for the site of this now great and prosperous city was "Che-on-de-ro-ga." The French called the place "Three Rivers," and the works which they erected were named "Fort Duquesne," in honor of the then governor-general of Canada. The Virginians designated it "Fort Dunmore."

In the summer of 1755 the Marquis of Duquesne wrote from Quebec to his government that in the very first year 2,000 bushels of Indian corn had been gathered from around the fort, and he calculated that 6,000 bushels would be the yield of the second season. He added: "Peas are now planted, and they have two cows, one bull, some horses and twenty-three sows, with young." They were a little long on pork.

It may surprise many to know that the site in its primeval days was under the ocean, the nymphs of Neptune performing their gyrations in its waters.

The spot where Pittsburgh now stands was once a place not only of national but of world wide importance, as to-day when the manufacturers and merchants vie with each other for supremacy in their enterprises, inducing the teeming masses to throng her arteries of business, so did the then leading countries of the old world emulate and struggle for sovereignty over it; first Great Britain, then France, Great

Britain again, Virginia, the United States, and lastly our great and glorious Keystone State, Pennsylvania.

In 1774 it was the field of controversy between neighboring states. Here Washington began the contest which gave the great West to the English speaking race—the musket shots at Lexington and Concord were but a prelude to the ringing of the liberty bell.

Old Fort Duquesne existed but about five years, yet during that brief time was a place of great importance and overshadowing interest. It was the first point of struggle between the French and the English for the possession of all the vast domain watered by the Ohio and Mississippi rivers and their tributaries. If not the cause, it formed the occasion of the celebrated "seven years' war" which involved almost all Europe in desperate conflict. It was the object of Braddock's famed though ill-fated expedition, terminating in the most disastrous defeat already referred to, and by consequence the ruthless scourging of the Pennsylvania border by the savage Indians from the Potomac to the Juniata. Then ensued the memorable defeat of Grant and his Highlanders at a point near the center of the city, the advance of Gen. Forbes' British-American army, the evacuation and destruction of Fort Duquesne by the French and the subsequent construction of the costly and formidable Fort Pitt, which endured even to the present century.

The disastrous battle of Braddock's field settled for the time the dominion of all the vast territory between the Allegheny and Mississippi. The whole back country was left naked and unprotected, and its inhabitants, finding themselves deserted, with no money or leaders or organization, became also panic-stricken and left houses and stock and growing crops, and moved back to and even beyond the Susquehanna.

Many of the friendly Indians living along both sides of the Allegheny mountains, became at first discouraged, then defiant and then hostile, joining with the western bands to burn, murder and destroy, until the whole country from New York down deep into Virginia became one vast theater for the most wanton destruction and inhuman barbarities.

The only redeeming feature was the successful expedition which Col. John Armstrong made September '56 against Kittanning, at that time occupied by the Delaware Indians, headed by the brave but cruel Capt. Jacobs. The village was attacked in the night, a number of houses burned and Indians killed, including Jacobs and some of his wives; and a great many white captives set free.

These were sad and humiliating days for England, both at home and abroad. Everything British was at the lowest ebb. There was nothing but defeat, disgrace and despair; and so, indeed, it continued until the great man after whom Pittsburgh was named seized the helm of state. His nerve, decision and ability soon put a new complexion on the matters.

Among his very first resolves was to try to make a second attempt to take Fort Duquesne and to recover to the English crown the vast domain given up to the French at Braddock's Field. To this end he ordered the immediate collection in Eastern Pennsylvania of a large force under the brave and skillful Scotch general, John Forbes—the "iron-headed," as he was called—whose army was nearly 6,000 strong, composed of 1,300 Highlanders and the rest chiefly Virginia and Pennsylvania troops. At Raystown (now Bedford) he halted and sent forward Col. Bouquet with 2,000 men to occupy Loyal Hanna. With the detachment by Col. Bouquet of 800 men under Maj. Grant we have the advance of that officer under

the very walls of Fort Duquesne; the subsequent sally of the French and the Indians from the fort, by which Grant's army was flanked on both sides of the hill which now bears his name—and situated right in the center of the city—his force only saved from utter annihilation by the stand made by the provincial troops.

The triumph at Grant's Hill almost brought the French to ruin, for, as after the battle of Braddock's Field, so now, the lake Indians, relieving the English army completely defeated, deserted for their distant homes. On November 24, 1758, Forbes' army had encamped at Turtle Creek, his provisions, forage, etc., so nearly exhausted that even from that advanced point a retreat was seriously thought of by a council of war.

The sick and emaciated but stout-hearted old general, who was carried on a litter all the way back to Philadelphia, where he shortly after died, would not hear of it, but swore he would sleep in the fort the next night. That very evening a great smoke, in the direction of the fort, was reported, and at midnight the whole camp was startled by the dull, heavy sound of some explosion.

It was the magazine of the old fort, and, encouraged by these signs, the army pressed on. The Provincials, in their fringed hunting shirts, led the way; next came the Royal Americans, their drums beating a lively march, followed by the old, iron-headed general, his wasted form reclining in a litter; and last of all came the Highlanders, in a long and picturesque line, in their kilts and plaids—the "petticoat warriors," as the Indians called them.

As they all approached the fort they passed along a race path, on either side of which a horrid sight presented itself. A long row of naked stakes were planted, on each of which was impaled the head of a Highlander, killed at Grant's defeat, while beneath was suspended his kilt and accoutrements. Disgusted and provoked at the scene, it is said the Americans quickened their pace and hurried on, but not so the Highlanders. One who was present thus relates the exciting scene that followed:

"The first intimation given by the Scots of their discovery of the insulted remains of their butchered brothers was a subdued murmur, like the angry buzzing of a swarm of bees. Rapidly swelling in violence, it increased to a fierce, continuous, low shriek of rage and grief, that none who listened to would willingly hear again. In that moment officers, as well as men, seemed to have abandoned every sentiment but of quick and bloody vengeance, and, inspired by a common fury, cast all discipline to the winds. Their muskets were dashed to the ground, and, bursting from the ranks, the infuriated Gael, with brandished claymore, rushed madly on, with the hope of finding an enemy on whom to accomplish retribution. Startled at the sound of swiftly tramping feet, the amazed Provincials looked around to see the headlong torrent sweep by, burthening the air with imprecations, and foaming like mad boars engaged in battle."

"Too late. The fort was in flames, and the last boat of the flying Frenchman was disappearing in the evening mist that hung around Smoky island. In place of old Fort Duquesne—the scene of so many exploits and the bone of contention for so long a time between two great and powerful nations—there was now but a heap of smoking ruins, the stacks of some thirty chimneys only remaining to mark where the houses stood, and sixteen barrels of gunpowder and ball, and a cart load of scalping knives—discovered in the only magazine that had refused to fire—were the only spoils that remained to be gathered. It was on November 25, 1758, that

the English and Provincials took possession of the ashes and raised the British flag. A square stockade for 200 men, under Col. Hugh Mercer, was built, which was succeeded the next year by the more imposing and much more costly structure, Fort Pitt, which for fourteen years was held by a British garrison, and six of those were of Indian warfare. During the uprising of Pontiac and Klashuta it was almost overwhelmed, but Bouquet and the Highlanders of the "Black Watch" penetrated the wilderness, won the two-days' battle at Bushy run and relieved the almost starved defenders.

Opposite Forts Duquesne and Pitt, and on one of the group of Kilbuck islands, there was enacted one of the most diabolical and fiendish acts of cruelty that darkens the page of history, perpetrated by the ferocious old Shawnee chief, Nymwha, with his dancing Dervishes, and connived at by Dumas and his French cohorts.

Had not God, for some strong purpose steeled
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied them.

Poor Sergt. McPherson, who, the very night before, had thrilled the camp by his clear and powerful voice with the sweet Scottish song, "Annie Laurie," and who, with a few others of the British regulars, were taken prisoners after the battle, were marched along to the place of execution, stripped entirely naked, their hands securely bound behind them, and their faces and bodies painted black, a sure sign of being devoted to the stake, and the prolonged cruelties of a savage torture. It was a sad and most piteous spectacle, enough to have moved a heart of stone. How captured, none will ever know. They were carried to the little island, where the horrid rites were to take place that very night. The fires were even then being lighted, and the stakes driven. Glutted with blood, the pitiless devils now demanded torture by fire. The scalp dance, and the victory dance were first performed, and amid a yelling and frantic crowd of painted demons, brandishing their blood-red tomahawks, the little crowd were slowly marched out to the stake, the unfortunate Sergt. McPherson at their head. The sad scene is too horrible for recital, most of the French soldiers, to their credit let it be said, withdrew from the sickening sight. The eyes of Lord Talbot and his fellow-prisoner, Smith, flashing with indignation, and Capt. Jack, whose nerves were all on a quiver at the fearful torture, and heart-rending cries of the poor sergeant, sent a friendly bullet which sped unerringly on its mission of relief.

Capt. Jack, whose early history, though shrouded in mystery, is known to have belonged to the Provincials, of whom the ill-fated Braddock was so contemptuous, and who, along with Waggoner Scaroooyady, "The Half King," and others of the more cool and collected scouts and rangers were the last to yield the hill. Returning one evening from a long day's chase, he found his cabin a heap of smoldering ruins, and the blackened corpses of his murdered family scattered around. From this time he became a rancorous Indian hater and slayer. In '53 he held a sort of roving commission from Gov. Hamilton—his home being the Juniata valley—going under the names of "The Black Rifle," "The Black Hunter," and "The Wild Hunter of the Juniata." It is thought by some that "Jack's Mountain" in Pennsylvania, was called after him. In Hazard's Register there is frequent mention of him. Col. Armstrong calls him—on account of his swarthy visage—"The Half Indian" in his reports of his

expedition against Capt. Jacobs of the Delaware village of Kittauning.

Col. George Groghan, who, while Braddock was preparing for his march, was engaged in beating up a number of Indians, scouts, etc., to serve as guides, distinctly states that Capt. Jack was at the head of a body of bold hunter-rangers, skilled in woodcraft, expert in Indian fighting, clad, like their leader, in Indian attire, and offered them to Braddock, provided they were allowed to dress, march, and fight as they pleased, and not to be subject to the strict regulations of a soldier's camp. "They are well armed," said Groghan, "and equally regardless of heat and cold. They require no shelter for the night, and ask no pay! This, of course, could not be permitted by such a strict and self-reliant martinet as Braddock, and the rangers were suffered to depart. It is idle now to speculate what might have been the result of the British expedition had these scouts, and a larger body of fighting Indians been allowed to accompany, or rather precede Braddock's army. Judging, however, from the late invaluable services of the Warm Spring Indians in tracking the Modocs to their lairs, beating up their fastnesses in the lava beds, and bringing them to bay in such a manner that nothing was left but surrender, it is certainly safe to assume that these Pennsylvania rangers and Indians would have performed the same offices for Braddock, and rendered wholly impossible the disastrous defeat of the great British general.

The very earliest visit on record to the area at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela, and now forming what may be called Pittsburgh proper, was by no less a man than Maj. Washington, who stopped there on the 24th of November, 1753, when on his mission from Gov. Dinwiddie to the French forts at Venango and French Creek. His journal contains the following notice of the site where now stands Pittsburgh, and where, at the time, no human being resided:

"As I got down before the canoe, I spent some time in viewing the river and the land which I think extremely well situated for a fort, as it has absolute control of both rivers. The land at the point is twenty-five feet above the common surface of the water, and a considerable bottom of flat, well-timbered land all around it, very convenient for building. About two miles from this, on the southeast side of the river at a place where the Ohio Company intended to erect a fort, lives Shingiss, king of the Delawares."

Washington's second visit to the Forks was in '58, five years later, when Gen. Forbes occupied the smoldering ruins of Old Fort Duquesne. A small military work, for temporary purposes, was commenced on the Monongahela, and 200 men, under the command of colonel, afterwards Gen. Hugh Mercer of Virginia, were left in charge. The very next year was commenced the extensive and formidable five-sided fortification to which the name of Fort Pitt was given, from which Pittsburgh derives its name. It was built by Gen. Stanwix and cost the British government £60,000. It was abandoned in 1772 by order of Gen. Gage. The redoubt was the last relic of British labor left at the Forks, and until very lately, had a stone in front, on which was carved very rudely "Colonel Bouquet, 1764." It has lately been removed by order of the Pittsburgh councils for better preservation.

In 1770 Washington paid his third visit to the Forks, on his way to the Kenhawa, in company with Dr. Craik, Capt. Crawford and others, to locate lands. He writes thus in his journal: "We lodged in what is called the town, distance about 300 yards from the Fort, at one Semple's, who keeps a very good house of public

entertainment. The houses which are built of logs, are ranged in streets, are on the Monongahela side, and I suppose may be twenty in number, and inhabited by Indian traders. The fort (Pitt) is built in the point between the Allegheny and Monongahela."

This collection of log cabins belonging to Indian traders, was the commencement of the large and opulent city of Pittsburgh, now numbering, with Allegheny City and various suburbs, over 500,000 souls. It remained small and unimportant until after the advent of the large army dispatched thither in 1794 to quell what is generally known as the "whisky insurrection."

Among the soldiers who came West were many young men, who either remained there, or afterwards found their way to a settlement, and the growth of the city was thenceforward as steady and solid as it still continues to be, and with the near future, aided by her new waterways, slackwater, and increased railroad the Greater Pittsburgh looming up in facilities, is certain to maintain her prestige as the great manufacturing metropolis of the country.

JAS. W. DRAPE.

Pittsburgh, Pa., May 25, 1896.

From, *Chron Tel*

Pittsburgh Pa

Date, *June 20 96*

AN OLD LANDMARK.

An Ancient Church Building in the East End Torn Down.

The small brick building which has stood on the corner of Center and South Highland avenues for so long that the pioneers of that vicinity fail to recall its early history, is now no more, having been torn down to make room for a brick business block to be erected by Harry Wellis. The old brick was interesting from the fact that it was the first home of the Emery M. E. church and the Sixth U. P. church (then the First U. P. church). At that time the building was owned by Miss Kittle Roup, grandmother of the Baum brothers, who donated it to be used for church work. It afterwards reverted to Mrs. Rebecca Baum and was finally bought by H. S. Baum, who sold it to the present owner.

AN EAST END LANDMARK.

INTERESTING HISTORY OF WHAT WAS KNOWN AS THE OLD BAUM HOUSE.

The Last Bricks of Which It Was Built Being Removed—Old Residents Talk of the Structure—Its

Owners, Its Occupants and Its Uses

One by one the old landmarks of the East End district are disappearing, giving place to the modern and more pretentious structures of the present time. The last two or three years have witnessed the demolition of several old buildings, upon which hung the early history of this neighborhood. Another old building has gone during the past week, that known as "the old Baum house," the little brick structure, located at the corner of South Highland and Center-aves, East Liberty. The rains of the early portion of the week interrupted the work, and the side walls of the building were standing until two days ago.

Yesterday the two tall chimneys that rose in the center of the ruins were alone left standing, and gradually these are also disappearing, several men with wagons being busily engaged in hauling away the bricks, every one of which has an interesting history.

Few of the present generation who have looked at the old house, in passing along the street in recent years, have been aware of the uses to which it has been put since it was erected over 60 years ago, and the changes which it has witnessed. The building was erected about 1833 by the Methodists of the East End for use as a meeting house. Here were held almost the first services of that denomination as a regularly organized church in the East End.

Previous to the erection of this building the Methodists held service for some time in an old schoolhouse that was located in the rear of the old lecture room belonging to the East Liberty Presbyterian Church, on Penn-ave. After moving into this building the little flock was ministered to by Rev. Mr. Davids, Rev. Wiley Roup and others. In speaking of Mr. Roup, one of the few survivors of that period said to the writer:

"I remember him as one of the old exhorters—one of the shouting kind, as we call them now. Yes, indeed, those were interesting days."

After the Methodists removed to their church on Penn-ave, forming the Emory congregation, the old house was used for about a year by the Sixth United Presbyterian congregation. 'Squire D. R. Kuhn, one of the oldest of the present residents of East Liberty, said:

"The congregation numbered then about 17. Previous to this time the services had been held in my home, at the corner of Collins-ave and Station-st."

The records of the Sixth church, then known as the East Liberty United Presbyterian church, say that "the first communion service was held on the first Sabbath of March, 1857, in the Center-Ave Methodist church, by Dr. Adam Clarke, professor of New Testament literature in the Allegheny Theological Seminary." The building here designated is the old structure of the present article.

After being vacated by this church, the building became the home of 'Squire Moses Philips, the son-in-law of old Philip Winebiddle, and a well known East Ender of those days. He had his office in the building and resided there for several years. Then other tenants occupied the place, and the house went to the Baum heirs. Henry Baum lived there until a few years ago, but for some time the place has been unoccupied.

Henry Schnellbach lived in a house directly opposite the old Baum place during the fifties and carried on a dairy business. He said to the writer: "At that time the old Baum house formed the eastern end of the Baum farm, which consisted of probably 45 acres. The Baums had about 30 acres for their own use. During my residence there the house was occupied

by 'Squire Philips. Since leaving there I have not watched the history of the place, but I know it to be a historic old structure."

The lot on which this old structure stood is three-cornered in shape and has a considerable frontage on both Center and South Highland-aves. D. H. Wallace, who erected the large structures on South Highland-aves adjoining the Baum lot, has recently purchased the property on which the old house stood, and intends to put up an elegant business structure of modern architecture.

A LEDGER'S RECORD.

INTERESTING LOCAL HISTORY FOUND IN AN OLD ACCOUNT BOOK.

Accounts With Well-Known Families of This Vicinity Disclosed by an Inspection of a Book Used by a Local Firm in 1812.

While a workman in one of W. W. Laird's stores was removing some old waste material from the attic rooms a few days ago he brought to light an old volume, of the folio ledger type, an investigation of which proved it to be possessed of much local interest in connection with the early history of Pittsburgh, it being the record of sales made by a local firm in the year 1812. From its appearance the old book has been lying for many years among the dust that accumulated in the old portions of the building, and the damp of years had gathered upon it, by reason of its proximity to the roof and exposure to some of the bad weather of the past half century.

The exterior of the book was of a dingy appearance. The covers were of leather and strips of leather had been sewed across the back with deer thongs, making it further proof against the wear of years. Upon opening the volume, a strong contrast was presented to the dingy appearance of the outside. The entries were made in a handsome script, rarely equalled in the present day, and which might easily be taken at first sight for engraved type. The writing was entirely distinct, notwithstanding the lapse of over four score years, and the fact led the observer to wonder what kind of ink must have been in use at the beginning of the present century that its impressions remained so clear at the close of so many years.

There is nothing about the book which would designate the business firm originally in possession of this interesting old ledger, but certain entries show that the business was transferred in the same year to R. & J. Patterson. The business was evidently that of a book store, combined with general printing establishment, and supplies of various kinds. For the goods sold, other articles were received in trade, as is shown by the following items: John Kinsman, Esq., credited, June 13, 1812, with 3½ dozen deer skins; John Thompson, of New Lisbon, by 16 barrels of whisky, \$159.95; another credited with 600 quills at \$1.80 per hundred; 540 pounds rags, \$27, and many other items of a similar nature.

The various accounts are entered in the book day by day, and these accounts are afterward balanced and settled, so that the book seems to have been used as a combination ledger, day book and record of receipts. The weekly entries reveal an interesting coincidence in con-

nection with the present year, showing that the various days of the month in 1812 fell upon the same day of the week, as in 1806.

The accounts entered in the ledger show names familiar to every student of the early history of Pittsburgh. Many of the prominent families of that day, as well as a number of local organizations, are represented here. The first account entered is that of David Longworth, of New York, under the date of January 3, 1812. Among the names are those of about a score of clergymen prominent in local affairs early in the present century. One account is that of Rev. Francis Herron, who bought *The Christian Magazine*, vols. 3 and 4, one volume *Alexander's Sermons* and *Findley's Observation*. Rev. W. C. Browlee is charged with a copy of "Sewel's History of the Quakers, at \$5.50." The other ministers mentioned are: Rev. Thomas Mison, Rev. James Culbertson, Rev. Matthew Brown, Rev. Mr. Schermerhorn, Rev. James Satterfield, Rev. William McMillan, Rev. John Riddle, Rev. Thomas Hunt, Rev. Andrew Wyile, of Canonsburg; Rev. Joseph Anderson, Rev. Joseph Patterson, Rev. Samuel Taite, Rev. Robert Semple, Rev. Robert Bruce, Rev. James Galloway and Rev. Joseph Stockton. The latter's account, under date of June 20, 1812, embraces "2 yards wall paper, 17 cents, and $\frac{1}{4}$ ream letter paper, \$1."

The rate of postage is shown in the account of Rev. Mr. Schermerhorn, who, on October 29, 1812, was charged with "postage of a double letter, 40 cents."

The most noteworthy account in the book is the one on page 173, being "the account of James Blaine, Brownsville," the father of James G. Blaine. On account of its historical importance the account is given by the writer in its entirety. It is as follows: Mar. 16, 1812, To Sundry Books, \$22.02 $\frac{1}{2}$; April 9, To Sundry Books, \$7.65; total, \$33.67 $\frac{1}{2}$." The credit side of the account shows that it was "transferred to R. & J. Patterson, December 22, 1812."

Among the other interesting statements, the names in which will be familiar to all Pittsburghers, are the following: "Phillip Mowry, Esq.," charged with a lot of blank subpoenas, commitments and executions; "The Western Missionary Society, Jan. 4, To 6 Porter's sermons, delivered Rev. F. Herron, Jan. 14, To 325 Porter's sermons, delivered Rev. J. H. & F. Herron." The Pittsburgh Manufacturing Company, charged with printing, books, etc.; "Thomas Bradford, To taxes paid in Armstrong, Allegheny and Butler counties, 1812-1813;" John M. Auston is charged, under date of June 23, 1812, with payment of \$327.24 to William Worsthoff, sheriff; John W. Browne & Co., Cincinnati, were charged with the "carriage of boxes from Lancaster, Philadelphia and Harrisburg."

John Thompson, New Lisbon, was indebted to "freight of 358 pounds seal-leather" and was credited "by 16 barrels whisky, \$159.95;" William Grant, evidently of a musical turn of mind, was the purchaser of "1 dozen music books, \$10.25;" Charles Davis bought "1 dozen deer skins for \$8; the account of Joseph Patterson, Jr., embraces "1 umbrella, \$5.50; cash paid washerwoman, \$1; cash paid Alexander McCandless, \$35;" the Vigilant Fire Company was charged with "printing of 4 quires of notices, \$6, and 100 constitutions, \$15; Col. G. Beatty, in February, 1812, paid "20 cents for the postage of a letter;" Ebenezer Denny's account, from February to July, 1812, embraces "books to the amount of \$49.62 $\frac{1}{2}$;" the Butler Academy was charged with books amounting to \$57.93 $\frac{3}{4}$; Walter Lowrie had 1,000 tickets printed for \$3.50; the Bible society is indebted "to Sundries, \$12.30;" Col. Bull, of Sandusky, O., is charged with a lot of books; the "Waterford Library Company" is credited with 5 barrels salt, \$29.40," and Francis Johnston, in the following account, is charged with "1 barrel whisky, 31 $\frac{1}{4}$ gallons, \$12.49 1-3;" Robert Corry is charged "costs on lands in

Butler county comms, \$63.06."

The Synod of Pittsburgh is indebted to a charge of \$2; the Pittsburgh Cavalry has an account of \$1.75. Under the heading "Bought of Pittsburgh" is charged, under date of April 12, 1812, "to Ledger A, \$8." There is no record of this debt ever having been paid.

NINETY-FIVE YEARS.

HISTORY OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF SHARPSBURG.

The Organization Was Had the Second Year of This Century and Has Seen Many Changes—A List of Those Who Served as Ministers for the Past Ninety-Five Years.

The First Presbyterian church of Sharpsburg is the oldest church organization in that thriving little borough on the north side of the Allegheny river. Back in 1839 the semi-celebration was celebrated.

From a little pamphlet issued recently by the church it is learned that the church owes its existence under Divine providence, to W. D. Hawkins, who came from Baltimore in 1801, and settled in the beautiful valley north of the Allegheny river and at one time owned by the famous Indian chief Guyasuta. From 1801 to 1809 the Revs. Abraham Boyd, Joseph Graham and Robert Patterson at different times had charge of the little organization which had no permanent organization.

In the year 1809 Rev. Joseph Stockton began to preach at Pine Creek and to the soldiers in the garrison at Lawrenceville, and he gathered a congregation in what is now Allegheny City.

In 1814 a log church was erected at Pine Creek, and in 1815 a church was regularly organized, consisting of seven members. About the year 1829 Rev. Mr. Stockton established a preaching station in the Guyasuta Valley, now Sharpsburg.

It is claimed the first meetings were held in the log residence of James Sharpsburg, for whom Sharpsburg was named, and afterward in a school house near Fifteenth-st. Rev. Mr. Stockton continued to preach for the congregation until 1832, when he died of cholera while on a visit to Baltimore. He was educated at Canonsburg and was the author of the *Western Calculator* and of the *United States spelling book*. He was also a principal of the Pittsburgh Academy, now the Western University. In 1833 a small brick church building was erected on the site of the present building and the Rev. Samuel Caldwell preached for one year.

In 1834 the Rev. James Campbell became pastor of Pine Creek church, and under his pastorate, preaching services and a Sabbath school were maintained at Sharpsburg until 1838.

The history of the Sharpsburg church really begins with 1838. It was established by the authority of and under the direction of the presbytery of Ohio, before there was a presbytery of Allegheny. The record reads as follows:

Resolved, 1—That the church of Pine Creek be and hereby is divided into two churches, and that portion of the church residing on the hill and worshipping there shall be known as Pine Creek church, and the portion of said church in and near

Sharpsburg and worshipping there shall be known by the name of the Sharpsburg church, and each portion shall continue to use and enjoy the house and ground which they now respectively occupy.

Then follow two resolutions, dissolving the Rev. Mr. Campbell's pastoral relation with the Pine Creek church, and continuing his pastoral relation with the Sharpsburg church for the whole of his time.

This is the only record of the origin of the church that can be found, and the names of the original members, although the records say that at the time of the organization there were 60 members.

The pastorate of Rev. Mr. Campbell extended from 1841, a period of three years, and the membership increased from 60 to 91. Nine members were lost by death and dismissed. During this time Alex. Patterson, Phillip Miller and James Lopsley were ruling elders.

The second pastor was the Rev. J. W. Murray, and his pastorate extended from 1841 to 1852. During his regime 193 were received into the church, and 108 were lost by death or dismissal, leaving a membership of 175. The Rev. J. W. Murray died of cholera at Salem, O., in the summer of 1852. The Sharpsburg church was his first and only charge. He was a graduate of Jefferson College in 1835. The records of the church show that he was a very careful, methodical man. He was the only minister who died while pastor of the Sharpsburg church. His death occurred while he was taking a week's rest among friends, and the congregation knew nothing of his death until the body was brought home for interment.

The third pastor was Rev. Alex. Shand, being in charge from 1852 to 1855. He was followed by Rev. Alex. Sinclair, and he was with the church for two years, until the close of 1857, and Rev. S. J. Wilson was pastor three years, and he was succeeded by the Rev. J. M. Smith, who served as pastor until 1867, when Rev. T. M. Wilson was elected. He served until 1870, when he resigned on account of ill health.

During the pastorate of Rev. Mr. Wilson the church lost quite a number of its members, who went to the Millvale church, which had been organized.

The next pastor was Rev. W. C. Falconer, and he served the church until the close of 1871.

In 1879 Rev. Thomas Lawrence was chosen, and he was with the church seven years and eight months. Rev. T. M. Gibson took charge in 1880. During his charge 299 new members were added to the church and 108 were lost. When the church celebrated its semi-centennial there was a membership of 350.

But once again the church membership was considerably reduced. It was in 1883 when the Glenshaw church was organized, many going to that organization. The Morningside Mission was also started by members of the Sharpsburg church.

Few churches have been better represented in foreign missionary fields than Sharpsburg. Rev. T. M. Thompson is the present pastor. The church membership is over 400, and Rev. Mr. Thompson, who is an untiring worker, is beloved by every member.

A LANDMARK REMOVED.

Old Stone House at Fayette Station Taken Away—Was Built Early in the Century.

Dunbar, Pa., Aug. 16.—The old stone house at Fayette station, one of the oldest landmarks in this section of the country, has been taken away. The old house was built in 1806 and was in later years known as the Herd property. It was situated in a low valley remote from any other houses, and was constructed in the most antiquated manner, a relic of the early days of this century. Many important historic reminiscences are connected with the old house.

The low land lying between the old landmark and the Youghiogheny river was used in the early part of this century as a boat or raft yard. Here a thriving industry was in progress for many years. The Old Laurel, New Laurel, Center and Union furnaces, the seats of early iron manufacture, were then in their prime and the iron manufactured at these blast furnaces was hauled to the Youghiogheny river, where it was taken on rafts down to the Pittsburg markets. The Herd house was headquarters for the shipment of the iron. After the days of the old stone stack furnaces the house was used as a dwelling house, and was inhabited within a few years past. For a number of years it was used for a "speak-easy," and the place became notorious. After the coke strike of '94 a man was murdered at this place and his body thrown in the creek.

From, *Dispatch*
Pittsburg Pa
Date, *Aug 23 1906*

NOBLE OLD TRINITY.

Pittsburg's Pioneer Protestant Episcopal Church Will Soon

SEE ONE HUNDRED YEARS.

Existence Bound Inseparably to This Place and People.

HISTORY OF BOTH IN ONE VOLUME.

From, *Times*
Pittsburg Pa
Date, *Aug 17 1906*

That Old Graveyard Is the Sleeping Place of Remarkable Men.

PAGES OF TIME ARE TURNED BACKWARD

(Written for The Dispatch.)

Trinity Church, on Sixth avenue, with its green trellised exterior and beautiful style of architecture, is a restful spot in the midst of the city's busy turmoil. It has a double attractiveness just now, as it is rapidly adding another chapter to its already historic record, for next year it completes its one hundredth anniversary as a parish and there is now informal talk of a great celebration the coming year.

Trinity Church is being re-decorated on an extensive scale, which, though necessary for the past two years, has additional appropriateness at this period. For, with the coming of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew to Pittsburg in October it is but meet that stately Trinity, where the exercises will be held in connection with this gathering, shall be most beautiful within to charm the eye of the visiting brethren. Then, too, its festal dress will be ready for the centennial celebration next year.

When Trinity parish closes its cycle of 100 years, what pleasing achievement must it record? This mother parish, as it can fondly be called, has grown from its small beginning to one of greatness, and four of its former rectors became bishops in other States.

The ground on which the present Trinity Church stands is historic. It was deeded by John Penn, Jr., and John Penn, of the city of Philadelphia, who were grandsons of the founder, to the Hon. John Gibson, John Ormsby, Devereux Smith and Dr. Nathaniel Bedford, all of the town of Pittsburg, trustees of the congregation of the Episcopalian Protestant Church, "as a site for a house of religious worship and a burial place."

The First Gift a Deed.

The deed of the gift bears the date, 24th day of September, 1787. This land deeded by the Penns was not the site of the first Trinity Church, but even from the time of Fort Duquesne it was used as a burying ground, and no little interest is attached to Trinity Church because of the illustrious sleepers who rest in its churchyard.

One of the most interesting tombstones there is the one erected to an Indian chief, Mio-qua-coo-na-caw. It rests under a beautiful spreading tree, and time has erased the date of his interment.

In Neville B. Craig's history of Pittsburg an account is given how this Indian chief came to be buried here. It was on the 25th of December, 1796, that Captain Shaumburg, with a party of Shawanese and Wyandot chiefs and their interpreters, arrived here on his way home from Philadelphia. Among the chiefs were Redpole and Blue Jacket. While they were

detained here by the ice, Redpole took sick and, though faithfully attended by Dr. Bedford, he died on the 28th day of February, greatly regretted by the other chiefs and all who knew him. It relates how he is buried in the ground on Wood street, which forms the Episcopal grave yard, and the following inscription was placed upon his tombstone by order of the Government:

Mio-qua-coo-na-caw
or
Redpole,
Principal Village Chief
of the

Shawnee Nation.

Died at Pittsburg the 28th February, 1797,
Lamented by the
United States.

Of the four first trustees, John Ormsby is the only one buried at Trinity. Dr. Bedford, after whom the Bedford, Twentieth Ward School is named, and who laid out the old town of Birmingham, is buried on the Southside. A monument to his memory lies in an obscure spot there. Colonel John Gibson—called "Horseshoe" Gibson by the Indians—sleeps in Allegheny Cemetery.

It was not till 10 years after the Penns' gift of land that the few Episcopallians here invited the Rev. John Taylor to officiate as their pastor. He was the first settled Episcopalian minister here, and it is the one hundredth anniversary of the permanent establishment of Trinity parish that is drawing so close.

Services were at first held in private houses and in the Court House, a two-story brick building, which stood on the west side of the Diamond, where the market house now is.

On the 3d day of September, 1805, a charter was granted by the Supreme Court, constituting the Rev. John Taylor, then minister of the parish, Pressly Nevill and Samuel Roberts, the wardens, and Nathaniel Irish, Joseph Barker, Jeremiah Barker, Nathaniel Richardson, Nathaniel Bedford, Oliver Ormsby, George McGunnigle, George Robinson, Robert Magee, Alexander McLaughlin, William Cecil and Joseph Davis, vestrymen, a corporation and body politic by the name of the Minister, Church Wardens and Vestrymen of Trinity Church, in Pittsburg."

The triangular piece of ground bounded by Wood, Liberty street and Sixth avenue, was purchased for \$400 and the "Round Church" erected—a brick building containing 42 high-backed pews, besides a gallery. This building was the original edifice of Trinity Church. Its common title "Round" was of its conforming in its shape to the location of the ground. The cornerstone of this church was laid July 1, 1805. The congregation worshipped in this church till 1825. The only living person who attended this old "Round Church" is Mrs. Judge McCandless, who is now aged 83.

The first election of vestrymen recorded in the early minute book is that of Easter Monday, April 3, 1820. Later the wardens were chosen from among their number. Oliver Ormsby and Peter Mow-

ry were the wardens; Morgan Neville, George Poe, Jr., Abner Barker, Abraham Long, Joseph Davis, Peter Beard, Charles L. Volz, Walter Forward, Nathaniel Richardson, Samuel Roberts, Thomas Cromwell and John Reno, the vestrymen.

Many Rectors Followed.

Rev. Mr. Taylor resigned in 1818 and the parish had for a time only occasional services. In 1821 the Rev. William Thompson was called, but remained less than two years. When he left again there was no pastor. During this time Henry Hopkins, then a young lawyer, acted as lay reader and in 1824 entered the ministry. Under his guidance (he himself made the plans) a beautiful edifice was built on the site of the present Trinity Church, and the congregation of the "Round" Church removed to the new one in 1825.

This building was consecrated on the 12th day of June, 1825, by Bishop White, the first bishop who came to Pittsburg. The building was then incomplete, for the tower was not built till 1827. This second Trinity Church was torn down in 1870 to make way for the present Trinity Church. S. C. McCandless, senior warden, and C.

M. Gormily, secretary, attended this second Trinity Church from their boyhood.

Nearly all of Trinity's rectors have been called elsewhere to higher positions of honor. Mr. Hopkins in 1830 became assistant rector of Trinity Church, and in 1832 he was chosen first Bishop of Vermont. Dr. Upfold followed Mr. Hopkins and remained at Trinity 18 years. Dr. Upold was elected Bishop of Indiana.

Trinity Church has many beautiful windows, and among the most noticeable are the two that commemorate these bishops and former rectors.

He Went to Rome.

Dr. T. B. Lyman was the next rector, and after 12 years' ministry he went to Rome to build up a congregation in that foreign city. He was afterward Bishop of North Carolina. Dr. C. E. Swope, who assisted Dr. Lyman for two years previous to his retirement, became rector of Trinity. In 1867, on his resignation to become assistant minister at Trinity Church, New York, the Rev. John Scarborough became Rev. Swope's successor. He was rector when the present Trinity Church was consecrated. He is now Bishop of New Jersey, and the only one of the four former rectors who became bishops now living. Rev. William Hitchcock followed Rev. Scarborough; his successor



THE OLD ROUND CHURCH.



TRINITY CHURCH OF TO-DAY.



THE SECOND TRINITY CHURCH, AS DESIGNED AND BUILT BY THE LATE BISHOP HOPKINS, A. D., 1825.

was Rev. S. Maxwell, and then the present incumbent, Rev. A. W. Arundel.

The occasion of the dedication of the present Trinity Church was an eventful day in the history of Trinity parish. Accommodations were provided for 2,000 people, yet many could not be admitted. The new edifice was unornamented save for an exquisite floral cross on the altar, which in its simple beauty was much commented on. There were bishops and clergymen from both near and far States. Rev. Cornelius E. Swope, D. D., for more than six years rector of Trinity parish, preached the consecration sermon.

The Building Committee were Messrs. John H. Shoenberger, James M. Cooper and Calvin Adams, assisted by the rector of the parish, Rev. John Scarborough.

Pictures of Old Rectors.

In the vestry of Trinity Church are preserved pictures of the old churches and the noted divines who have had connection in some way with them. There the benign face of Bishop White, the first Bishop of Pennsylvania, and who visited Pittsburg in 1825, can be seen, Rt. Rev. John Barrett Kerfoot, D. D., first Bishop of Pittsburg, and who was consecrated in Trinity Church (the second one), St. Paul's Day, January 25, 1866. He died July 10, 1881; also the pictures of Dr. Uphold, Theo. B. Lyman and John Henry Hopkins.

The first pastor of Tinity parish, Rev. John Taylor, who came here in 1797, was familiarly called "Father Taylor." He was noted for the almanac he published for many years. He was pastor of Trinity Church for more than 20 years. In Rector Scarborough's sermon of October 3, 1869, at the farewell services in old Trinity Church, he states that "Father Taylor"

lived till 1838. On August 10 he was killed by lightning at Shenango, Mercer county. There he now rests with nothing to mark his grave.

Trinity Church has now free pews and morning and evening services. Prior to 1892 Trinity Church had the old plan of renting the pews. John H. Shoenberger in his will left \$100,000 in trust to this church when it should become a free church and have morning and evening services. The charter of the Trinity Church was amended by the courts so that the church could meet the regulations required to receive Mr. Shoenberger's bequest.

List of Pew Holders.

A list of the original pewholders of Trinity Church of September 1, 1821, as given in the early minute book may interest many people of to-day. The list is: Christopher Cowan, Abraham Long, Dr. Peter Mowry, Alexander Johnston, Jr., Oliver Ormsby, Morgan Neville, George Poe, Jr., Abner Barker, Nathaniel Richardson, David McGunnegle, Joseph Barclay, Peter Beard, Samuel Kingston, John H. Hopkins, Thomas Ennochs, Esq., Mary Cecil, George Shiras, Mrs. Kerwin and J. Lightner, Thomas Barlow, Charles L. Volz, Samuel Roberts, Jr., John Burke, Sarah Mark and Sarah Domeler, Wm. Fearn and Robert Towne, Mrs. Collins, John Craig, William Arthurs, Charles Reno and Austin Drury, Mrs. Gregg, David Holmes, Arnold Eichbaum, James R. Butler, John L. Glaser, John Reno, John R. McNickle, Joseph Davis, Campbell, Muller, Sayland and Brown, Dr. S. R. Holmes and A. L. Kerr, Alexander Glass, Ralph Pittock, George Connelly, Mrs. Patterson, Walter Forward, Robert Elder and James Rutter.

KATIE EVANS.

From, *Lucie*
Pittsburg Pa

Date, *Aug 27 /96*

REUNION OF THE BOYDS.

PROGENY OF COMMON ANCESTORS
 MEET TO BECOME ACQUAINTED.

All Are Descendants of Westmoreland County Pioneers Who Settled at Derry in 1772—Family Represented by Scions from Massachusetts to Dakota, and from Michigan to Georgia—The Family Association Incorporated.

Members of the Boyd family and their connections monopolized the Hotel Boyer yesterday to the exclusion of almost all others who were not descendants of John and Mary Fulton Boyd. There were perhaps 100 of the Boyd family connection, all able to trace their lineage to the said John and Mary as their ancestors.

John and Mary Fulton Boyd, with their two sons, John and James, settled in Westmoreland county in 1772, near where the town of Derry now is. When the settlement became a village, the name of the old Derry, in Ireland, from near which they originally came, was perpetuated by adopting that name. The elder Boyd was one of the organizers of the Presbyterian church at Derry, and served as an elder for years. Three of his sons became ministers of the church; several of his descendants have since done so, and several of the connection are now active in the ministry, and to this day the most of the tribe are Presbyterians of one or the other branches of the Presbyterian faith.

The idea of forming an association, and of holding reunions, originated with M. Hills Boyd, in 1880, when he was a resident of Freeport, Pa. The first family reunion was held at Beaver, in 1881. Meetings were held every two years thereafter, and in 1890 the association was chartered as "a corporation not for profit," under the laws of Ohio, the meeting of that year being held at Marion, where several members of the kindred live.

The ramifications of the families connected by blood to the common ancestors, now number many hundred, and they are scattered all over the United States; as far West as Dakota, East as far as Massachusetts, North as far as Michigan and South to Georgia. The meetings are characterized by social reunions, reading of historical narratives of the achievements and inter-relationships of members of the family, devotional exercises and music.

The first business session was held yesterday afternoon, and the second last night. In the evening the parlors of the hotel were crowded with Boyds, Wilsons, Smiths, Browns, Cathcarts, Negleys, Millers, Robertsons, Henrys, Biddings, Kempers, Darlson, Graffs, Nobles and others.

There were great grandsires of four score, great granddames, granddames, matrons, sweet-faced girls, chubby-faced boys and tender infants. All bore in their faces strong evidences of Scotch-Irish blood, vigorous and hardy-looking men; kindly-looking spectacled grandmothers, fair-haired girls and manly-looking boys. They were having a good time chatting with each other of former reunions, inquiring about ancestors, or deploring the absence of members.

A large number of the men bearing the name of Boyd are preachers and professional men. There were physicians and lawyers, teachers and merchants, husbandmen and mechanics.

One of the purposes of the corporation is to see that suitable memorials are erected to the members of the connection; that their exploits and achievements are recorded, and that those who, from misfortune or other cause need assistance, are cared for in comfort. The idea was borrowed from the custom of the ancient Hebrews, who paid much attention to keeping a history of their lineage. The factor relied upon to hold the organization together, and to draw the members to the meetings biennially, is the social intercourse which attends them. The meeting will continue to-day and this evening.

From, *Con Gazette*

Pittsburg Pa

Date, *Aug 27 /96*

GATHERING OF CLANS.

EUWER - ELLIOTT DESCENDANTS'
 TWENTIETH YEAR.

Over 200 Representatives of the Families
 Met in Hulton Grove—Exercises
 of Interest to Old and Young—Society Events.

An intensely interesting social event of yesterday was the family gathering of those two grand old families, the Elliots and the Euwers. It was their twentieth reunion and more than 200 men, women and children of the clan gathered in Hulton grove and donned the red and green ribbon badge. The day was begun by a general handshake and a hearty welcome to any new members.

Not less enthusiasm was manifested over the dinner that followed, for the family is famed among other things for its skill in culinary science. A group photograph was taken immediately after, with the trees and grasses of the hillside for a background. Then followed addresses, songs and history, and a delightfully informal business meeting. "The Dinner" was the toast to which Mr. J. R. McCall,

the president and wit of the clan, responded. Attorney Kennedy spoke of the school-arms of the contingency and a merry request for those who are or have been engaged in that profession to present themselves was responded to by 34 women and men. Mrs. Lillian McCall Stofiel made a bright little speech about previous reunions.

The first was held at Millersstown almost a quarter of a century ago and sixteen, who answered to the roll call then were present at yesterday's gathering. They were Mrs. Nancy Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. McCall, Mrs. Eliza McLean, Miss Nannie J. McLean, Mrs. Kate Stewart, Mr. John McLain, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob H. Walters, Mrs. Luella Kennedy, Mrs. Lillie Lincoln Ellis, Mrs. Lillian McCall Stofiel, Mrs. Elizabeth Wise, Mrs. Jane Moore, Mrs. Emma Crawford, Mrs. Rachel Rose, Mrs. Margaret Howe.

All these are descendants of Jane Elliott Euwer through whose marriage to John Euwer in 1837 the two families were united. The weather god has smiled upon these reunions, for a sunshiny had been allotted to every one. With the exception of five all have been held in the grounds and orchards about the Springdale home of "Uncle Jake" Walter, the secretary of the Allegheny county Republican committee. But so large have the gatherings now grown that for the last two years they have been held in Hulton grove. Another witty little address was made by Miss Thompson, a popular educator of Springdale. Others who took an active part in the festivities were Attorney W. H. Ellis, Rev. Kessler, Rev. Beyson, Dr. McGarry of Braddock and Dr. Latham of the East End. The officers for the next year are: Mr. R. S. McCall of Tarentum, president; Mr. Jacob Walter, vice-president; Miss Nannie McLean, secretary, and Attorney Kennedy, treasurer and historian.

The Olympic contests, with James D. Glover as enigmatiser, created a great deal of merriment, and the day ended enjoyably for all the little people, except 7-year-old Marie Aber, who, while entering into the fun with all the abandon of childhood, early in the day received a fall and was carried home with a broken limb.

The distinguished guests of the occasion were William Elliott, the oldest member of the Elliott family, aged 77, and A. D. Elliott, who is a little younger. Greetings were received from different clansmen in various part of the United States and among them was one from William A. Aber of Omaha, Neb., who is only four-score years of age. Among the names added to the family by matrimonial alliance are Woodside, Curry, Rambo, Means, Wakefield and others.

ONE CENTURY AGO.

Entertaining Story of a Trip to
Pittsburg Back in 1796.

JOURNEY OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

A Graphic Pen Picture of the Section and
Its Early Settlers.

PROPHECY THAT IS BEING FULFILLED

(Translated from the German for The Dispatch.)

The following interesting letter was written 100 years ago by Eric Bollman to his brother, Lewis Bollman, grandfather of H. L. Bollman, of this city:

PITTSBURG, Aug. 9, 1796.

From Cumberland we have journeyed over the Alleghany Mountains in company with General Irwin, of Baltimore, who owns some 50,000 acres in this vicinity. The mountains are not so high and not so unproductive as I had imagined them to be. Several points are rocky and barren, such as the Laurel Ridge, but even this with proper attention and European cultivation could be made productive. There are proportionately few such ranges as this, and for the greater part, the mountains are covered with fine timber.

We spent the first night at West Port. Up to this point, at the proper seasons, the Potomac is navigable and could be made so quite a distance further. But even in the present state the land journey to the Monongahela, which is navigable and flows into the Ohio, is but a distance of 60 miles.

The road is not in a bad condition and could be made most excellent. This will, without doubt, be accomplished just as soon as the country is sufficiently inhabited, since there is no nearer way to reach the Western waters.

The next day we dined with Mr. M. McCartin, still higher up in the mountains. There are many settlements in this vicinity. We were entertained in a beautiful, cool, roomy house, surrounded by oat fields and rich meadows, where the sound of the bells told that cattle were pasturing near by. We dined from delicate china, had good knives, good forks, spoons and other utensils. Our hostess, a bright, handsome, healthy woman, waited upon us. After dinner, a charming feminine guest arrived on horseback; a young girl from the neighboring farm, of perhaps 15 years of age, with such bashful eyes and such rosy cheeks, so lovely and attractive in manner that even Coopley, our good mathematician, could not restrain his admiration.

From, *Dispatch*

Pittsburg Pa.

Date, *Sep 27 1896.*

The Backwoods of America.

This is the "backwoods" of America, which the Philadelphian is pleased to describe as a rough wilderness—while in many parts of Europe, in Westphalia, in the whole of Hungary and Poland, nowhere, is there a cottage to be found, which, taking all things together in consideration of the inhabitant, can be compared with the one of which I have just written.

Four miles from this we reached the Glades, one of the most remarkable features of these mountains and this land. These are broad stretches of land of many thousand acres, covered with dense forests; beyond this there is not a tree to be found, but the ground is covered knee-deep with grass and herbs, where both the botanist and the cattle find delicious food. Many hundred head of cattle are driven yearly, from the South Branch and other surrounding places, and entrusted to the care of the people who live here. What can be the cause of this strange phenomenon! One can only suppose that at one time these glades were covered with timber, which, overthrown by a mighty hurricane, gradually dried and fell into decay. But it would take too long to give the many reasons and arguments both for and against this supposition.

Only lately have the Indians ceased roving in this vicinity; which has done much to delay its cultivation, but now it is being cleared quite rapidly, and in a short time will, without doubt, become a fine place for pasturage. We spent the second night with one named Boyle, an old Hollander. Early the next morning we could hear the howling of a wolf in the forest.

Specimen of the Perfect Man.

We breakfasted with Tim Friend, a hunter, who lived six miles further on. If ever Adam existed he must have looked as this Tim Friend. I never saw such an illustration of perfect manhood. Large, strong and brawny; every limb in magnificent proportion, energy in every movement and strength in every muscle, his appearance was the expression of manly independence, contentment and intelligence. His conversation satisfied the expectations which it awakened. With gray head, 60 years old, 40 of which he had lived in the mountains, and of an observing mind, he could not find it difficult to agreeably entertain people who wished for information. He is a hunter by profession. We had choice venison for breakfast, and there were around the house and near by a great number of deer, bears, panthers, etc. I cannot abstain from believing that the manly effort which must be put forth in the hunt, the boldness which it requires, the keen observation which it encourages, the dexterity and activity which are necessary to its success, act together more forcibly for the development of the physical and mental strength than any other occupation. Agriculture and cattle-raising, in their beginning produce careless customs and indolence; the mental faculties remain weak, the ideas limited, and the imagination, without counterpoise, extravagant. Therefore we admire the wisdom and penetration of the North Amer-

ican Indian, his sublime eloquence and heroic spirit in contrast to the Asiatic shepherd, from whom we receive only simple Arabic fables. The man, of whatever color he may be, is always that which the irresistible influence of his surroundings has formed him. We left our noble hunter and his large, attractive family unwillingly and followed a road-way to Duncard's Bottom, on Cheat river.

Adventure With Settlers.

We had ridden along uneventfully for about two hours. I was in advance, when Joseph, who rode behind me, cried: "Take care, sir. Take care. There is a rattlesnake." It lay upon the road and my horse had almost stepped upon it, which would have proved a disastrous thing. Joseph, a good active fellow, sprang instantly from his horse in order to kill it. The snake disappeared in the bushes and rattled. It sounded so exactly like the noise of a grasshopper that I did not think it could be anything else. Joseph armed himself with a stout stick and heavy stone, followed the snake, found it, and killed it, but then jumped quickly back, for he saw close by another rattlesnake, which had coiled itself and was ready to spring at him. He hurried back again and killed the second. They were 3 1-2 feet long and nine inches in circumference, in the thickest part of the body; one had nine rattles and the other five. We examined the poisonous fangs, took the rattles with us and hung the bodies on a tree. I had thought until now that the principle of life was as stubborn in a snake as in an eel, but found to my astonishment that a slight blow was sufficient to destroy it in this dangerous specimen. Other observations touching upon natural history I must keep for future discussion.

We dined at Duncard's Bottom, crossed the Cheat river in the afternoon, reached the Monongahela Valley, spent the night in a very comfortable blockhouse with Mr. Zinn, and arrived the next day at Morgantown, on the Monongahela. We spent a day and a half here and were pleasantly entertained by Mr. Reeder and William M. Clary, and received much information, especially concerning sugar, maple trees and sugar making. From Morgantown we went to the mouth of George creek, Fayette county, Pennsylvania. As it was afternoon when we reached here we were overtaken by night and compelled to spend the night in a small blockhouse with Mr. McFarlain. We found Mr. McFarlain a respectable, intelligent farmer, surrounded as usual, by a large and happy family.

Admired the Hospitality.

Directly after our arrival the table was set, around which the entire family assembled. This appears to be the usual custom in the United States with all people who are in some measure in good circumstances. One of the women, usually the prettiest, has the honor of presiding at table. There were good table appointments, fine china, and the simple feast was served with the same ceremony as in the most fashionable society of Philadelphia. Never, I believe, was there in any place more equality than in this. Strangers who come at this time of day at once enter the family circle. This was the case with us. Mr. McFarlain told us

much about his farm and the misfortunes with which he struggled when he first cultivated the place upon which he now lives. He has lived here 30 years, a circumstance which is here very unusual, because the adventure loving nature, together with the wish to better their condition and the opportunity, has led many people to wander from place to place.

"But," said Mr. McFarlain, when we made this observation, "I have always believed there was truth in the saying, 'A rolling stone gathers no moss.' With labor and industry I have at last succeeded, and can still work as well as my sons."

"Oh," said his wife, a jolly woman, "he does not do much. The most he does is to go around and look at the work."

"Let him, let him," interrupted the daughter, an energetic, pretty girl of perhaps 17 years, who was serving the coffee. "He worked hard when he was young." And no girl of finer education could have said it with more charming naivete or with the appearance of more unaffected love.

After the evening meal the eldest son showed us to our bed-room. "Shall I close the window?" said he. "I usually sleep here and always leave it open; it does not harm me, and Dr. Franklin advises it."

Was an Intelligent Farmer.

The next morning when we came down we found the old farmer sitting on the porch reading a paper. Upon the table lay "Morse's Geography," "The Beauty of the Stars," "The Vicar of Wakefield," and other good books. I have entered into particulars in my description of this family, because we were then only five miles from the home of Gallatin, where the people are too often represented as rough, uncultured, good for-nothings. It is not necessary to mention that all families here are not as this, yet it is something to find a family such as this, living on this side of the mountains, 300 miles from the sea coast. We called upon Mr. Gallatin, but did not find him at home. Geneva is a little place, but lately settled, at the junction of George creek and the Monongahela.

From here we went to Uniontown, the capital of Fayette county, where we saw excellent land and Redstone creek. We dined the following day in Redstone or Brownsville; journeyed to Washington, the capital of the county of the same name, and arrived the following day in Pittsburg.

Of this city and its magnificent situation between two mighty rivers, the Monongahela and the Allegheny, I shall write you another time. From the window where I now sit, I have a view of the first named river, a half a mile long. It is as broad as the Thames in London. The bank on this side is high, but horizontal and level, covered with short grass, such as the sheep love, which reminds me of the rock at Brighthelmstein. It is bordered with a row of locust trees. The bank on the other side is a chain of hills, thickly shaded with oak and walnut trees. The river flows quietly and evenly. Boats are going back and forth; even now one is coming, laden with hides from Illinois. The people on board are wearing clothes made of woolen bed blankets. They are laughing and singing after the manner of the French, yet so red as Indians, and

almost the antipodes of their fatherland.

From here to the mouth of the Ohio it is 1,200 miles and 3,000 to the mouth of the Mississippi. How enormous! How beautiful it is to see the dominion of freedom and common sense established. To see in these grand surroundings the development of good principle and the struggle toward a more perfect life; to admire the spirit of enterprise as it works toward a great plan, which seems to be in relation to the great plan which nature itself has followed, and at last to anticipate by a secret feeling, the future greatness and prosperity which lies before this growing country.

From, *Telegraph*

Pittsburg Pa

Date, *Oct 6 1896*

AN OLD LANDMARK.

The Batten Homestead on Chartiers Creek Being Torn Down.

The Batten homestead, on Chartiers creek, which was built over 100 years ago, and is probably the oldest house in Chartiers valley, is being torn down. It was occupied by Dr. Batten and his wife, who was a daughter of Henry Ingram, for whom the town of Ingram was named, until several years ago, when it was destroyed by fire.

Since then the Battens have lived in a frame house in the rear of the ruins, and have contemplated rebuilding inside of the old shell until the contractor assured them that it would be exceedingly dangerous. The walls are now being torn down and a modern structure will be erected on the same site.

From, *Dispatch*

Pittsburg Pa

Date, *January 24 1897*

OLD LANDMARKS ON THE SOUTHSIDE.

Buildings That Date Back to the

Days When Pittsburgh Was Not Even a Name.

JOHN ORMSBY'S BIG GRANT.

Took Land in Payment for Services
Rendered on the Field.

BRADDOCK'S COMMISSARY GENERAL

Old Taverns the Stages Used to Make the
Starting and Stopping Places.

GRAVE OF A PUBLIC-SPIRITED CITIZEN

[Written for The Dispatch.]

No section of the city is more replete with places of local historical note than the Southside. A century ago all this district was owned by John Ormsby, an officer in the English-American army. The name of Ormsby is familiar to residents of Pittsburgh and particularly to Southsiders. Ormsby street and Ormsby borough are named after this gallant old war horse.

John Ormsby was the Commissary General of Braddock's army during its disastrous campaign down the Monongahela river in 1755. At the close of the war in 1763 he received a grant of land in the vicinity of Fort Pitt in consideration of services rendered.

John Ormsby came to Fort Pitt shortly after the close of the French and Indian War, and took up his residence on Water street, near the Monongahela House. At that time the name of Pittsburgh was not given to the town. A few log cabins and sheds constituted the settlement built around old Fort Duquesne. He started a ferry across the Monongahela, opposite his house, and from the old accounts he did considerable business.

Secured a Valuable Estate.

John Ormsby's title covered all the land from the Southside end of the present Point Bridge to about Thirtieth street, and extended from low-water mark on the Monongahela river a mile or more back into the country. All the present borough of Allehtown, Beltzhoover, etc., are included in the old estate, which is worth to-day many millions of dollars.

At Mr. Ormsby's death the farm was divided into sections, each of his eight children receiving an equal portion. Of these children, seven were daughters. The one son was named Oliver, after whom

Mt. Oliver was named. Several of the daughters married sons of General Phillips, of New Jersey.

In the early days of the city's history military men were frequent visitors to Ft. Pitt. A number of officers were stationed at the fort at the Point, and their brother officers held similar places in forts in Kentucky and Ohio. In the constant visits between the officers the sons of General Phillips met the daughters of General Ormsby, and as a result several matches were made. In this way the Phillips family became connected with Pittsburgh's old settlers. General Anson Phillips was an officer under Washington during the Revolutionary War.

Sarah street and Mary street are called after Miss Sarah Ormsby and Miss Mary Ormsby, both of whom married members of the Phillips family.

The Old Ormsby Homestead.

Part of the old Ormsby homestead is still standing at the head of Twenty-seventh street. It has been much changed, however, in the last hundred years.

A notable Southside landmark is the old Farmers' Hotel, on Carson street, between Eleventh and Twelfth streets. At this hostelry the stages and wagons used to load and unload. Carson street was then called the Washington (Pa.) and Pittsburgh turnpike, as the road led to Washington, Pa., and from that point connected with the great national pike by a branch road. As the old Jefferson College was then located in Canonsburg, on the pike, the busses were filled with happy, pretty misses off for their "school-in," and the old road used to ring with their merry voices. An odd character named Beisel used to run the Pioneer and Express Fast Line. Another line was operated under the name of the Opposition Line, and many were the races the rival busses ran wherever they encountered each other on the road and happened to be going the same way. It was a spirited and enlivening scene to see the two coaches, with their eight prancing steeds, come thundering into old Birmingham borough, the drivers flourishing whips and yelling like demons, and the passengers with heads out of the windows, breathless with excitement, and wondering whether they would ever get out of their cages alive.

Bars in the Old Taverns.

The bar was a very peculiar feature of the old taverns, and suffers much by comparison with the magnificent and well-equipped bars of the present day. The old-time bar was really a cage in one corner of the hotel office room. A counter surmounted by a high latticed railing, with a small opening in it, greeted the purchaser when he presented himself for stimulants. The barkeeper handed him the liquor through the pigeon hole, and after the drink was poured out the barkeeper would take his seat out among the guests and chime in with stories of the stage coaches, or whatever was uppermost in the people's mind.

A similar tavern stood at the end of the present Smithfield street bridge. It was a famous hostelry in its day and an important stopping place for the stages, both from Pittsburgh and Brownstown. The tavern was a massive building of huge cut stones and had a big veranda on the second story front. From this elevated perch campaign speakers and eloquent orators were wont to en-

thrall the multitudes gathered below with their eloquence and sagacity.

A Famous Old Pump.

Close to the hotel was a big pump made out of a single log. Water of the purest quality issued from this cumbrous appliance and was caught in a capacious dipper that held about as much as an ordinary washbasin. The thirsty travelers used to quaff copious draughts of the refreshing spring water from this dipper and never tired of singing the praises of the tavern's big pump. The spring is now no more, and the old tavern is supplanted by the depot of the Panhandle Railroad.

The old hostelry was a favorite place for the members of the Pittsburg bar, and some of Pittsburg's most eminent jurists and merchants used to visit the place regularly.

Another old inn famous in the olden days is the one yet standing in Temperanceville, and a familiar sight to passengers on the West End cars. It is almost a fac simile of the old hotel that stood at the end of the Monongahela bridge.

An object of much historical interest on the Southside is the monument to Dr. Nathaniel Bedford, at the head of Twelfth street. The stone formerly occupied a place in a Protestant Episcopal Church graveyard, which occupied the spot, and was erected by Captain Bedford's Masonic brethren, who conducted the funeral. Captain Bedford was an illustrious citizen of old Birmingham borough, which was incorporated in the early "forties."

Donated the Southside Market.

He laid out the borough, and donated the square on which the present Southside market stands, with the proviso that the ground could only be used for public purposes. For a long time after this gift was made the square was known as Bedford square. Bedford street on the Southside commemorates the name of Birmingham's public-spirited citizen.

Another historic mark on the south side of the river was the big elm tree that used to stand on the hill near Twentieth street, and under whose branches the French officers and the Indian chiefs held council. This tree was destroyed by a storm in the early "fifties." On the bark were carved the names of the Indians and officers who held the council of war.

Just below this tree Smoky Hollow was located. All old Southsiders remember Smoky Hollow, that commenced at Seventeenth street and ran diagonally down to the river. Through this hollow a run took its course. Where the Humboldt schoolhouse now stands the hollow was 25 feet deep. All this has been filled up. The virulence of the great cholera epidemic of 25 years ago at this point is attributed to this unhealthy drain.

H. M. PHELPS.

From, *Record*

Allegheny P 9

Date, *Mar 13 - 1897*

OLDEST CHURCH.

BUILT BY THE GERMAN PIONEERS IN 1782.

List of the Names of Those Old Settlers Who Used to Worship in the Old Meeting House.

Probably very few, if any, of our older citizens are aware of the fact that the first congregation ever organized west of the Allegheny Mountains for the worship of the Almighty was founded by some of the sturdy and industrious German pioneers, who had built their homes in the neighborhood of Fort Pitt, as early as 1782. At that time, when the town of Pittsburg consisted of about 60 rude block houses and 100 families constituted the whole population, the German settlers, feeling keenly the want of a place of worship, joined hands and built a "meeting house," as they called it then, of logs on the site occupied at present by the magnificent building of the German Evangelical Protestant Smithfield church, corner Sixth avenue and Smithfield street.

The first pastor of the congregation was Rev. Johann Wilhelm Weber. He was one of the organizers of the church in 1782, and papers left by him have preserved us the names of the members comprising the congregation of that time. The list of the members in those early days is as follows:

Conrad Weinbeutler, (Winebiddle), Christian Wyant, Jacob Bausmann, Alexander Naegele (Negley), Samuel Ewalt, Christian Maure (Mowry), Jacob Heumacher (Haymaker), Thomas Smallman, William Diehl, Johannes Small, Philipp Frantz, Johann Metzger, Johann Metzger, Johann Rothermel, Heinrich Neumann, Casper Reel, Johann Hanlyn, John Hock and Heinrich Hofer. The great grandchildren of several of the men named are living in this county at the present day, although some of them have changed the names a little, as indicated above, and are hardly aware yet of their German origin.

The membership lists of later years also show many names that have a good sound in the two cities at the present day and are worn by some of the most

respected citizens and most prominent business men in Allegheny county. During the period from 1812 to 1825 the membership lists show names as Adolph Eberhardt, Johannes Latshaw, Peter Horn, Thomas Copeland, Jonas Raub (Roup), Peter Wm. Eichbaum, Jacob Naegely (Negley), George L. Reis, (Rice, founder of Riceville), Johannes Wollenschlaeger (Woolslayer), Carl Imsen, Jacob Warmkessel (Warmcastle), Daniel Belthuber (Beltshoover), R. Tomer, Heinrich Preiss (Price), Jacob Anschuetz, David and Solomon Berlin, Samuel Hubley, etc.

In 1825 we find, among others, the following well known names on the membership list: Thomas Enoch, David Bieler (Beeler), Charles Von Bonnhorst, Felix Brunot, Mrs. Forbes, David Grier, Frederick Haines, Rudolph Lutz, Jost Ruch (Ruch's hill, Eleventh ward), Christ and Conrad Upperman, Nicolaus Voegtly, Sr. and Jr., George Weymann, Jacob Dellenbach, Ludwig Henrici, Christian Seip, Jacob Tschudy, Adam Kuhn.

For nearly fifty years after its organization, in 1782, the Smithfield church remained the only place of worship and the general meeting place for the German population of all Allegheny county.

From year to year the Smithfield church has been growing steadily and in late years, especially since Rev. Frederick Ruoff, the present pastor, has taken charge of the congregation has prospered wonderfully. The erection of the Protestant Orphan's Home, in West Liberty and of the Home for the Aged in Fair Oaks, has been largely due to the efforts and the influence of Rev. Ruoff and the members of his congregation, although the other German Evangelical Protestant churches in Allegheny county, especially the German St. Paul's church, on East street and the German Evangelical church, of Manchester, both of this city, have been also very active in raising money for the erection and maintenance of the two institutions mentioned.

From, London

Pittsburg Pa

Date, 2/13/98

A QUAIN INN.

A Turtle Creek Hotel in Which
Washington Slept.

A RELIC OF OLD STAGE DAYS.

It Was the Rendezvous of Many a
Jovial Crowd in Days Long Gone.

Legend Has It That Once the Father of His Country Spent a Night in One of Its Old-Fashioned Rooms. It Was a Famous Old Hotel and a Relay Station for the Old Trans-Alleghany Stage Line—A Description of the Hotel and Its Curious Construction—Its History.

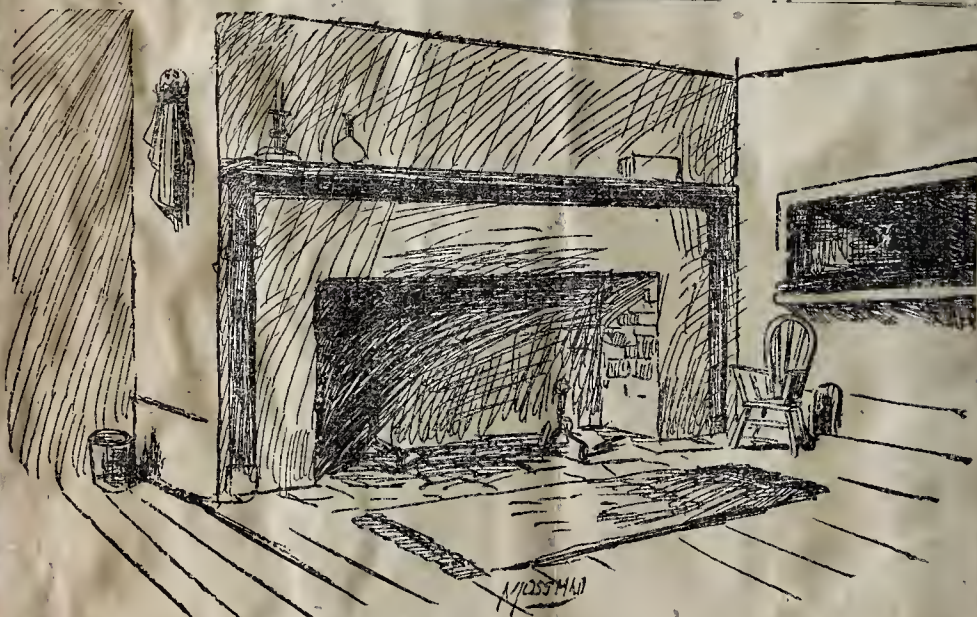
There stands a weather-beaten old building along the main street of Turtle Creek over whose old-fashioned portico there reposes a sign that reads "Broadway Hotel." To the stranger neither the old building nor the sign conveys any meaning, but to him who knows the history of the old place it is full of meaning. Legend says that George Washington slept in this hostelry over 100 years ago, and the room where he rested himself after a hard day's journey is proudly pointed out by the venerable German who has for many years been the landlord of the unpretentious hotel. The building is long and irregular, weather-beaten and stained. The forepart of it is constructed of logs, although the construction is hidden by an outer coat of weatherboards put on when the second part of the place was built years ago. It stands on the line of the street and a hospitable porch projects clean to the sidewalk. The interior arrangement is quaint and simple, being after the style of any old colonial tavern. It is divided off into large, square rooms, very low ceiled and containing curious, old-fashioned fireplaces. The fireplace in the room that was formerly the tap-room and which is in the front of the house, is a genuine old cavernous fireplace built to accommodate a fire of great logs. Now it is walled in except a small aperture for the accommodation of a modern and very commonplace looking grate, but in the days when George Washington journeyed west its genial warmth must have comforted the shins of many a sturdy pioneer and woodsman. But this was not the only creature comfort to be had



The Old Broadway Hotel in Turtle Creek.

in this room in those days. To the right of the fireplace and running obliquely across one corner of the room is a partition in which there is a long shutter or slide set lengthwise over a broad shelf. Behind this partition stood the tapster and such comforting beverages as warmed the cockles of our forefather's heart were spread in glad array before him. Pewter and earthen cups adorned the walls and pipes were

Opening off the taproom and also in the front of the house is the commodious and cheerful guests' room. It is well lighted and opens to the side street by a glass windowed door. One of the quaintest features of this room is a very ancient heating apparatus known as a Franklin stove, so named from its inventor, Benjamin Franklin. It is simply a peculiar, old-fashioned iron mantel with an open grate projecting from it in such a manner that it re-



The Taproom of the Broadway Hotel in Former Days.

to be had with plenty of pure Virginia leaf.

sembles a modern open-face stove with no front to it. Back of these two front rooms is the dining room with a fireplace in one corner and a capacious

pantry opening off one corner. Back of these rooms are the kitchen, wash house, etc., apartments of comparatively modern construction.

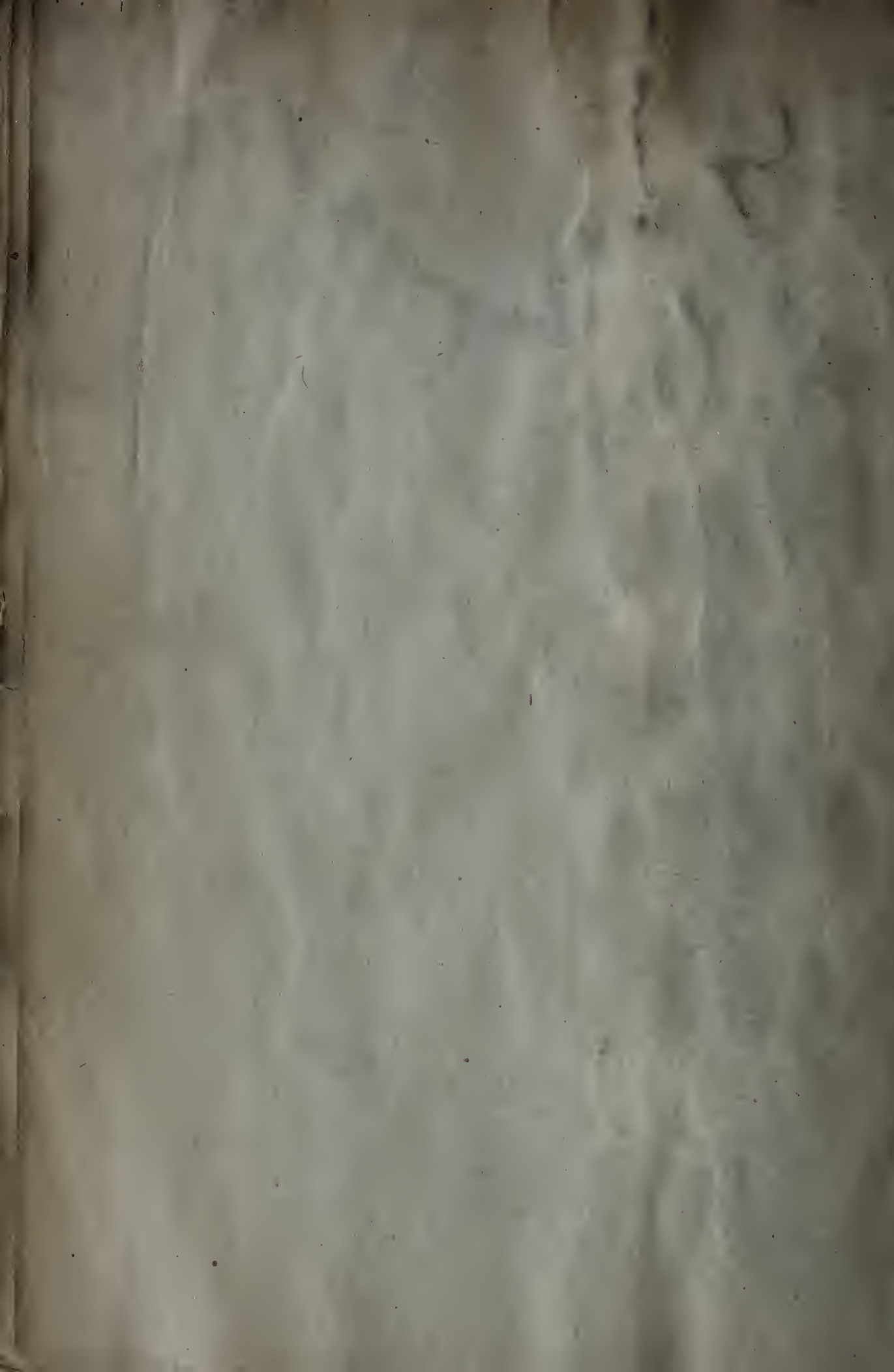
The door latches in the old part of the house are curious old brass and iron affairs lifting by a knob, turns an eccentric and so raises the long iron latch bar from the catch or lock. The doors are all divided into small, oblong panels and around the rooms runs a very low wainscot of beaded wood and molding. The old house was evidently a fine one in its time and is said to be a famous rendezvous for the jovial spirits who journeyed back and forth between Pittsburg and Philadelphia over the old state pike road. It was a relay station for the old-time Trans-allegheeny stage coach line and at that time an immense stable stood across the street, where the stage company kept the relays of horses and where guests of the hotel put up their horses. The patronage of the house in those days was largely teamsters and cattle drovers and the old hotel walls if they could talk could no doubt tell some merry tales and rehearse some stirring scenes.

Just when George Washington spent a night in the place no one now living could be found who knows, but it is accepted as an indisputable fact that he did so.

The hotel at present belongs to Mrs. Martin Miller, of Turtle Creek, wife of a well-known Pittsburg attorney, and is kept by John Jenkener, a venerable Pennsylvania German. Mr. Jenkener has been host of the Broadway for many years. The hotel was prior to its purchase by Thomas McMasters, Mrs. Miller's father, the property of the Chaffins. At that time the town of Turtle Creek was known as Chaffinsville. Mr. Jenkener can remember when the house used to be crowded with teamsters and cattle drovers, who slept on the floor and went out in the back yard mornings to wash in cold water or at the pump.

"Now," said he, "I would like to see guests who would put up at a hotel with such accommodations. Nowadays travelers must have feather beds, hot water, warm rooms and somebody to wash them and brush their hair."

The present patronage of the house consists largely of farmers and cattlemen, as in the old days, for it is still more of a tavern than a hotel and its guests make themselves a part of the family. The trade in winter is small, the host says, but in summer there is a lively business. The farmers like to meet here and sit out on the clean benches on the porch evenings smoking and telling stories or talking of matters of common interest to them. It is an old-fashioned place yet, and as one enters its dark, low ceiled interior and observes the puritanical plainness and neatness about him he seems to feel an air of legend and history.



OF FIFTH AVENUE JUST HALF A CENTURY AGO.

from Smithfield to Wood Streets, The Allegheny Engine House, With a Belfry on the Front and a Tall Watch Tower in the Rear, **Out Prominently.**

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

The French First in the Field.
Although a settlement was made in Pennsylvania in the year 1683, it was more than 100 years later that white men first began

strapped to his shoulders; struggling through interminable snows; sleeping with frozen clothes on a bed of pine breaking through the snow.

Colonel Hugh Mercer, a gallant Scotch soldier, being placed in command. The army returned on Nov. 22 and General Forbes died in Philadelphia.

High-
ed Proceedings.

mill run, at the junction of the
and Stentenville roads. The

Gibson, and in November, 1861, William Irvine, who was the first to

from 12 1/2 hrs for 1st
or less 1st 2 cents per
hr. Do

distance of
from the

